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JULIAN MONSON STURTEVANT

Late President of Illinois College

JULIAN M. STURTEVANT

An Autobiography

EDITED BY

J. M. STURTEVANT JR.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
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PREFACE.

The following pages were written during the fall and winter of 1885. During the previous summer, while visiting in Cleveland, my father was persuaded to recommence an autobiography, at which he had made a beginning with mother's assistance, some years before. His son-in-law, Mr. James H. Palmer, soon became his amanuensis, and they labored together until the work was suddenly interrupted January 4th, 1886, by illness and death. My mother was called to her heavenly rest January 17th. Mr. Palmer followed her February 1st, and my father joined them on the 11th, of the same month. A few days before his death he requested me, at my convenience to revise the first draft of this work for publication. The work of revision, though much delayed by circumstances over which I had no control and by the exacting duties of my profession, has been a labor of love. The autobiography is my father's own work, almost altogether in his own words. I have ventured to add, in the concluding chapter, a brief sketch of that part of my father's life of which he was not permitted to make a record, with some incidents illustrating the character of my parents.

THE EDITOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

I begin to write this autobiography on the ninth day of October, 1885. I am an octogenarian, having completed my eightieth year on the twenty-sixth day of last July. I am perfectly at leisure. My life has been consciously to myself a busy one. In my thirteenth year I commenced a course of study preparatory to entering college, with the intention of devoting myself to the Christian ministry. Very soon that purpose became so absorbing and controlling that even in youth I was never idle, my business being always pressing. It was, first, to prepare myself for college, then to enter college, then to accomplish the college curriculum as thoroughly as possible, and then to obtain a theological education. Before completing my studies for the ministry, I had committed myself to my life work in Illinois, and by that covenant I was bound till the first of last June, when I resigned all connection with Illinois College, after fifty-six years of service.

I spent most of the summer in visiting friends at a distance, and returned to my old home a week ago, to experience for the first time in my long life a sense of leisure. I have for the remnant of my days no master but God, and I hope the loving Father has still a little work for my hitherto busy hands.

I am in good health and have yet considerable energy, and I must not be idle. I shall be idle unless I

set myself some task to which my hours shall be devoted till it is accomplished, or till my Master calls me home. What shall this task be? There are many things I have desired to do which I have not done, and some are so dear to me that I cannot leave them unaccomplished without deep regret, especially since, had I been more scrupulously industrious, I might have completed most of them. But there is one thing which my most intimate and judicious friends have often advised me to undertake, and at which I have made some unsatisfactory efforts in times past. That undertaking now presents itself to my mind with more interest and hopefulness than ever before. It is to write an autobiography.

My life seems to me to have been one of more than ordinary thoughtfulness. I have not only thought much, but I have thought independently. Some of my friends have undoubtedly imagined that so much independent thinking in some measure disqualified me for the sphere of action from which I by no means wished to withdraw.

The truth is I have thought intensely on many subjects, not particularly because I wished to do so, but because circumstances forced these topics upon my attention. I have a strong desire before I die to show the relation which has always existed between my life of thought and my life of action. To me the former has always seemed an inevitable outgrowth of the latter. One of the best of Dr. Horace Bushnell's published sermons has for its subject, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." I accept this conception as a very serious truth, and religiously believe that it is true in my own life.

Our natural endowment is the gift of God, and He places us in an environment, which will develop our natural powers and help us to accomplish His plan respecting us.

It is always a profitable and in old age a very agreeable occupation devoutly to study the relations of those providential arrangements which have shaped our lives to the development of our powers, the formation of our characters, and the accomplishment of whatever we have been permitted to achieve.

In my own case, certainly, what I have thought and what I have done have been most intimately related. Had I been a mere theorist and not a man of action, or had I been a servant of personal ambition, my thoughts would have taken very different channels; or had I been forced to become interested in the same subjects which have engrossed me, I should doubtless have reached very different conclusions. I cannot divest my mind of the conviction, that if some of the wise and devout men of my cotemporaries, who earnestly resisted my opinions or refused to admit the necessity of those ecclesiastical reforms for which I pleaded, had been taught in the same school of experience through which I providentially passed, their views would have been greatly modified. They might at least have understood how I came to believe that the Christian people of the past generation were attempting the evangelization of our country under conditions so unnatural and unfavorable as to render any satisfactory degree of success impossible. I shall lay down my life in the full faith, that the work so important to the world, will in God's good providence

be accomplished when a different conception of the Church shall prevail. I wish to place it in the power of fair-minded, devout men to understand the way in which Providence has led me. I know not that those who are succeeding me will ever feel any particular interest in my history.

Yet, it seems to me, that an honest, religious man, who in the beginning of his manhood consecrated his life to the work of home evangelization, on what was then the frontier, and who has spent fifty-six years in endeavors to lay the foundations of the Church of Christ on the borders of the wilderness, must have learned lessons in the school of experience worthy of thoughtful consideration. But however that may be, I can perhaps make no better use of the remaining months or years, if my life should be prolonged, than to spend them in placing an outline view of my life on record.

J. M. S.

JULIAN M. STURTEVANT.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND CHILDHOOD.

I am no aristocrat. All that I know of my ancestral history shows me to be allied to the lowly and not to the great of this world. Yet I do believe, that ancestry is an important element in everyone's history. A year or two ago, as I was entering the lobby of the church in which I usually worship, one Sabbath morning, I met a girl, with whom I have been acquainted from her infancy, and whose ancestors I have personally known as far back as her great-grandfather. As our eyes met, I detected an expression which, like a flash of light, brought to my mind the features of a daughter of her great-grandfather's brother, whom I had known well in my childhood. I had not seen that relative in more than half a century, and it is probable that I had not thought of her for more than forty years.

On reflection, I discovered that the same family resemblance could be traced in many individuals scattered through the five generations. The expression is quite unmistakeably, a family type, and in this case the transmission was entirely in the male line, though the two extreme links of the chain were both females. The whole number of links was seven. The number (five) of intervening links, corresponds with

the number by which the persons, born in the early part of this century, find themselves connected with the first settlers of New England in the early part of the seventeenth century. Here is positive proof that types and personal peculiarities are diffused by heredity over lines as long as that from the fathers of Plymouth, Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, to the men and women whom we have personally revered and loved. Any one of us may reasonably be expected to resemble in temperament and character, and even in features, our honored ancestors, the original settlers of the Atlantic coast. Some characteristic traits are certainly inherited from them. Still more important does ancestry appear when, to the influence of heredity, are added transmitted opinions and habits of thought and action. Thus the earnest patriots and devout Christians, who laid the foundations of our civil and religious institutions, in the early part of the seventeenth century, have left their impress upon the whole line of their descendants. It can be obliterated only by a persistent violation of their principles. Earnest, God-fearing men, transmit to distant posterity their deepest convictions and most intense purposes. He who despises genealogical inquiry might surely be wiser than he is.

I was born in Warren, Litchfield county, Connecticut, on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1805, thirty years and twenty-two days after the Declaration of Independence. My parents were Warren and Lucy (Tanner) Sturtevant, both born in that part of Kent which was afterward erected into the town of Warren, my father in the year 1779, and my mother in 1782, both during the Revolutionary war, but both

of them too late in the progress of the war to have retained any remembrance either of the British rule, or of the great contest. My father was descended from Samuel Sturtevant, who was a resident of the town of Plymouth, Mass., in 1642, and who had several children. The farm on which he lived was known as the Cotton farm. His son, Samuel, was deacon of the Church of Plympton. He, also, had a numerous family. In our line of descent he is succeeded by his son Nehemiah, and he, by his son Nehemiah, who married Fear Cushman, lived for a time in Halifax, Mass., and then emigrated, in the year 1749 or '59, and settled first in Lebanon, Conn., from which place he removed the next year, to that part of Kent which is now Warren. He and his wife, Fear, had two sons and several daughters. Both he and his wife were laid in the old Kent burying-ground, where I am told their gravestones still stand. Their two sons were named Peleg and Perez; the latter was unmarried. Peleg married Abigail Swift, daughter of —— and Abiah (Tupper) Swift, of the adjacent town of Cornwall, and had by her, children as follows: Fear, who married Arnold Saunders; Isaac, who married Lucy Hopkins; Warren, who married Lucy Tanner; Lucy, who married Cyrus Tanner; Abiah, who married Rev. Reuben Taylor; and Bradford, who married Sally Carter.

Peleg and Abigail Sturtevant of the last paragraph were my grandparents, and Warren and Lucy Sturtevant were my parents. Through Fear Cushman I am descended from several of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower and other well known members of the Pilgrim band. My great-grandmother, Fear (Cushman)

Sturtevant, was lineally descended from Robert Cushman, the agent of the Pilgrim band, who procured for them the Mayflower and the Speedwell, and himself took passage in the latter vessel, but was obliged to put back on her proving unseaworthy, and who came out to Plymouth the next year in the Fortune, bringing with him his son Thomas. After a short stay he returned on business for the company, to England, where he soon after died.

His son, then but a lad, remained with Gov. Bradford, in whose care he had been left by his father. He was afterward married to Mary Allerton, daughter of Isaac Allerton and his wife Mary, and who had been a passenger with her parents on the Mayflower. One of the children of this marriage was Rev. Isaac Cushman, first minister of Plympton. He married Rebecca Rickard. One of their children was Lieut. Isaac Cushman, who married for his second wife Mercy Freeman, widow of Jonathan Freeman, and daughter of Major John or Jonathan Bradford and his wife, Mercy Warren. The oldest of the children of Lieut. Isaac and his second wife, Mercy, was Fear Cushman, who became the wife of Nehemiah Sturtevant, the father of Peleg Sturtevant mentioned above.

On the death of Gov. Carver, in the first year of the Plymouth colony, William Bradford became his successor in office. None of the Pilgrim band are better or more favorably known than he. His wife met her death by drowning just as they were landing on the shore of the New World. His son was Deputy Gov. William Bradford, who was followed in the line of succession by William, his son, and Maj. John or Jonathan Bradford, his grandson, who has been

mentioned as the husband of Mercy Warren and the father of that Mercy who married Lieut. Isaac Cushman and was the mother of Fear Cushman. It thus appears, that Fear Cushman Sturtevant was descended from William Bradford, second Governor of the Plymouth colony, and his wife, who was also one of the Pilgrim band. It is also a highly probable tradition that she was descended through her grandmother, Mercy Warren from the Warren family of the Mayflower.

It is worthy of remark that all my ancestors, as far back as the founding of the colony, were adherents of the religious faith and simple polity of the Pilgrim fathers. All in the direct line and most of those in collateral lines were farmers. It is also just to say that I have never made the genealogy of my family a study. Had I done so I should doubtless have satisfied, in some degree a curiosity, which greatly increased after most of those from whom I could have gained information were beyond the reach of my questionings. Most of the meager details given above were furnished by the kindness of friends, especially by John Tillson, a friend and benefactor of Illinois College in its beginning and till his death in 1853 a trustee of the same, and his noble and excellent wife, Christiana (Holmes) Tillson, both of whom were descended from the same Pilgrim ancestry as myself. They immigrated to this State from the town of Halifax, in the old colony, soon after its admission into the Union. The people of Illinois in coming generations will never know how much they are indebted to them for many of the blessings they enjoy.

Of my mother's ancestry I have sought in vain to obtain information. Her father, Ephraim Tanner, was the proprietor of quite a large farm and carried on the trades of tanner and currier, being a tanner by trade as well as by name. He also did a considerable business as a country merchant. His house, which was a very good one for that period, still stands directly opposite the Congregational meeting-house in Warren. He was a man of great activity and public spirit, and died in 1801 at the age of forty-seven. His tombstone still stands in Warren graveyard. He left the following children: Cyrus, who married Lucy Sturtevant; Cinda, who never never married; Lucy, who married Warren Sturtevant; Marvin, who married his cousin, Cornelia Tanner; Lydia, who married Silas Beckley; Joseph Allen, who married Orra Swift; Mirnada, who died in infancy; and Patty, who married Dr. Ralph Carter. It is said that grandfather and his five brothers all served at the same time in the Revolutionary army. His brother Ebenezer was long a deacon in Warren, where some of his descendants still reside. Trial, another brother, settled and reared a family in Canfield, Ohio. Of my great-grandmother I only know that her name was Esther Newcomb. My ignorance of my mother's family is quite shocking, considering what means of information must at one time have been accessible to me, and here I enter my solemn protest against the indifference to family history which then prevailed, and to a considerable extent still prevails in New England. It robs the family of that dignity which belongs to it in the divine plan and tends to barbarism.

Both my father and mother were reared in that competency which the New England farmer of those times derived from his own acres by the incessant and severe labor of himself and each member of his family. They did not know poverty, for their wants were supplied from steady and unfailing resources. They were not rich, for their supplies were derived, not from the accumulations of the past, but from daily industry and frugality. One article in the creed of those New England fathers certainly enjoined industry and economy. No "idle bread" was eaten in their houses. My grandparents on both sides had large families, and when the paternal estates were divided there was but a small portion for each. The education of my parents was confined to that furnished by the common schools of Connecticut, and even in these my father had but limited opportunities. He was a good reader, wrote a fair hand, spelled with unerring accuracy, and, though he had never studied grammar, seldom fell into a grammatical error. He was a sober, thoughtful, amiable, religious man, of eminent common sense and sound judgment.

My mother's education was a little better. She was fond of reading, and had a decided taste for fiction and poetry. She seems to me to have been an excellent judge of preaching and preachers, and most keenly enjoyed those higher examples of pulpit eloquence which she had the opportunity of hearing. In my childhood Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor in the adjacent town of Litchfield, and she always heard him with great delight. Mr. Beecher's predecessor in Litchfield was Mr. Huntington, the father of the

present Bishop Huntington. He was also an eloquent man and she greatly admired him. He afterwards became a Unitarian. Dr. Joseph Harvey, of Goshen, and the celebrated Samuel J. Mills, the father of the missionary of that name, were lights that often shone in our humble pulpit. The natural ability of both my parents seemed to me such as might have shone in a far different sphere if they had been educated for it. Beside their graves and those of others whom I knew in my childhood I am reminded of Gray's familiar words:

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

Those who toil in obscurity all their lives, receive too little sympathy from the more prosperous, and what is worse, they receive far less respect and honor than they deserve. Those who fail to shine in conspicuous positions, only for lack of culture, are not altogether like the diamond forever concealed in the

> "Dark, unfathomed caves of ocean."

There is an important function for high natural endowment in the places of obscurity. Dark and miserable indeed would be the condition of the toiling masses if all who possessed any extraordinary gifts were at once lifted out of the associations to which they were born, and left the masses that remained behind, to unmitigated dullness, uncheered by one spark of genius, one flash of wit, or one gleam of native wisdom. Obscure genius transmits the highest forces of civilization and the best thought of every generation to the multitude by which, in the provi-

dence of God, it must ever be surrounded. No scheme can be devised which will relieve all the best minds of each generation from the sphere of obscure toil. The necessity of securing men of power and culture for some important positions, which, nevertheless, promise no high rewards or honors in this life, may make it needful in exceptional cases to offer special facilities to those who are preparing for these positions. But as a rule it is obvious that the divine constitution of society requires that the place anyone is to occupy shall depend, not only upon his talents, but also upon his pluck and energy of will. Any social adjustment which interferes with this law is bad economy and worse philanthropy. It is unjust to those who are rising along nature's own rugged path, and injurious to society, whose places of high trust should be reserved for those who have proved their fitness under the natural forms of trial and discipline.

It is the order of Providence that the toiling multitude, that must always constitute the great mass of any people, should be the store-house from which the supply of the cultured and influential must continually be recruited. It is not, as a rule, in the homes of wealth and luxury and social and professional eminence that the sturdiest manhood can be produced. It is often the product of many generations of humble virtue. Nor am I at all sure that the man who rises to serve his generation in a conspicuous position has a more desirable lot than that of his obscure ancestors.

Religious principle was preeminent above all other characteristics in my parents. They had been edu-

cated in the Calvinistic faith of the New England fathers, and learned the Shorter Catechism in childhood, and diligently taught the same to their children. It was the form in which they had received the faith; yet it was not the standard of their faith nor its object. They did not regard it as infallible. Of the statement there made, "No mere man since the fall is able perfectly to keep the commandment of God," they did not hesitate to say that they regarded it as incorrect, and to give their reasons. The only object of their faith was God in Christ, and its only standard was the Word of God.

I wish it were possible to convey to the reader a true conception of the little community into which I was introduced at my birth. It was in many important respects unlike anything which now exists in our country, or, probably, in the world. Of the political changes which have come over the whole nation since I was ten years of age I do not intend here to speak at length; I see their magnitude not without alarm. Then, the annual "Freemen's Meeting," held uniformly on the first Monday in April, was a gathering of the legal voters of the town, to provide for the maintenance of social order and the general welfare. Personal rivalries there doubtless were, but neither state nor national politics had much influence in the government of the town. How greatly things have changed in this respect I need not inform the reader. At the present time the question which has precedence in the political action of the smallest town in Connecticut has generally little or no reference to the management of their local affairs, but to national and state politics. It is whether the support of that little

community shall be given to the one or the other of the two great parties that are in perpetual conflict for the possession of the national government.

Nor has the religious life of New England experienced less important changes. The modern division of the Christian Church into many sects, each striving to extend its ecclesiastical jurisdiction, often to the detriment of every other, was for the most part unknown to the New England of my boyhood. We had Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist churches, but they were far too few in number to seriously impair the unity of the New England church life. The Baptists were numerous only in Rhode Island. Both they and the Methodist societies that were beginning to be organized here and there, usually sought locations remote from the Congregational places of worship and thus rarely came into competition with them. The world was then broad enough for all. There was no crowding. The consequence was that the church in any particular town was not regarded as the representative of some distinct denomination, but simply as a branch of the Church of Christ, "the Church Universal." We thought of ours as the "Warren Christian Church." If in my childhood I had heard our place of worship mentioned as Congregational I would have needed to ask an explanation of the unusual term. Such was the vantage ground of the Connecticut churches at the time of which I am speaking, and the same thing might be said of the larger portion of Massachusetts and also of a considerable part of Vermont and New Hampshire. I call it vantage ground, not, however, to Congregationalists as a religious denomination, but to Christianity.

There existed a network of Christian churches, covering every foot of the soil of the state, and bringing the opportunities of religious instruction and Christian worship within the reach of every inabitant. So complete a provision for the spiritual care and culture of a whole people has never existed elsewhere.

Such was the Warren church. On Sabbath morning the congregation gathered from every hillside and valley along the highways and byways, to the one very homely, and in winter very uncomfortable, "meeting-house"—a hallowed spot, however, for which almost all the population felt more or less attachment. Through the worship there conducted each family was bound to every other, and a feeling of mutual responsibility was awakened quite in contrast with the spirit prevailing in too many churches to-day. Often at the close of the Sunday service it would be announced from the pulpit that serious illness had visited some home. The benediction was not pronounced until volunteer nurses had been supplied for every night in the week. The same provision would be made on each succeeding Sabbath till the necessity had ceased. We deposited the sacred dust of our dead in "God's Acre," near by the humble temple where they had worshipped.

To the beneficent influence of such a church the district school was a most powerful auxiliary. It was not at that time absolutely free, though very nearly so, and care was taken that no child of any nationality or complexion should be excluded. A rudimentary education was secured to all. The entire territory was divided into a convenient number of school districts, and provision was made for sustaining a school

in each. The pastor of the church, who had almost invariably received a collegiate education, was regarded as the special guardian of the schools in his parish. He often visited them and gave religious instruction, especially in the Shorter Catechism. These visits greatly encouraged and promoted the good cause of education. The winter term of the school continued about three or four months, and was usually taught by a man; the summer term for about the same period, was generally in charge of a woman, the former receiving as salary about sixteen dollars a month, and the later about one dollar and a half a week. Board was free to teachers who were willing to live by turns in the families from which their pupils came, the length of time at each place being determined by the number of children attending school from that home. I remember well what a treat it was when it came our turn to have the schoolmistress board with us, and accompany us to and from school.

To the care of this school I was committed as soon as I reached the age of five or six years, although our home was a mile and a quarter from the schoolhouse, and I must often encounter in going and coming the fierce storms and formidable snowdrifts of one of the bleakest hilltops in Connecticut. We were all so familiar with such hardships that they did not much appall either my parents or myself. One of my earliest teachers was Mr. Homer Curtiss, who is still living at Waverly, in this state, at the remarkable age of ninety-seven years. Another of my teachers in that same school in very early childhood was Orra Swift, afterwards the wife of my mother's brother, Joseph

Allen Tanner, who emigrated in 1835 from Warren to Waverly, where he died in 1838, leaving the wife of his youth a widow, with one grown son and two grown daughters, and an infant son of their old age, Edward A. Tanner, D. D., now the president of Illinois College. Dea. Joseph A. Tanner was one of the noblest contributions that Connecticut ever made to the valley of the Mississippi, thoughtful, intelligent in the Christian faith, tranquil in temper and wholly consecrated to his country, to the Church of Christ and to God.

In that school I continued for the most part, winter and summer, till the end of the year 1815. In it I learned to read and spell, and began to write. I also committed the Shorter Catechism, which I should have learned equally well at home had I not been in school. There I yielded as easily and cheerfully as the average lad to the will of the teacher. How important to young and old that obedience to properly constituted authority should be enforced. Much more than this I could not have learned with any advantage in any school, unless I had stored my memory with hymns and other poetic selections and simple historic narrative. As I compare the school experiences of the first eleven years of my life with what I should have enjoyed in the costly and much-lauded public schools of the present day, I must frankly confess that I greatly prefer the schools of seventy years ago to those now found in most of our large cities. The old New England school, however, could have been much improved. The tasks in reading and spelling might have been with great advantage varied by hymns, ballads, select paragraphs from classic authors, or even

fiction. The parables of Jesus or other delightful Scripture selections might have been substituted for the Catechism, for, though I acknowledge the excellence of many things found in it, I by no means regard that work as well adapted to the mind of average childhood. It abounds in certain metaphysical distinctions and subtle generalizations far beyond a child's capacity. A child can commit the words to memory but cannot master the thought.

I do not believe it would have been better to have substituted for the rude and simple arrangement of the Connecticut district school of 1815 a little arithmetic, a little geography, a little diluted and simplified physical science, and a little of almost everything else, administered in the manner of modern times. Such treatment of childhood is well fitted to impress upon youth the wise man's declaration, "Much study is a weariness of the flesh, and of the making of many books there is no end."

A child of ten or eleven cannot, as a rule, learn to any great extent either grammar or philosophy. It is almost violence to his nature to impose such tasks upon him. If not time lost, it is time misused. He can appreciate and enjoy simple poetry; can become familiar with pure English in speech and composition, and can acquire foreign languages by the same processes which gave him the command of his mother tongue. I am confident that I finished the first twelve years of my life sounder in mind and purer in morals, and more robust for future mental acquisition, than I should have done had the last five of those years been spent in a modern graded school with all the "latest improvements."

But the district school was only the first round of the ladder in the Connecticut system of education. In the times of which I am speaking no community in the world was giving a collegiate education to a larger proportion of its sons than was the state of Connecticut. Such an opportunity was opened not only to the sons of the wealthy, but to those in moderate and even in straitened circumstances. Academies and high schools of various degrees existed in many of the larger towns, where a more extended education could be secured by the brighter pupils, after graduating from the common schools, and where those whose parents desired it, could be prepared for college. In this way the colleges exerted a constantly increasing influence on the pupils of the lower schools, and the whole community was imbued with the spirit of a higher education. To secure to children such an education as their talents and tastes required was the earnest desire of the parents. If in the public schools any boy manifested more than ordinary mental capacity it was sure to be noticed, and he was encouraged and helped to seek a collegiate education.

I now come to a very peculiar experience of my childhood that exerted a powerful, perhaps I ought to say controlling influence over my after life. It is difficult to present the facts wisely and truly, so as to afford the reader a faithful picture of the surroundings. Let me anticipate by mentioning that my parents had three sons and one daughter. Of these, Ephriam Tanner, older than myself by two years, died in December, 1881, at Cleveland, Ohio. My sister, Hulda Monson, was five years younger than myself. She died at Beardstown, Illinois, in 1860. My

youngest brother, Christopher Cornelius, who still lives in Minneapolis, was eight years younger than myself. The two younger children were therefore not sufficiently mature to understand the events or sympathize with the religious experiences which I am about to relate. My older brother and myself were accustomed to attend public worship regularly. Between the morning and the afternoon service there was only an hour's intermission, and as a fire was never kindled in the meeting house, however cold the weather, we often spent this interval at the house of my maternal grandmother, directly across the street from the church, whither we went with many others to warm ourselves and get lunch. I am not aware that the ordinary exercises of public worship had in my childhood any marked influence upon my mind. Rev. Peter Starr, who was pastor of Warren church for more than fifty years, was an excellent, practical Christian, but, as far as I remember, he never arrested any particular attention by any of his pulpit utterances. He was a good man, and was greatly revered as a preacher by my parents, and their reverence inspired the same feeling in me, but he was not a brilliant man. If I am asked whether it is probable that a more eloquent preacher would have exerted more influence upon one of my age than this godly divine, I can in reply only refer to the powerful impression produced upon my mind by the eloquent preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher, who often exchanged with our pastor; for in those days the most eloquent preachers illustrated the parity of the clergy by exchanging pulpits with their less gifted brethren.

I do not suppose that I comprehended the vast

sweep of Mr. Beecher's intellect as he held his congregation almost spellbound on some great Christian theme, or that I fully understood all his lofty generalizations, but I felt the power of his fervent enthusiasm and the glow of his magnificent imagination. It is truly a great delight to remember how I heard that noble man, who was then a mighty power through all the region around his parish and a blessing to multitudes who saw him only in the pulpit. I do not wish to be understood, however, as saying that the ordinary exercises of public worship, had no molding influence on my childhood. They brought religion to the foreground, and gave me habits of reverence for God, His Church and His holy Word. But the direct influence, that impressed my mind and heart more than all else, came from the home life and from family worship, my parents always giving to religion the preference above all other interests and themes. It was on the Sabbath that the power of our family religion was especially conspicuous. On returning home from the second service, worship followed immediately after our dinner, when parents and children gathered around the family hearth. The Shorter Catechism was first recited, each one repeating in his turn the answer to one question, the older children, however, being expected to repeat, at the proper time, the whole. This being finished my father read a portion of Scripture, occasionally accompanying it with a few remarks, and then we all rose and remained standing while he offered a short but fervent prayer. It was then generally sunset, and, in accordance with the early custom of New England, our Sabbath was ended.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the strength of the impressions sometimes produced by these domestic experiences, but I will record one incident. On a certain Sabbath after finishing the Catechism at family prayers, my father turned to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and read the judgment scene, commencing "But when the Son of Man shall come in His glory," without comment, and then immediately offered prayer as usual. A sense of the awful majesty of that sacred picture came over my mind with such power as to almost overwhelm me. The thought flashed upon me with unspeakable vividness: I myself shall be there—one of those to be judged. The impression of that moment has never left me. It will be as lasting as my existence. The exercises being ended I hastened to some diversion to relieve my mind from a thought so overwhelming. If I be asked whether I now believe that scene will ever be witnessed in reality, I answer that the question seems to me of little importance. Doubtless the magnificent drapery of the scene had a powerful influence on my mind. Whether that tragedy will ever be literally enacted by us all in one scene, I do not know; but the imagery is fitted to impress on the mind a truth grander and more massive than any which science has ever taught; the truth that every man shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and in consequence of that judgment be assigned to an eternal destiny. This truth is so deeply rooted in the moral intuitions of the soul that even childhood responds to its presentation. The power of Scriptural imagery over the mind of youth is a very striking proof of the divine energy. I

could not have been more than eight years of age when this incident occurred. My parents were neither poets, artists nor orators. Surely I was impressed only by the divine power garnered in the holy Scriptures.

I do not remember the exact chronology of the experience I am recording. It must have been but a few months after the occurrence just related that another event happened which exerted a far greater influence over my life. One afternoon my brother Ephraim and I were left alone. We were engaged in such plays as are usual with children, when I became most painfully impressed with the thought that I was a great sinner before God, and alarmed at the thought of His displeasure. Greatly distressed in mind, I could not continue play. My brother was also much affected in sympathy for me. The thing which moved me most was, that really profane thoughts often came into my mind, thoughts which, though not uttered or entertained, would again and again intrude themselves. When mother returned she found us in great distress. She did what any wise, Christian mother would have done. She soothed us with the assurance that God is very merciful; that Christ came, suffered and died to save sinners, and that for His sake God would forgive all our sins, and Jesus would be our Savior forever. Her words reassured us and we retired for the night as cheerful as usual. The impression did not, however, leave us. After that we were far more thoughtful and religiously inclined. Our pastor visited us and gave much the same counsel as that bestowed by our mother. It was not a period of unusual excitement

or religious effort in the community, but after some months of serious reflection it was suggested to us to unite with the church.

To receive into a religious body persons so young as ourselves was then a great innovation. But the facts in the case seemed to our parents and friends to justify the step. We both readily accepted the proposition, feeling that participation in the Lord's Supper was greatly to be desired, and supposing, as everyone else around us did, that communion without church membership would be impious. Accordingly, a little before an approaching communion season, we appeared before the church and applied for examination and admission. The examination, in consideration of our tender years, was short and very simple. We were accepted, and on the next Sabbath our names were given out from the pulpit. On the communion Sabbath we presented ourselves, in accordance with custom, in the broad aisle in the presence of the congregation, and gave our assent to the creed and covenant and were accepted as members of the church in full standing. I was not yet ten years old. If I am asked what I now think of what was then regarded as my conversion, I answer that one thing in respect to it is certain beyond any question. It was honest and natural, the spontaneous outgrowth of my own nature and the religious influences around me. There was in it no stage effect. No pope, priest, or Jesuit, either papal or Protestant, pulled the wires or worked the machinery. No one had said or done anything to me either fitted or intended to produce artificial results. The experience of us two brothers was entirely out of the ordinary

course of things, and was treated by the church with calm and deliberate good sense and practical wisdom. I recognize those conversions as the work of the Spirit of God. How the Spirit operates on the human heart I know not. Through all the ages of Christian history, God has employed His Word in a way precisely analogous to this in producing great and beneficent changes in the lives of multitudes. The Scriptures seem to represent the power by which these changes are wrought as being the Spirit of God. It is the same power that conceived and portrayed the judgment scene in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. As such I accept it.

That experience has exerted a very important, and as it seems to me, most beneficent influence on my whole life. Fourscore years have passed, and yet I can truly say that what occurred subsequent to these events, was but the carrying out of my sincere commitment of myself which I then made to the Christian cause. My heart rejoices in the step then taken. I have never regretted it. Never has the Christian life seemed like bondage, neither has it imposed any painful restraint. I was not held to it by fear, but by a hearty approbation and a deliberate choice. My conversion did not in any disagreeable way separate me from the companions of my childhood and youth. On the contrary, I had in after years great joy in welcoming large numbers of them to a religious life, and in consequence of it friendships were formed which have been most precious and enduring. If I have ever done any good in the world my early conversion and identification with the Church have been in great measure the cause of it.

I imagine, however, that a critical inquirer asks with a sharp emphasis: "Do you think you really understood that creed and gave an intelligent assent to it?" I have no embarrassment in answering: I neither understood it nor intelligently assented to it. On my part the transaction meant uniting myself with the Church of Christ. I neither knew nor thought whether or not I understood the creed. The church offered me the creed, and I accepted it because she offered it. It was the Church of Christ and not the creed which I accepted. If I still be asked whether I think it is wise and right to require candidates for admission to the church to assent to a creed which they cannot be supposed to understand, again I have no embarrassment in answering: No. The practice is absurd and a great deal worse than useless. I do not know that the rule requiring persons to assent to a prescribed creed as a condition of admission to the church prevails elsewhere than in the Congregational churches of this country, and in such Presbyterian churches as have borrowed it from their Congregational neighbors. It was not the custom of the early Congregational churches. Candidates formerly made the confession of their faith in their own language. It is greatly to be desired that we return to the wiser usages of our fathers, and that our Presbyterian friends who have imitated our aberrations, be reminded that it is not always wise to follow even Congregational examples.

I was never taught, however, either by precept or example, that the church creed or the catechism was a standard of faith. They were always held as subject to correction by the Word of God, and as being

of no force or validity except as they agreed with it. Neither I nor my fathers before me have ever recognized any church authority which had the right to dictate in the matters of faith to any disciple. I was always taught to regard both creed and polity as open to all the reforms which truth might require. I can have no doubt of the propriety of allowing even childhood to commit and consecrate itself to Christ and His Church. We cannot attach ourselves too soon or too firmly to those profound certainties which even extreme youth is capable of discerning in the simple Gospel of Christ. My moral nature did early lay hold on those certainties, and for this I shall thank God forever. I believe that early commitment did much to hold me fast to that moral and spiritual truth which, like the nature of God, is everlasting, while on the other hand it has helped to make me a bold and free, yet reverent, advocate of all such reforms as are needful to bring the Church into full conformity with the divine pattern. It was my purpose before closing this account of my early childhood to have given some incidents indicating the peculiar severity of the life of New England farmers in the early part of the present century. But I find that my space will not admit of it. I must hasten into the more advanced periods of my history.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW HOME.

During the period of which I have been speaking, difficulties were thickening around our humble home which soon resulted in a very great change being wrought in the scene and the conditions of our lives. Very soon after my birth, my father had disposed of his interest in the Sturtevant homestead, and had purchased a farm much nearer to the church and to the best school in the place. The amount of his purchase considerably exceeded his patrimony, and he was obliged to mortgage the farm for the remainder of the purchase money. My parents were young and strong, and hoped soon by their own industry to cancel this mortgage, and to spend their lives and rear their children on that spot. But an irresistible necessity was laid upon them ere long, to abandon their home and remove to regions far away. Their farm was at the best rugged and barren, and under the most favorable circumstances their task would have been very arduous. These difficulties were immensely increased by changes which were coming over the country. At that time the industries of New England were almost wholly restricted to agriculture and commerce, and these industries were mutually dependent. The wars growing out of the French Revolution and the career of the first Napoleon, were then agitating the whole civilized world.

England was not only the mistress but the tyrant of the seas, and her unscrupulous exercise of her supremacy, seriously crippled the commerce of all neutral nations. From the beginning of Jefferson's administration onward, the policy of our government had been to resist English aggressions by discriminations against English commerce, till finally in 1812, during the first term of Madison's administration, war was declared against England. The effect of these measures upon the industry of New England was to drive her commerce from the ocean, and to utterly prostrate her agriculture. Of the justice or expediency of all this I have now nothing to say.

Just or unjust, the result was the same. Thousands of farmers were rendered entirely unable to pay the interest on their debts, and at the same time support their families from the products of their farms. Out of this grew an immense emigration, especially from Connecticut, to that tract in the northeastern corner of Ohio, known as the Western Reserve, then familiarly called New Connecticut. The demand for a change came upon my father with a pressure which could not be resisted. There was no sympathy in his nature with the spirit of the adventurous fortune seeker. The insecurity of our western frontier as long as the war lasted, rendered any removal of his family to the new lands quite out of the question. As soon as peace was restored (in 1815), he began to arrange his plans for such a change. In the fall of that year, accompanied by his brother, Bradford, he made the journey to Ohio on foot to see the country for himself and to choose a situation. He returned with a favorable report, and he and my uncle ar-

ranged as fast as they could to remove their families to the new western home the next spring. Both my parents deeply regretted this necessity. To my mother it was a source of life-long sorrow. It was, as it seemed to her, to separate her for the rest of her life from all her kindred and to debar her from those religious priviliges and facilities for the education of her children which were so precious to her and important to her family. She, however, yielded uncomplainingly to the admitted necessity. How much there has been of such heart sickness in connection with those migrations that have at last caused the wilderness to rejoice, and the desert to blossom as the rose, is known only to Him who knoweth all things. De Toqueville, in his American Democracy, intimates that as a people we have no love for home, no natural patriotism. He could not have proved that assertion by the history of our family. Necessity made us emigrants. Surely those who transplant the home affections and all that is best in the institutions of their fathers, into the depths of the wilderness give the highest proof of natural patriotism. The financial disasters which came upon the people of New England from the causes mentioned, and from the competition with the West which soon began, would have reduced almost any other people to extreme want. With that breadth of intelligence and energy of character for which they were distinguished, they so met the various crises that real poverty has been almost unknown among them. They learned trades, established manufactures, became prosperous merchants in our cities, and migrated by tens of thousands to those cheap and fertile lands

whose competitive productiveness was ruining their New England farms, and were everywhere among the most potent elements of our extending civilization.

All through the winter of 1815–16 preparations for our removal were in constant progress. By us children it was regarded with a curiosity that implied no appreciation of the importance to all our future, of what was going on. To our parents it was sad work.

Yet, sadly as that winter passed in the home we were about to leave, there was one very bright spot. On a bitter cold day in mid-winter, my father and mother, and my mother's sister, Patty, together with my older brother and myself, attended the annual meeting of the Litchfield County Foreign Missionary Society. His Excellency John Cotton Smith, presided. I had never seen a live governor before, and it was truly a great sight. The chief speaker was Dr. Lyman Beecher. Of course he greatly stirred our hearts by such a presentation of the then fresh theme of missions to the heathen, as no man but he could make. It would be long before we should hear that eloquent voice again. Our hearts were so warmed by what we had heard that we scarcely felt the extreme cold while homeward bound.

On the afternoon of May 28, 1816, we bade adieu to the home of my childhood and went to the home of my maternal grandmother to pass the night. The next morning we commenced our journey westward. When our caravan was assembled it consisted of two wagons, each drawn by a yoke of oxen with one horse harnessed before them. The wagons were strongly built for rough roads, and were covered with

canvas stretched upon wooden bows, leaving the front end open. The party consisted of my uncle, with his wife and two children, my father, mother and four children, a brother and sister of my uncle's wife, and a young man who attached himself to our family; six children and seven adults. In the wagons were our beds and bedding, such provisions as we could carry, our wearing apparel, and other necessaries for the journey. Our progress was of course slow, and for the most part the men and the larger boys were on foot, and sometimes even the women also. At night we expected to secure a room in which we could spread our beds. Our meals were prepared from the resources which we carried with us, with such additions as we found it necessary to procure by the way. As we had chosen that season of the year when pleasant weather could be for the most part expected, our position was not very uncomfortable. Yet most people, accustomed to civilized life, would not have regarded it as a pleasant journey.

Our route was from home to Fishkill Landing, on the Hudson; thence across the Hudson in a sail-boat to Newburg; thence through portions of the states of New York and New Jersey to Easton Pennsylvania; thence through Bethlehem and Reading to Harrisburg; thence through Carlisle to Strasburg, at the foot of the Alleghanies; thence over the mountains through Bedford and Greersburg to Pittsburg. At Pittsburg we crossed the Alleghany River and followed the right bank to the Ohio, along the route now taken by the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway, to the mouth of Beaver Creek. Thence we traveled to Canfield, Ohio, where we passed a Sabbath in the hospitable

home of Trial Tanner, a brother of my grandfather, Ephraim Tanner. From that point it was a short distance to Tallmadge, Summit County, Ohio, where we passed a few days among hosts of old acquaintances, emigrants from Warren, before going to Richfield, Summit County, Ohio, where we considered our long journey ended. It was destined to terminate the progress of my westward migration for the next thirteen years. The distance passed over was more than five hundred miles, and the time required for making it was more than four weeks. It now requires less than twenty-four hours.

Little space can be given to describing this journey. To such a boy as myself, just under eleven years of age, it was an event of great importance. To a modern traveler, shut up in a railway carriage, perhaps in a sleeping berth, it is a matter of very trifling consequence. But as we traveled largely on foot, in the open air and sunlight, at the rate of less than twenty miles a day, and as new scenes occupied the mind almost wholly for a month, it furnished the best lesson in geography I ever learned. It gave me definite ideas of distances and magnitudes, and afforded me accurate and vividly-remembered conceptions of the meaning of the words "mountains, rivers, plains and forests." It conveyed to me a new idea of the magnitude of the world and particularly of our own country, taught me to observe the physical features of our planet, and did much to translate my knowledge of geography from the abstract into the concrete.

An incident will illustrate this. Somewhere between Easton and Harrisburg we reached a little stream called Swatara too deep to be forded with

safety. A scow was lying at the bank, but no ferryman was at hand and we were obliged to wait an hour for his return. The tranquil stream fringed with willows, in "leafy June," and skirted with fields of wheat and grass, filled me with a peaceful delight. The boy became for the moment almost a poet, and a vivid picture of the scene remained with me. Forty-eight years afterwards, on a journey to New York, I found myself one afternoon taking the train at Harrisburg for New York by what is known as the Allentown Line, extending from Harrisburg to Easton. It was the old route over which I had not passed since my youthful journey with the emigrant party. I naturally took a seat near the window and looked for familiar objects. When after a time we crossed a bridge over a little stream I was confident that I recognized again the Swatara, and my fellow passengers assured me that I was not mistaken. The whole scene of forty-eight years ago was before me. The intervening years were annihilated, and I was a boy again in the company of emigrants.

Eastern Pennsylvania was at that early day a well cultivated and highly productive country. The immense stone barns which were seen on almost every farm excited our wonder. Though there was at that time a very considerable trade over the mountains between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, carried on in immense wagons each drawn by four horses, no road had yet been built. A good turnpike was in process of construction, but only five miles of it had been opened to traffic. The trail by which we crossed the mountains was exceedingly rough and difficult. The wheels of our wagons went bounding along from one

boulder to another, much as in a cart-path in some out-of-the-way place on a New England hillside. Almost the only vehicles we met were the immense wagons already spoken of. The size, strength and docility of the horses, and the skill and good nature of the drivers, excited our admiration. Our passage over Laurel Hill, the last mountain we crossed, is vividly remembered.

We had not proceeded far in the ascent when it began to rain. The air was chilly and very disagreeable. My mother, fearing to ride over a road so horrible, was on foot. On the top of the mountain there was a house at which travelers were kept, but my mother insisted on proceeding, because the house had no enviable reputation. So we continued our journey and descended the rocky slope, mother still preferring to walk. On reaching a place of some degree of comfort we were soon warm and dry, and fortunately no harm was experienced from the exposure.

At the time of which I am writing Pittsburg bore little resemblance to the great manufacturing city which now stands at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela. We rested for our midday lunch amid cultivated fields which lay between the city and the Alleghany. A bridge was in process of construction across that stream, but we crossed by boat.

The region traversed after entering the state of Ohio was mostly covered by forests of gigantic growth. We sometimes traveled miles through these woods without seeing a single human dwelling. On one such occasion, about midday, a thunder-storm broke upon us. The wind blew violently and the thunder rolled and reverberated through the forest.

Trees, and branches torn from their trunks, fell crashing around us. This was a terrific experience for the women and the children, to whom such forests, even in nature's mildest moods, were strange and awe-inspiring. Such a migration is capable of exerting a powerful influence on the character.

At Richfield, Ohio, my father and uncle had purchased jointly a small tract of land, with five or six acres of clearing, on which was a log house containing but two rooms, one above the other, with no means of gaining access to the upper room except by a ladder. At this house the goods were to be unloaded, and the two families were to commence housekeeping. It seemed a rather heart-sickening end of so long and wearisome a journey, but here we remained several weeks, doing what we could to make ourselves comfortable. It was midsummer, and we did not suffer from the cold, and were sheltered from the rain. The two brothers were a good deal undecided in relation to their future plans. The place was new and seemed so strange. Nearly all the few inhabitants were recent immigrants like ourselves. We had no church, no school, no roads. All these were to be constructed.

Our Sabbaths came and went as of old, but they brought with them little except memories, which taught us how "blessings brighten as they take their flight." From those days onward the 137th Psalm has always possessed for me a peculiar charm. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." At last a report came that on the next Sabbath public worship was to be held in a log house at Brecksville, a church was

to be organized, and the Lord's Supper observed. The officiating minister was to be Rev. Wm. Hanford, of Hudson, one of the most indefatigable missionaries then laboring in that part of Ohio. Brecksville is now almost a suburb of the great city of Cleveland. It was then a little new settlement in the woods. Between us and the place, which was four or five miles distant, lay a literally trackless forest. It was, however, almost instantly resolved that my father, uncle, brother and myself would attend church Sabbath morning. After an early breakfast we started, taking with us a pocket compass as a guide. The place of worship was a humble log cabin home. After a sermon, in which all were profoundly interested, some fifteen persons united themselves by mutual covenant as a Christian Church. That organization, if I mistake not, still exists. The Lord's Supper was then observed. It mattered little to me that the bread was distributed from a common dinner-plate, and the wine poured from a common earthern pitcher into glass tumblers. At no time in my life have I enjoyed a Sabbath more intensely. The two boy communicants attracted the notice of Mr. Hanford, who came after service and conversed with our party. The acquaintance thus begun had an important influence upon the future of my brother and myself. That Sabbath was a bright day in the record of my life; a day in which my Christian faith had been much confirmed, and in which, though I had then no such thought, it had become nearly certain that I would obtain a collegiate education and devote my life to the Christian ministry.

It is not to be wondered at that my parents were

very reluctant to make Richfield their home. Its utter lack, for the time, of schools and church privileges seemed an insuperable objection to a permanent stay. Accordingly, my father soon arranged his business interests by surrendering all his rights in the Richfield property to his brother, and purchased a small piece of excellent land in Tallmadge, on which by the toil of his hands a farm could be made; for the virgin forest still covered it all.

We soon removed to Tallmadge and prepared for the erection of our new home. I find no words that can do justice to the hospitality so generously extended to us while our cabin was in progress of erection, by the immigrants from Warren who were already in the town, especially by Deacon Salmon Sackett and his family. The preciousness of Christian brotherhood is often touchingly illustrated amid the hardships of a new settlement. Winter was almost upon us before our rude cabin was ready for occupancy. Well do I remember the day we took up our abode in it. It was the 29th of November, 1816. The undergrowth only had been removed, leaving the giants of the forest, some of them more than a hundred feet in height, towering far above our frail shelter. Our chimney was constructed by cutting away a portion of the logs on one side of the cabin and building in the opening thus made a fireplace of stones laid in clay, and projecting outside of the wall. Above the stone-work, raised only high enough to avoid contact with the fire, the chimney was finished with sticks daubed with clay. The fireplace was very large, and I often stood partially within it and looked up the chimney at the tree tops which

were waving far above it. Primitive as that habitation was, its rudeness was not its worst feature. It was entirely inadequate to protect us from the severities of such winters as those we found in northeastern Ohio. This was especially true of a house fresh built from green logs. That was a long and dreary winter. The rheumatism with which my father suffered and the colds of my mother and the rest of the family are painful to remember.

Though the cold was often intense and the school was a mile and a quarter distant, we boys were seldom absent or late. Punctuality and regularity were enforced upon us. Ours was one of the best teachers I ever had. She enabled me at eleven years of age to study English grammar with pleasure and much profit. She was herself a product of the New England common school. When the spring opened in that year (1817) other and graver matters than school required our attention. The forest was to be converted into fruitful fields from which the support of a family must be derived, and that could be done only by the combined labor of one man and two boys. As soon as the winter school was closed father, brother and myself all gave ourselves with such strength as we possessed to that work. To the unpracticed eyes of my mother, and the children, it seemed almost impossible, without crushing the cabin, to fell those trees that still surrounded it. When the time came for cutting one immense tree that stood near the house, my mother, with her two younger children, took a position beyond the reach of the tallest limbs and waited for the catastrophe. After many hard strokes of the murderous ax the top was first seen to waver and then

to move steadily, and then to rush to the ground with awful force and a thundering but harmless crash. I do not wonder that the great Mr. Gladstone even in the dignity of his old age is fond of felling trees. It is grand sport even for British statesmen. Not more than ten rods from the cabin we found lying upon the ground a chestnut tree which must have fallen several generations before the woodman had begun to invade those forests. As it lay there the trunk measured more than six feet in thickness. The time since its fall could only be conjectured from its state of partial decay, but the durability of chestnut timber, even when exposed to the weather, almost surpasses belief. Visiting that spot a few months ago, I was convinced that the very rails split in the years 1817 and 1818, from freshly fallen chestnut trees by my father's hand, I in a feeble way assisting, still formed the boundaries of the old fields. I could see no reason to doubt that they would last fifty years longer.

That old trunk was surrounded by a little forest of tall, sturdy hickories which had doubtless grown from nuts accidently dropped there, after the ancient trees had ceased to shade the ground. The immense log was so water-soaked that it was scarcely combustible. We cleared away the huge mass by cutting the hickories, heaping them against it and firing the pile. Thus little by little we dried and consumed it. Many a weary day did we toil around that fallen monarch. So is it ever. Accumulations of rottenness and corruption can only be removed by long and patient toil.

I shall close this story of our first season in the great Ohio forest with an incident. As we had no fenced fields the two or three cows on which we large-

ly depended for our living were pastured in the open forest on the west border of which our cabin was situated. It contained from thirty to forty square miles unbroken by a single farm or cabin. The searching for our cattle in that great wild pasture was not without serious perils to those unaccustomed to the woods. Even persons of considerable experience were liable to be lost in that trackless forest.

One beautiful Sabbath evening in October, during our first season in the cabin, after dinner and family worship, father and mother started out together to drive home the cattle, the cow bell being within hearing. The four children were left behind. In the dusk of the evening the cows came home, but father and mother were not with them. As we learned afterward, they had walked carelessly on in the direction from which the sound had been heard, without noticing the bell. When next they stopped to listen for it the sound had ceased. Conjecturing that the bell-cow had laid down, they walked on in the same direction. Just as they had concluded that they must have passed her they came to a swamp, the situation of which was well known to my father. But he was unable to assure himself whether he was on the east or west side of it. In the meantime the wind had risen and the heavens were overcast with clouds. Soon a light was seen through the clouds near the horizon, which they assumed to be the evening twilight; but it was the light of the newly risen moon in the east. Supposing they had discovered the proper points of the compass they were reassured and set off, as they thought for home, but really toward the southeast into the heart of the great forest. Soon

the sky was overcast with heavier clouds, and the wind rose to alarming violence. After rambling for a time, while the wind was roaring and the trees were falling around them, my father realizing that they were lost, suggested that they should stop in as comfortable a place as could be found, and wait for the morning. To this my mother utterly objected. "If," said she, "we stop we certainly shall not get home to the children; if we keep going, it is possible that we may." This was decisive. So they pushed on, avoiding obstacles in their way by going around rather than through them, as one direction was as likely to be right as another.

We children at home soon became very anxious, and used every means at our command to make a noise in the hope that we might thus guide their bewildered way. We pounded on the end of a log with the head of an axe. We climbed to the roof of the cabin and hammered upon it, but all in vain. At length daylight was quite gone, and we were in despair. The nearest neighbors were half a mile away, and to search for our parents in that great forest in such a night was hopeless. We retired to the cabin, kept the fire and lights burning, and with many tears sat down to wait for what might come.

After wandering for hours, father and mother came suddenly upon what my father's practiced eye recognized as an opening in the forest where a tree had been cut. He examined by the sense of feeling and soon found the stump. In the original survey of the lands a township five miles square was first marked off. Its boundaries were indicated by a line of blazed trees. This square was then divided into four equal

parts by public roads extending north and south and east and west through its center. These roads were indicated by two lines of blazed trees, and by the letter "H," carved on any tree which was found to stand exactly on the line of either side of the road. My father conjectured that the stump which he had found marked a familiar spot in the road which extended along the south side of our farm. This road was indicated in the survey, but was not open for use. By feeling the neighboring trees, the two sides of the road were found, and also a tree marked with the letter "H." This assured them that they were on the east and west road, and probably only a half mile from home. But how to get there was the question. It was not very difficult for two persons to follow one of these blazed lines in total darkness. One would remain near a blazed tree till another similarly marked could be found, which in turn was kept till the next was discovered, and so on. It yet remained for them to determine in which direction home lay, since a wrong course would carry them yet deeper and deeper into the forest. After traveling as it seemed a long distance they came again upon the swamp. There father left mother by a blazed tree until he had satisfied himself by examing the edge of the swamp for some distance that they were on its western side. They had traveled half a mile in the wrong direction and were now one mile from home. They then returned by the same slow process, feeling their way from tree to tree until they reached home about midnight, to the great joy of all.

That same night, an excellent yoke of oxen which my father had recently sold had been left in a field

where the great trees had been girdled to facilitate clearing of the land. In the morning both were found close together dead, with a fallen tree lying across them. This incident bears testimony to the terrors of that stormy night.

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING SUGGESTION.

During that year a suggestion found its way to our humble cabin which was as surprising to us all as though it had been spoken from out the voiceless forests around us. It came from Rev. William Hanford, our ministerial acquaintance of that bright Sabbath at Brecksville, and grew out of the great lack of ministers of the Gospel in that new country. New as Tallmadge was, it had an incorporated academy of which Elizur Wright was then principal. Mr. Hanford was his son-in-law, as was also Rev. John Seward, an efficient missionary settled at Aurora. The proposition was that my brother and myself should enter on a course of study in preparation for college and the Christian ministry. Mr. Seward strongly seconded Mr. Hanford's suggestion and Mr. Wright offered us free tuition. Nothing could well seem more absurd. How could our father spare us from the work of the farm and the forest? Should his natural helpers forsake him now that they were just beginning to be helpers indeed? True, I was in respect to muscular strength but a feeble boy, and could be spared with very small loss, but it seemed out of the question for him to do without my brother who was now fourteen, and for his age unusually vigorous and helpful. Besides, the resources of the family were so narrow that my parents could not

afford any assistance to their sons in pursuing a college course.

To us lads the plan seemed utterly impracticable, and we expected and even wished our parents to reject the proposition. I was especially averse to it, for the idea of going far from home among strangers, under circumstances so peculiar and so remote from the life to which I was accustomed, appeared intolerable. I appreciated the generosity of our friends, but thought I had no wings for so ambitious a flight. Unexpectedly to us the suggestion was favorably entertained by both our parents. First of all earthly things they desired a superior education for their children, and their highest ambition was to train their sons for the Christian ministry. Our advisers assured them that there were no insurmountable obstacles, and that funds were contributed to aid deserving young men in preparing for the ministry. My vague and unreasoning dread was not removed, but my conscience was appealed to and the appeal prevailed. When the winter of the academy opened we were both on hand with our Latin grammars.

It was fortunate for me that my parents had chosen Tallmadge for their place of residence. The town was remarkable for certain peculiarities in its mode of settlement, which had originated in the mind of Rev. David Bacon, the father of the distinguished Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven. A graphic account of his father's life published some years ago by the latter in "The New Englander" will furnish the curious reader with the details of this plan. Rev. David Bacon had made arrangements with the original proprietors of the town that they were to sell

farms to such persons only as he approved. His object was to form a settlement composed of select men and women, so homogeneous in their religious belief that they would easily co-operate and form one Christian church. It is true that after a time some of the saints whom Mr. Bacon had gathered around him proved themselves less than saintly, and a quarrel obliged him to leave his charge before his plan was fully carried out. But enough had been done to secure in a great measure the end at which he aimed. A character had been given to the town which attracted such emigrants as Mr. Bacon had desired, and repelled the opposite class. The consequences of such a good beginning appear in Tallmadge to this day. When my father came the church organized by Mr. Bacon seven years before was already strong and efficient, having a settled pastor and regular worship, and a large congregation. Tallmadge was at that time as purely a Congregational community as that in which I was born, although we did not recognize the church where we worshiped as Congregational, but only as the Church of Christ. The confusion of tongues had not yet reached it. In the providence of God I knew nothing through all my childhood and youth of that strife of tongues which sectarian divisions always produce.

It was a part of Mr. Bacon's plan to found a college at Tallmadge, but unfortunately after his removal that idea was relinquished. The academy however, did good service for many years. To it, and especially to its excellent principal, I am under life-long obligations. Under his gratuitous instruction in the fall of 1817 I commenced the study of

Latin. To a boy of twelve years, having little book-knowledge besides that contained in the Bible, the Shorter Catechism and the school-readers, and with the unphilosophical modes of teaching Latin then in use, the beginning of the study was neither interesting nor encouraging. The winter was spent in committing to memory Latin paradigms, the use of which I did not know, and rules which I could not comprehend, and translating a few pages of the Historiæ Sacræ. The whole winter was spent toiling as if in a dark hole where I could neither see what I did nor fully know what I was trying to do. Of course I seemed to myself to have accomplished nothing. Doubtless we now have better methods of teaching Latin, though they are still far from perfect. We should teach language first and grammar afterward. To reverse this is to begin at the top of a chimney and build downward, or to harness the cart before the horse.

Spring came and the school closed, not to be resumed till the following autumn. It was indispensable that we should return immediately to the forest and the farm, for our services were imperatively needed there. Not that anyone supposed that I could accomplish much, for I really could not, yet I did as well as I could, and it was not particularly aggreeable that my efforts were habitually ridiculed. Almost every day I heard

> "Little strokes
> Fell great oaks."

Nevertheless my feeble efforts did fell many trees. Meanwhile I found little comfort in the thought of a life of study. As we toiled through the summer the

future presented little of hope or cheer, though I was not consciously unhappy. I thought as I looked back that my generous teacher and kind friends must have had enough of trying to teach Latin to so poor a scholar, and I had no desire to return to that dark hole. I was mistaken, for when the winter term opened both our parents and teachers expected us to resume our classical studies and we reluctantly complied with their wishes. Happily discouragement did not long continue. Light soon began to break in, for before the season closed, I was convinced that I could learn Latin, and that I had a better chance of success as a student than as a farmer and forester. I began to look forward to college with hope instead of aversion. My father's removal to Ohio, which would have seemed the worst thing for a boy like myself, considerably hastened the progress of my education. Perhaps indeed I should never have gone to college had it not been for the Tallmadge academy and the great demand for educated ministers in the West.

I must now go back a little in my story, to mention a seemingly trivial incident which had nevertheless an important bearing upon our plans for securing an education. Before the completion of our cabin in Tallmadge, and while we yet remained in the hospitable home of Deacon Sackett, a swarm of bees came out from one of his hives at the end of August. This was an unusual occurrence. The deacon hived the bees and gave them to my brother and myself, saying, "They will not survive the cold winter, but may furnish you a little honey for the winter's use." They did, however, survive the win-

ter, whether by reason of unusual industry or because they had robbed one of the Deacon's hives, which from that time ceased to flourish, I cannot tell. They were carried to our forest home and soon so multiplied as to be of considerable importance.

My brother and myself had the sole care of the bees, or perhaps I should have said my brother had, for I was only a humble assistant. They required much attention, for we were without books or instruction in bee-culture and were left to the resources of our own ingenuity to devise methods for their management. That summer we made almost as much progress in our studies as we should have done in school, although we gladly assisted when necessary on the farm. Our increased interest and added hopefulness led us to improve our spare moments, and while we were watching the bees we read Virgil and Cicero.

I am convinced by many years of observation as a teacher that I make no disgraceful confession when I acknowledge that we used translations whenever they could be obtained. When we were about to commence a book of Virgil's Æneid we borrowed a copy of Dryden's Virgil and read the book together. We would then, dictionary and grammar in hand, take up the Latin. We did not expect to rely on the translation for the exact construction of sentences. It gave us only the general course of thought. In this way we could read the book from the Latin in much less time, and, as we thought, with equal thoroughness. In this manner we read Virgil and Cicero's Orations, no translation being required either for Cæsar's Commentaries or Sallust, when at a later day

we read the latter's works. Our method of study seems to me a rational one. We learned the language first and its grammar afterwards, as children do, and made much more rapid progress than we could have done with only the grammar and dictionary. During the winter of '19 and '20 we made good progress in both Greek and Latin. The summer found us again at our books, farm work and bee-culture, and life was full of joy that was greatly augmented by the fact that during that summer and the following autumn Tallmadge was visited by a season of quickened religious feeling and activity such as is commonly called a revival of religion. How came it to occur? I can give but one answer:—"The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." The pastor of the church was a good, true man, without any special gift by which such a popular movement could be artificially produced. Its occurrence was as unexpected to him as to anyone else. He had no assistance from other ministers. There were individuals in the church who had unusual earnestness in prayer for the gift of God's Spirit, and the devout had for weeks previous often met in each other's houses to pray for this blessing; but these meetings were entirely private and unostentatious in their character, just such meetings as people honestly believing in the efficacy of prayer would naturally hold and enjoy. Religious meetings of a public character were not appointed with unusual frequency till it became known that an unwonted interest in religious things existed in many minds in different parts of the town. This was not

a mere transient excitement, for it continued many months. During much of this time the pastor was himself absent, but public worship was held on the Sabbath as usual, a sermon being read by some member of the church. Two or three religious meetings were appointed each week, at 5 o'clock P. M. in different parts of the town, either at schoolhouses or at private dwellings. My brother and myself, with other members of our family, usually attended these meetings. Our farm work was carried on with no less energy and success than in other years. Rising early in the morning, we husbanded all our time so that when the hour of meeting arrived our day's work was practically accomplished. In two or three instances, in the course of our pastor's absence, pastors of neighboring churches spent a few days with us. Visits from house to house by the deacons and other zealous members of the church were frequent and there was much personal conversation.

Among the persons deeply moved by this religious revival was one whom I ought to mention by name, as he sustained for several years a very intimate relation to my life, and especially as he has been by no means unknown to fame, Elizur Wright, Jr., the son of the principal of our academy. He was about a year older than myself, and my classmate. He professed to be converted, and with much appearance of earnestness united among many others with the church. I was already intimate with him and loved him. He had enjoyed much better advantages than myself, and I regarded him as my superior both in natural talents and in acquisitions. I greatly rejoiced in his conversion, and was for several years

more intimate with him than I have ever been with any man who was not a relative. Through all those years I found him a faithful friend, ready and sympathetic in my hours of need. It gives me great pleasure to make this record of him.

As a result of this revival changes were wrought in the opinions and characters of many individuals, which affected for the better their whole subsequent lives, and lasting impressions for good were made upon whole families and in fact upon the entire community. The number added to the church was not far from one hundred, and among them were found almost the whole circle of young persons with whom my brother and myself had been associated. Our relations to them during this season of revival were very delightful to ourselves and perhaps beneficial to them. For myself, I find that the bonds of affection then forged still bind me closely to the people of that beautiful town. In all these more than sixty years no place has been dearer to me than Tallmadge. I revisit it with peculiar delight, and still find among the living some who allude to that season as the beginning of their religious life.

There was no intermixture of sectarian rivalries in that revival. No union meetings were agreed upon, leaving to the future the division of the converts among the different denominations. We had no denominational jealousies to guard against, no sectarian interests of our own to be guarded. Our union was natural, spontaneous, and we supposed permanent. The great transaction in which we were so deeply interested knew but two parties: Christ and the world He died to save. In Christ all of His follow-

ers are one, and nothing in the religious organization of our community tended to mar our perception of that oneness. Surely that was the natural and primitive condition of the Church. Nor can it be denied that its present divisions obscure the fact of its unity and narrow our conceptions of Christian brotherhood and co-operation. I need not assure the reader that there was great moral power in such a complete unity of Christian people.

During all these years Tallmadge had no church building. An academy was built and used both as a schoolhouse and a place of public worship. After its destruction by fire it was rebuilt, and the church was still longer delayed. It was inconveniently small for our congregation. In almost all our services some were compelled to stand, and this sacrifice, in accordance with the code of politeness of the period, fell especially upon boys like myself. In the fall of 1820 it became an evident necessity to provide a church adequate to the necessities of the congregation. This was not an easy thing to do, for that portion of Ohio bordering on Lake Erie, though rich in agricultural resources, had absolutely no market for the surplus of its productions. The Erie canal was hardly yet projected. It was often difficult for the prosperous farmer to raise sufficient cash to pay his taxes. The best of wheat could not command ten cents a bushel. How then were the farmers of Tallmadge to build a church? It was possible only in one way. The house must be built of timber cut from their own forests, or of stones quarried from their own hills by the hands of their own mechanics, and paid for from the products of their own fields.

Fortunately they had an excellent architect of their own number, Lemuel Porter, from Waterbury, Conn. He drew a church plan and provided the specifications. The building committee then called a public meeting at which the plan and the specifications were accepted and every man was requested to state what he would furnish. Provision was soon made for every stick of timber. A day was appointed some time in the early winter on which all this timber was to be brought to the site selected for the sanctuary. As the time drew near, signs of preparation were everywhere visible, and it was evident that there would be few Tallmadge men who would not participate in the happy event. To stimulate ambition the chairman of the building committee, Reuben Beach, from my own native town, made a public offer of a gallon of whiskey to the man who on the designated Monday morning should "land the first stick of timber." Many teams were on hand very early. In fact, it was yet in the small hours when the prize was claimed and promptly given. Only a few months ago I saw the wooden gallon bottle in which it was delivered. Those men are not to be judged by the standard of the present. That was before the phrase "total abstinence" was coined, or the practice of it accepted as a rule of morals. The enthusiasm of that occasion was not the boisterous mirth of a bachanalian revel, but the rational earnestness of men who were determined to erect an edifice in which they and their children might assemble for religious instruction and worship. I co-operated in the raising of that church in 1822. It stands to-day in excellent order, a model of country church architecture. Its shingles were all

made from a single chestnut tree and have never needed renewal. A part of the tree not wrought into shingles is now lying where it originally fell. On a recent visit to the place, I brought away a fragment as a relic.

At this point, it is proper to mention a discussion which gave me my first impressions of those ecclesiastical divisions which have since caused me so much sorrow. Almost all of the churches of the Western Reserve were originally Congregational, being chiefly composed of emigrants from New England. A few, however, were Presbyterian, connected with the Synod of Pittsburgh, having been organized by emigrants from western Pennsylvania. It was a favorite idea of almost all the ministers, whether of Presbyterian or Congregational origin, that it was desirable to comprehend within one organization both the Congregational and the Presbyterian churches in the United States. It was difficult and sometimes impossible to persuade these churches to renounce the polity of their fathers for the Presbyterian form of church government. During my residence on the reserve the Presbyterian churches of that region were erected into the Presbytery of the Western Reserve, and to facilitate the comprehension of the Congregational churches under the same jurisdiction, that Presbytery was permitted to frame for itself a constitution supplementary to the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, contained in its book of discipline, granting to Congregational churches coming under the jurisdiction of the Presbyterian Church the privilege of conducting their internal affairs according to the usages of Congregational churches. Most of the latter adopted the plan without

much hesitation. Some of the leading men in the Tallmadge church were, however, strongly averse to the scheme, and raised objections which caused much delay and debate. Several committees of the Presbytery visited the church and endeavored to remove objection and secure acquiescence. As the constitution provided for changes in the organic instrument, several amendments were from time to time made to obviate objections raised in the Tallmadge church. Finally it came to this: that as the constitution was amendable, it was feared that the particular article extending to Congregationalists the enjoyment of their own mode of church government, would, after a time, be abolished. This fear was reported to the Presbytery, and to remove it a clause was introduced into the constitution providing that this particular article should never be amended.

This change silenced the opponents for a time, and the amendment was adopted by a majority of the church against the judgment of some of its most influential members. Though I was a minor and therefore not a voter, I was an attentive listener during all these animated discussions. I did not fully understand the difference between the two systems, and had imbibed no strong preference for one or the other. I could not symphathize with or comprehend the zeal of the ministers in recommending the merging of Congregationalism in Presbyterianism, and did not clearly see our need of the good care which they promised us, or discover what they could do for us. Neither did I understand why they could not co-operate with us as we were, as well as if we were comprehended in the Presbytery. On the other

hand I did not quite see why those among us who were opposed to the union were so intense in their opposition. Time showed me, long afterwards, that the question had bearings I did not then appreciate, and which were imperfectly understood by those to whom I listened. The plan of union in one respect wrought injury to Presbyterianism. The comprehension of large numbers of Congregational churches, with their separate church government, within the pale of Presbyterianism, was the principal cause of the great disruption that came a few years later; an event which all must feel to have been a very sad chapter in the religious history of our times. The shock of that disruption caused a large portion of the churches formerly Congregational to return to the simpler church system of their fathers. The plan of union was also unfortunate for Congregationalism. It did not, as its friends had hoped, prevent the division of the Western Reserve between the two denominations. But by it, the Presbyterian party was greatly strengthened and the Congregational party greatly weakened.

During the winter of 1820–21 we were given to understand that in the judgment of our teacher we might be prepared to enter college the following autumn. He was a much better Latin than Greek scholar, and in this respect his pupils were like their teacher. We had read more Latin than is now required for admission to any of our colleges. Pursuing our studies to a considerable extent without a teacher, we generally read our Latin authors several times over. We often wrote out the translation of an oration of Cicero or a book of Virgil entire. I be-

came so familiar with the Æneid, the Georgics and the Bucolics of Virgil, that in later years I sometimes amused my friends by promising that on hearing two consecutive lines from either of them read in Latin, I would without fail immediately tell from which book they were taken, and give the train of thought or narrative accompanying them. This familiarity with the Latin authors has been a great advantage to me.

In Greek I was much less fortunate. We had no access to Greek authors. I had only the "Græca Minora," a rather meager selection from various authors, and the Greek Testament. Through my preparatory and collegiate courses I had access to no Greek dictionary except the Schrevellii Lexicon. It was never intended to be a thesaurus of the language, but only of Homer and the Greek Testament, and the meaning of Greek words was given only in Latin. These very limited appliances for study had the advantage of throwing me upon my own resources. When unable to grasp the meaning of a Greek word I taxed my memory to recall other passages in which I had met it before, and from the collocation of the words in those passages I determined the exact sense in which the word was used. I was thus forced to go back of the dictionary and employ the methods by which dictionaries are made. But from defective preparation I labored under difficulties in Greek through my whole college course and my subsequent life.

Where shall we go to college, how shall we raise money enough to get there, and how shall we live when there? These three questions had now come to

the front. As to the first of them, our friend Wright had decided to go to Yale, and my brother and I were also bent on accompanying him. But the question of ways and means would have troubled more experienced financiers than ourselves; indeed it would have troubled them more than it did us. They would have insisted on a definite solution, but we were inclined to act on the maxim, "Never cross a bridge till you come to it." If we could find a way to reach Yale College, we determined to trust for the means of living there to the resources that might develop themselves on the spot. It may appear strange that our parents should consent that two sons, one of whom had not reached the age of seventeen while the other was scarcely nineteen, should try their fortunes at Yale with absolutely no resources to depend upon. It was a venture which nothing could excuse but their firm trust in Providence. It must also be remembered that we had a grandmother and an uncle and aunt living only forty miles from New Haven to whom we could go in case of necessity.

We at once addressed ourselves to the problem of raising the money for our journey. We naturally took our friend Wright into our counsels. So far as ready money was concerned, he was in almost the same predicament as ourselves, for although his father had considerable property it could not be sold for cash. Without him I know not how we could have solved the problem. Our beehives were our only resource. Beeswax was one of the very few things that met with ready sale, and a little of our delicious honey could sometimes be sold for cash. At first it seemed impossible to make our little capital suffice

for the long journey. Yet a way was found. Wright obtained from his brother-in-law, Rev. Wm. Hanford, to whom we had been indebted for so many acts of kindness, a horse, which though too old to be of much use in his missionary journeys, was quite adequate to the trip we proposed to take. We were able to procure, by selling property which we felt able to spare, a one-horse vehicle which, though worn and unsightly, was thought to be safe for the purpose. Another young man who, though not a student, wished to join us in an inexpensive trip to New England, was permitted to do so on condition of his sharing equally in the outlays. In the wagon were stored such provisions as could be carried, ready cooked for use by the way, and our necessary wearing apparel. Besides the boxes which contained these supplies there was room for a seat for two persons. Thus equipped, we considered ourselves ready for the journey.

I regret that I have lost the exact date of that eventful start, the outset of my new life, but it was doubtless in the month of June, 1822.

I well remember the events of that morning and the call we received from Mr. Owen Brown of Hudson, father of the famous John Brown of the Harper's Ferry raid. He was a tanner by trade and one of the worst stammerers I ever knew, but known in all that region as a conspicuously religious man. I remember well my distress when once sent to his house upon an errand, and obliged by certain circumstances to remain there for the night, at the thought that I must listen to the reading of the Bible and the offering of prayer by one who stammered so badly. I need not have been concerned. He read the Scriptures almost

without hesitation, and when we rose according to the custom and he began to pray, his voice became perfectly clear and distinct and his utterance free and flowing. I have seldom joined in a prayer of equal freedom, appropriateness and fervor. His son, afterwards so celebrated, was present, being at that time in business with his father.

But I return to the day of our departure from home. It was a day long anticipated with ardent hope and yet painful apprehension. In the six years that we had lived in that cabin the aspect around it had greatly changed. Much of the forest had disappeared. Not only upon our farm but on the neighboring acres, it had given place to cultivated fields. The cabin, however, remained the same, except that another room had been added. As we saw our enterprise that morning there was much in it that was distressing. It seemed hard and cruel to leave as we did our parents and the two young children. For ourselves the journey seemed adventurous, perilous, and even chimerical.

I do not wonder that after breakfast that morning when we gathered once more for family prayers and my father read for our parting Scripture lesson the twenty-seventh Psalm, which begins: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—I say, I do not wonder that when he came to the tenth verse, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," his voice became utterly choked and he could proceed no further. We were weeping in silence together when Mr. Owen Brown providentially came in. He com-

prehended the situation at once, took the Bible from my father's hand, read the Psalm, and offered a prayer full of fervor and pathos. The prayer ended, we said our farewells, and drove from that humble but dear abode to which as my home I was to return no more. The plan to leave it was not my own. Only by a long and painful discipline were my feelings brought to accept it. That was a sad morning to us all, yet far away in the future we discerned a region bright with hope. Only twice after our departure for college, and then for only brief visits, did I return to that spot endeared to my heart by such a multitude of tender associations.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

That eventful journey need not occupy in this narrative a space in proportion to the labor and the anxiety it cost us. The peculiar character of that outfit might well have caused some speculation in the minds of those whom we met by the way. Few would probably have guessed from our appearance that we were a company of youth on our way to drink at those fountains of knowledge opened by our ancestors in the land of our birth, five hundred miles away. Our mode of traveling was not new, and it already had the name "ride and tie." Our wagon could only furnish seats for two, and our horse must not be overtaxed. Two of us drove three or four miles, tied the horse by the road side, and walked on. The others walked till they came to the horse and in their turn rode three or four miles, passing the first two on the way. Thus the days passed. There was not much danger that the horse and vehicle would be stolen; for tramps were rare in those days, and besides, our turnout was not very tempting to thieves. The first Sabbath was spent in Erie, Penn. We passed through the site of Buffalo without suspecting that the mouth of that little creek marked the future location of a beautiful city. The second Sabbath we rested at Geneva, N. Y., where my mother's brother, Cyrus Tanner, resided.

Though our coming was a surprise, he and his family received their "backwoods" cousins very kindly. We attended with them the First Presbyterian Church, a beautiful structure, and greatly enjoyed the preaching of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Axtell. We spent the third Sabbath at Canaan, N. Y., only a short distance from Canaan, Conn., from which place friend Wright's father had emigrated to Ohio, and where also Silas Beckley, the husband of my mother's sister Lydia, resided. As we stopped on Monday at my aunt's door our vehicle and its passengers excited no small wonder; and though our coming was not entirely unexpected we were not at first recognized by our relatives. On giving our names we were joyfully welcomed, and there we remained several weeks before continuing our journey toward New Haven. My uncle and aunt, gravely questioning the wisdom of our plans and doubting whether two boys just from the back woods could really be fitted for college, proposed to place us for the two months and a half intervening before the opening of the fall term under the instruction of their pastor, a graduate of Yale, that he might assist us in supplying deficiencies. We distrusted ourselves, and gladly accepted the proposition. Our studies were resumed immediately and continued till within two or three weeks of the opening of the term.

Our vehicle then conveyed us to Warren, which was about twenty miles on the direct road to New Haven. The emotions that filled my heart on returning to the scenes of my youth can never be forgotten or described. I lived my childhood over again that day. That Friday afternoon (the next Sabbath

being the communion) was the time for the "Preparatory Lecture." As we drove along the principal street of the town we recognized nearly all the faces of those returning from the lecture. Even those who had changed much, like ourselves, we knew by their family resemblances. We were recognized by no one. We were like Æneas entering into Carthage under the cloud in which Venus had involved him.

> "Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,
> Per medios, miscetque viris: neque cernitur ulli."

We drove directly to what had been from my earliest recollection the home of my grandmother, where my loved uncle, Joseph A. Tanner, then lived.

We were admitted as strangers, and though every face was as familiar to us as those we had left at the cabin home, no one recognized us till we made ourselves known. Then we were received as lost sons returned. To have left a childhood home at eleven years of age, and to return to it after distant wanderings at seventeen, is an impressive experience. The vivid recognition of familiar faces and objects fills one with a strange delight. Every hill and valley, every stone by the roadside, is charged with some sweet memory of "long, long ago," and of the loved ones who hallowed those years.

The past seemed to have taken possession of the present, and we were boys again. To this almost perfect restoration of the past, there was one very striking exception. While the minutest objects were recognized and everything seemed set in its true relations, the scale of the whole scene was greatly reduced. Nothing was so long or so broad or so high as imagination had conceived. What was seen was

but a miniature of what was remembered. The hill had been dwarfed. The plain at its top had been shortened. The bowlder had been diminished in size. All our ideas of distance and magnitude are relative. To an infant, the journey across the room seems long. When he can walk all over the house his first impressions are corrected. When we have only ranged the streets of our native town, and have climbed its hills and explored its valleys with the short steps of early boyhood, our conceptions of its extent are in harmony with the mental vision of childhood. But with larger observation the horizon expands, and hills, mountains and plains are judged by a new standard. A similar change takes place in our estimate of time. How slowly the moments come and go in our childhood. The middle age days are as hours. To old age years are as months, and the world grows small as we prepare to leave it. The distance from the earth to the planet Neptune may, in some future time, appear to us no greater than that from New York to London does now.

The short interval before the opening of the term was spent in visiting dear friends, and in making preparation for our new life. My warm-hearted uncle Joseph, gladly furthered our plans and undertook to convey us to New Haven in his own vehicle. When at last we were on our way the three boys were under no ordinary excitement, and my staid and sober uncle was almost equally moved. Such a load he had never before carried to New Haven. The day was fair and the hills and valleys of Connecticut were radiant with soft October sunlight. Well do I remember our first view of salt water, and the feeling

it awakened, as suddenly on reaching the top of a ridge we caught sight of Long Island Sound stretching far away in the distance. Just as the evening shadows were beginning to fall we drove down Elm Street, turned into College Street, and passed in front of the row of buildings somewhat resembling barracks, which then furnished a home for Yale College. Excitement rose to fever heat. That was our Mecca; our pilgrimage was ended. We turned down Chapel Street and took our lodging for the night at a very unpretending "Inn" on the left hand side of Chapel, just below the corner of Church Street. My uncle saw the good, fatherly President Day that evening and told him what sort of a load he had brought to market. The president gave him kindly encouragement, and directed us to present ourselves for examination at nine o'clock the next morning.

The examination proved that we really did know something of the Latin and Greek languages, but the test did not seem to us very severe. It lasted perhaps an hour, and then we were informed of our admission to the Freshman class. We were happy lads. Having learned the dining hours, and by what door to enter the dining hall, we were admitted to such provisions as Yale supplied both for soul and body. As all the college rooms had been engaged, we found a small room not far away which we could occupy till a vacancy should occur. My uncle deposited our few effects in our room, and now, as he had seen us fully entered as college students, he left us with a light heart. If, as I believe, the petitions of the devout avail with God, I owe much to that good uncle's

prayers. If it should seem to any of my readers that my enthusiasm to obtain an education at Yale College was excessive, my reply is that the institution proved all that I had fervently anticipated. There is nothing in my life to which I look back with more entire approbation than the journey thus ended at New Haven. Yale, or some other college very much like it, was an indispensable condition of my entering any career in which I could have used for the good of my fellow-men the talents, great or small, which God gave me.

As I have intimated, my first college experience was eating dinner. I was about to say it was in the old College Commons. That would have been a mistake, for in the language of the time it was at the New College Commons. The old one was a one story building which had become too small for the purpose and was now used as a laboratory by Professor Benj. Silliman. The New Commons was a rather comely edifice, the upper story of which long contained the "cabinet of minerals." It consisted of two large dining halls, with a stairway between them, leading down to a large basement kitchen. The Seniors and the Sophomores occupied the south room, and the Freshmen and Juniors the north room. Three times a day these two halls were densely packed with about three hundred students. At the ringing of the old college bell at one o'clock I joined the crowd that was pressing toward the door leading to the Freshman tables. For a day or two each one was allowed to find his own seat. On a platform against the wall, and raised high enough to overlook us all, was a small table at which two or three persons look-

ing not much older but a great deal more dignified than the rest of us, took their seats. They were tutors. Soon one of them struck two or three smart blows on the table with the handle of his knife, and at the signal all rose in their places while a tutor invoked the divine blessing in a few words. We then took our seats again, when a wonderful clatter of knives and forks began. What a contrast this was to dinner in the dear old cabin at home. There was a sudden pause in the clatter, followed by a loud outburst of laughter. A tall figure of very singular appearance had just entered the door. He was as youthful as the rest of us but his hair was as white as the driven snow. His complexion was also wonderfully white, until astonished at the sensation he had caused, he blushed deeply as he hastened to a vacant chair. His dress indicated that he was from the country, though the costume was not half so rustic as my own. That man bore the now long-honored name of John P. Cowles. He had his revenge upon us for that rudeness, for on the day of our graduation he delivered the valedictory.

That group of students was a strange medley. The families of merchant princes of New York, Boston and Philadelphia; of aristocratic cotton planters; of hard-handed New England farmers; of Ohio backwoodsmen, and even the humblest sons of daily toil were there, sitting at the same tables. However distasteful this might be to many, there was no help for it. Those who wished to be educated at Yale, the Alma Mater of so many distinguished men, where the name of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina was still held in honor as a favorite pupil of Dr. Dwight,

were compelled to accept this indiscriminate intermingling of the rich and the poor. Yale College in 1822 was the most democratic portion of American society.

A question will here naturally suggest itself. How was I, with my confessedly meager resources, to be admitted at once into such a boarding-house? Our venerable mother Yale, had some peculiar ways in dealing with her numerous family of boys. She took into consideration the peculiar conditions and needs of each student, and did not treat all exactly alike. She kindly permitted me to enjoy the good things of her dining-rooms and her halls of instruction with the full understanding that I would pay my way as fast as I could. None of her bills were due till the end of the term. I was then expected to pay what I could and give my note for the rest. From those students who had abundant resources a bond, with responsible endorsement was required, covering the full amount of the indebtedness each would be likely to incur in the whole four year's course, while from those who, like myself, had no money and in a business way no credit, no security was required but a personal note with evidence of a disposition to pay as fast as possible. In further evidence of Yale's liberality I will mention that I several times found credit in my term bills which represented no payments by myself into the treasury. This very unusual and liberal system seems to have worked well in my case. It enabled me to continue in college, which would otherwise have been impossible. And in the end I paid all charges made against me on the college books, both principal and interest. The

generous treatment received from the Yale authorities I shall hold in lifelong grateful remembrance.

I will not pass without honorable mention the aid received from the American Education Society. I made early application for its assistance, and quarterly appropriations were kindly forwarded during the first three years of my life in college. My college course would scarcely have been possible without it. During the most of my Senior year, and throughout my seminary studies, I voluntarily dispensed with Society aid, though not without a severe struggle. I felt so keenly the difficulties inseparable from a proper administering of charitable funds, and the complications which often arise in distinguishing the worthy from the unworthy, that I chose to be independent. But who will ever know what that declaration of independent cost in personal sacrifices? Perhaps the "perfect system" for aiding young men and young women in preparing for the life struggle has not even yet been discovered. It is sometimes said that "We weaken Christian character by bestowing too much aid." No such mistake was made in my case. The aid generously given me was not too abundant. All that I received from that source was not sufficient to pay my board. It is certainly very difficult to so bestow aid upon struggling humanity as not to pauperize it. We are trying to solve this problem on an immense scale in our public school system. May that attempt not prove a sad and disastrous failure! With the unbounded kindness and generous assistance received, my whole college and theological seminary life was one long struggle with the "*res angustae domus*." Yet I am by no means sure that that struggle was not

eminently salutary, or that it could have been made less severe except to my disadvantage. I have great faith in that divine Providence which adapted the conditions of my training to the work I was to do. Surely the conditions of my childhood and youth were well fitted to train me for a life of patient endurance. I might have been quite willing to have dispensed with much of that discipline, but my heavenly Father understood the case better than I did.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN COLLEGE.

A picture of that assemblage at prayers on the first evening of my college life might perhaps interest more recent graduates. We were gathered in the old, *old* Chapel, not the one which was abandoned when Battell was consecrated, but the still older one that must have come down from Revolutionary times and was abandoned in 1824. It occupied the lower stories of the building since known as the Athenæum.

The pulpit, situated on the west side of the room, was very high and was hexagonal in shape, as was also the sounding-board over it. The room was entered from the front by a single door. The seats were in parallel rows fronting a central aisle, which extended from the door to the pulpit. The ground floor was occupied by the Seniors, the Sophomores and the Juniors, the Freshmen being accomodated in the galleries that projected from three sides of the room. Yale had at that time about 350 students. When all were assembled the little chapel seemed densely packed from floor to ceiling. While the last bell was ringing the president entered, when all arose and the Senior class, occupying the seats fronting the aisle, bowed respectfully, and the bow was very gracefully returned. I cherish in pleasant memory these manifestations of respect to persons rendered venerable by age or honored by official station, and regard their

gradual disappearance from American life with profound regret. At evening prayers, a tutor briefly invoked a blessing, read a short portion of Scripture, announced a hymn to be sung by the excellent choir, and then offered prayer. This simple service being ended the president descended from the pulpit, the students remaining quietly in their places till he passed down the aisle, he receiving and returning the obeisance of the Senior class as on entering, Then the crowd closed behind him, and the students repaired to the dining-hall for supper. The study hours were from seven till nine, during which period every student was expected to be in his room deeply engaged in work, an expectation, however, not always realized. Morning prayers differed from the evening service only in the absence of singing. In this service, the tutor of the day read the Scriptures, and the president offered the prayer. Morning prayers and the recitation which immediately followed preceded breakfast. It is wonderful that this monastic custom survived so long in our American colleges. I was always punctual in attendance upon these early exercises, but it was impossible for me to derive any benefit from them. It was simply a matter of endurance.

The course of instruction in Yale from 1822 to 1826 would now be regarded as very faulty and inadequate; yet it did exert a great and salutary influence over the student. It accomplished admirably certain ends in the development of mind, and those ends cannot be ignored in our present improved methods without irreparable injury. Its power lay in its fixed and rigidly prescribed curriculum, and in its thorough

drill. For the first three years of the course the work of instruction was chiefly done by the tutors. These were generally recent graduates who had attained high distinction in their several classes, and had not yet entered on the professional careers to which most of them were destined. Each class was separated by lot into two or three equal divisions, each under the care of a tutor. My own class was the first one thought large enough to require three divisions. Each tutor generally met his division three times daily. Of course if the tutor were thoroughly capable it was no misfortune to pursue all the several branches under one instructor; but if he were incompetent or inefficient his pupils suffered correspondingly.

The tutors were, however, generally excellent drill-masters. They could hardly be said to teach at all, their duties being to subject every pupil three times a day to so searching a scrutiny before the whole division as to make it apparent to himself and all his fellows either that he did or did not understand his lessons. In the course of the recitation the tutor would furnish needed explanations and put those who were trying to improve in a way to do better next time. It was considered no part of his duty to assist his pupils in preparing for recitation. In that task the pupil was expected to be entirely self-reliant.

Soon after entering college I made an experiment which showed my ignorance of this system, and taught me a salutary but not very agreeable lesson.

One of the studies of the first term was arithmetic, the text book being exceedingly difficult and abstruse. In our examination for admission arithmetic

was not mentioned, and I knew very little of it, having taken it up only at odd intervals by myself, as curiosity prompted. One day I found my lesson utterly incomprehensible, and in great trouble I went to the tutor for help. He bowed me out of his room, telling me that it was not customary in Yale to help a student in his lessons until after the recitation. You may be sure that I never again tried that experiment. My friend Wright was already an arithmetician, and as soon as he knew my perplexity he very kindly gave me his assistance. But when he accepted an offer to teach a New London school for three months, that prop fell out from under me. While accompanying him to the stage-office, I told him very seriously that I should probably not be in college when he returned on account of my miserable scholarship. His ridicule did not inspire me. Still I thought it advisable to make one desperate effort to walk alone. I did so, and finished arithmetic with credit.

Let me say here that I do not regret the limited time given to arithmetic in my early childhood. I understood arithmetic far better when I had finished that treatise at Yale than I should have done had it been part of my daily bread for seven years of my boyhood, in accordance with our present public school system. In these days pupils are often wearied with arithmetic before the process of mental development has rendered it possible for them to understand it, and similar abuses exist as to many other branches. We exhaust the youthful energies by impertinent interference with nature's processes, and waste the resources of the taxpayers by legislative

appropriations to meet the requirements of a "system" directly at variance with the laws that govern mind. A child's mental development can no more be hurried than that of growing corn. If the sugar-corn in my garden is not ripe enough for the table, I discover the fact after I have torn open the husks in a few cases and examined the kernels, and I leave it to grow. We are less wise with our children, and excuse our folly by claiming that we cannot wait till they have reached twelve or fifteen years of age before teaching them the science of numbers. Time is just as indispensable in developing the ideas of number and quantity as in bringing to perfection the kernels of corn. The idea of unity is a profound abstraction and cannot be imparted until the mind reaches a certain stage of development.

The stern discipline of Yale College was of great importance to us all. It made us feel the necessity of bringing our full strength to our daily tasks. It increased the zeal and earnestness of the diligent, and made the strong stronger. It compelled the slow and inert to put forth all their energies. If they failed to do so, or lacked the capacity necessary to master such a curriculum, it soon taught them what it was important for them to learn as quickly as possible, that college was no place for them. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that everyone who is to fill an important place in the world should be sent to one. There are millions who are capable of living eminently honorable and useful lives to whom a collegiate education is neither desirable nor beneficial. Colleges should afford the best possible preparation for those adapted to a professional or

literary career. It is desirable that the preparatory school or the college should weed out those pupils who are not adapted to pursuits demanding the power of sustained and independent logical thinking. For their own good they should be led by another road to other callings, equally honorable and not less important to the welfare of society. Our children should be trained for the pursuits to which they are adapted.

I cannot forbear giving an incident which illustrates, from my own experience, the effect of college discipline. When we had finished arithmetic and commenced algebra, I resolved never again to be caught napping. My other tasks were easy and consumed but little time. Determined to succeed in algebra, I kept considerably in advance of the class that I might have time to wrestle with special difficulties. This custom I maintained through my whole mathematical course. I was nearly a month in advance of the recitations, when I came upon a very difficult problem to which I resolved to appropriate the next Saturday half-holiday. Immediately after dinner that day I was seated at my table, problem in hand, and during the whole afternoon I toiled without making any perceptible progress. The sun went down. That was the signal for laying aside all secular studies for at sunset Sabbath commenced. Algebra, slate and pencil, were laid aside, and the usual arrangements made for employing the evening religiously. But the problem had taken full possession of me. Do what I would, read what I might, that proplem asserted itself. My conscience protested and rebelled in vain. That problem would not down. There it was in the foreground and in the foreground it would stay.

At the usual time I extinguished my light, retired and slept, but only to dream of the problem. Sabbath morning came and I prepared to spend the Sabbath as usual, religiously, but there was nothing in my mind but that problem. At the customary hour I repaired to the chapel to engage in public worship and hear one of the always able and often brilliant sermons of Prof. Eleazar T. Fitch. But for me, severely as my conscience was condemning it, nothing was interesting but algebra. In the course of the sermon the solution presented itself as clear as sunlight. I was at ease and lighthearted for the rest of the day, for I was sure that so clear a solution could not escape my memory. As soon as the sun set, Sabbath was over, and I committed my solution to writing, though I was far enough from being satisfied with my Sabbath work.

The severity of this drill was in some degree relaxed during the Junior year. The more severe parts of the course in mathematics were completed during the first two years, and a portion of the time of the third year was given to an excellent course of experimental lectures on mechanics and physics, and to the lectures and other instructions of the professor of rhetoric. During the Senior year the class was entirely under the instruction of the president and the professors. It is in this part of the course that the greatest improvements have been made in these latter years. So far as the knowledge of chemical science then extended, the lectures on chemistry by Prof. Benj. Silliman, Sr., could hardly have been better. I have said that the tutors could scarcely be said to teach. Prof. Silliman was pre-eminently a teacher.

Step by step he led us to irresistible conclusions, demonstrating the truths of his utterances by eminently successful experiments. He quickened thought and stimulated investigation.

Certainly the Yale of that day was far from being all it might have been. The tutors were good drill-masters, but they often lacked culture and the true literary spirit. They did not bring their students as they might have done into sympathy with classic authors as models of literary excellence. The professor of the Latin and the Greek languages, Prof. James L. Kingsley, seldom lectured, but often instructed his classes in certain favorite authors. He once taught our class, and at the end of the lesson as he closed his book, he said, "Young gentlemen, you read Latin horribly and translate it worse." In another instance he astonished us while closing a series of readings of Tacitus Agricola, by saying, "Young gentlemen, you have been reading one of the noblest productions of the human mind without knowing it." We might justly have retorted to these severe and perhaps deserved rebukes, "Whose fault is it?" In mental, moral and social science our instruction was far from satisfactory. Nor am I sure that we have very greatly improved upon it since then. It seems to me that we yet lack any treatises on these subjects which at all meet the demands of the present time for philosophic inquiry. I confess that I resign my own humble connection with instruction with a painful consciousness of a great unsupplied want. No justice has yet been done to the intuitional nature of the rational soul. In a word, in spite of drawbacks, I am forced to say that from 1822 to 1826 Yale was probably do-

ing better work than any other college in our country. It had an excellent system of drill, which it ought never to relinquish or relax unless it resigns that part of a liberal education to some other equally able and thorough institution. But the Yale of 1826 would by no means meet the present demand for liberal culture and acquisition.

The moral and religious influences to which I was subjected in college were in some respects strongly analogous to the intellectual, as I have just described them. The pupil, often young and inexperienced and surrounded by conditions of life so strange that he hardly dared think for himself or to speak above a whisper, was thrown at once upon his own moral resources with scarcely any help from without. He would thus acquire great moral strength or be overborne by the current of evil. One of the greatest faults of Yale at that time was the absence of any social relations between the instructors of all grades and the students. Professors and tutors held themselves aloof from the students and met them only in an official capacity. For the most part a student could hope for sympathy and help in his moral and religious struggles only from his fellow students. Something like half of the undergraduates were professing Christians, and a very large proportion of these were firm and consistent in that profession. Among those who had little conviction or feeling, I am happy to say that a considerable number were always pure in their morals and free from sympathy with vice. It must, however, be owned that a considerable number were dissipated and licentious, and that those whose moral convictions were feeble were in circumstances of great

temptation. There was a perpetual conflict between forces in alliance with virtue and those in sympathy with vice, and in respect to certain individuals it long seemed doubtful whether good or evil would prevail.

Preaching has always been a power for good in Yale. At this time Eleazar T. Fitch was Professor of Divinity and College Preacher. For the most part he had no personal intercourse with the students, but as a preacher he had great influence. The statutes of the college required that he should in the course of each successive four years deliver to the students in the chapel a full course of lectures on theology. These occupied one-half of each Sabbath. It must be admitted that such lectures had not much tendency to edify a body of young men like those who made up his audiences, but the discourse for the other half of the day was practical, and these ever served to strengthen the religious convictions and moral purposes of the students.

Preaching was not confined to these Sabbath services. Practical discourses of great value were occasionally delivered on other evenings of the week. Though attendance upon these was voluntary, the chapel was usually well filled. There were three men whose discourses on these occasions left on my mind a strong and delightful impression. They were Prof. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., of the department of Didactic Theology, Prof. Chancey A. Goodrich, of the department of Rhetoric, and Rev. Thos. H. Skinner, D. D., who, though he did not reside at New Haven was a frequent visitor there. When I call to mind what preaching did in my time for the students at Yale I cannot help thinking that

any educator whose views of religion furnish nothing that can be used in the way of preaching to strengthen students in the paths of righteousness and guard them from the seductions of vice, ought to suspect that there is more in religion than he has yet seen. A religious system which cannot be used for the salvation of young men amid the temptations of college life, is shallow and false. It is a religion from which the Lord has been taken away. A few months before Dr. Skinner's death I had the pleasure of meeting him at the house of Dr. Thayer at Newport, R. I. and of telling him how precious the memory of those sermons had ever been to me.

During the whole of my life in college the Friday evening prayer-meeting was kept up and was generally well attended. It was indispensable to the maintenance of our religious life. In it we recorded each week our adhesion to Christ, and revived our consciousness of religious obligation and of the sacred fraternity which bound us together. Here, as in all the previous conditions of my religious life, I knew nothing of sect. The college church with which most of us were connected was to us only the Church of Christ in Yale College. It represented to us only the great brotherhood of Christ. There was no general religious awakening in college during my student life, though many individuals were converted and publicly professed their faith in Christ. Few of those among my classmates who were borne down by the current of vice lived to reach middle life. Of those who passed that goal, there were very few who did not before that time become decidedly and openly Christians. Our class gatherings in these latter

years, though well attended, have been as devout as prayer-meetings. We sing together with almost equal fervor patriotic songs and evangelic hymns.

During my college life there was a period in which the government and internal discipline of the institution were in a state of singular disorder; I might even say of anarchy. Hazing and all its attendant meannesses were astonishingly prevalent. The evil seemed to threaten the very foundation of the institution. One Saturday evening in November we heard above the noise of a very violent northeast storm a sharp, shrill whistle, the ordinary signal for mischief, and the next instant a crash accompanied by the abundant ring of broken glass. My room was in South Middle College, south entry, front side, corner room. We hastened down stairs and found all three windows in the middle suite of rooms below completely demolished, both glass and sash entirely gone. One of the occupants of the rooms, thus violently thrown open to the storm, was Horace Bushnell, since well known to fame. His birthplace was on the hills of Litchfield County, only a few miles from our own, and he accepted our freely-offered but rather scant hospitality for the Sabbath. The rascals escaped in the darkness and storm, and were, as far as I know, never detected.

The fall term of the college year, 1823–24 was marked by great disturbances and many deeds of violence, as well as by the notorious fact that a considerable number of the students were dissipated and licentious. The acts of violence were no doubt the work of a very few, while a much larger number had more or less sympathy with them. As I think of it at this distance, it seems almost incredible that the

body of the students should have been so deeply imbued with the spirit of hostility to the college government. This was largely owing to the fact I have stated of there being no bonds of personal affection between the instructors and the students. In this state of things it was easy for the dissolute and the wicked to maintain a public opinion which regarded it as in the highest degree dishonorable to give information against any fellow student, no matter what crime he might commit or what evil consequences might result from his vices. The perpetrators of all this mischief governed the college with a terrorism seldom surpassed. I knew nothing that I could have communicated to the authorities if I had desired to do so. The rogues were not likely to admit me into their counsels. But I felt that the wicked bore rule, and my soul had a longing for tranquillity and social order which no words could express.

My brother preferred to spend the vacation of two weeks which occurred about Christmas at college. I gladly availed myself of an opportunity, and spent a delightful fortnight in the tranquil homes of my loving kindred at Warren. The days passed all too soon, and I must return to the turmoils of student life. Reaching my room in the early evening twilight I found there my brother and my friend Wright. I dropped into a chair and almost without saying a word gave vent to my feelings in an outflow of tears, more suitable to my childhood than to that manhood for which I had need to gird myself. A few moments passed in that unmanly way relieved me, and I returned to my usual cheerfulness and devotion to study.

Our room was separated from the chapel only by a narrow, open space. One night we were startled from our slumbers by a frightful explosion. At six o'clock on a chill, cloudy, winter morning, the bell summoned us to prayers in the chapel. But what a wreck did we behold! The explosion had been produced by a large package of gunpowder wrapped in a strong paper and tightly wound with twine. A small bellows-nose had been inserted for the touch-hole, and this connected with a fuse, which on being fired would leave time for the escape of the villains from the building. The powder was placed between the communion table and the pulpit. Every pane of glass in the chapel was shattered. The white pulpit was blackened with smoke to its very top, and the communion table was reduced to kindling wood. The chill winter air rushed through the room without obstruction. The last bell was ringing, and the President entered. His demeanor on that occasion was most characteristic. From the moment he entered the chapel till he left it no one could have discovered by any word he spoke, or any gesture or movement of a muscle of his face, or even any tremor of his voice that he was conscious of what had happened. Services were performed in every respect just as usual. It was perfect self-government. To my youthful taste, however, it was self-government misapplied. I would rather have witnessed a little thunder and lightning on the occasion. I thought it was called for.

Immediately after prayers four persons met at our room: the two occupants of the room, our friend Wright, and Wyllys Warner, afterwards treasurer of

the college. We were of one mind. This could be endured no longer There was a term of reproach and ignominy which was freely applied to anyone suspected of reporting to the authorities. It was the custom to call him a "Blue Skin," and no one who was not in Yale College at the time, can have any conception of the peculiar sting which the term carried. We decided to disarm that scorpion. We solemnly pledged ourselves to each other to communicate to the authorities every violation of the order of the college of which we could get any information. We called our league "The Blue Skin Club." With such a name and such an aim, we determined to increase the membership as fast as possible. We communicated our plan first to those of whose approbation and co-operation we were sure. Thus we widened the circle cautiously but rapidly, till in a short time we had about a hundred pledged to co-operation, without having communicated our plan to anyone not in sympathy with us.

Then the secret came out, and the whole institution became a boiling caldron. But the work did not stop, for in a few days a large majority of the students were members of the Blue Skin Club. The minority resolved on vengeance. One evening three ruffianly fellows visited our room with the purpose of chastising us. Their plan was known to our friends who assembled in neighboring rooms in sufficient numbers to protect us from harm, and as soon as the altercation began we outnumbered the miscreants three to one. A heavy cane raised by one of the enemy was quickly seized from behind by a friendly hand, and the ruffians were ordered peremp-

torily to leave the room. Hesitating, they were followed to the stairs by many feet, and warned that unless they hastened their steps their descent was likely to be inconveniently accelerated. The outrage was immediately reported to the authorities, and the offenders were summoned before them and summarily dismissed from the college. A meeting was called to express the sympathy of the class for our fellow students under censure from the "tyrannical government" of the college. A stormy scene followed, but the verdict was overwhelmingly on the side of right. In that meeting no tongue was more potent than that of Elizur Wright. His remarkable power of sarcasm and ridicule was effectively employed in behalf of righteousness.

In a very few days the excitement died out, and tranquillity reigned. The moral and Christian principle of the students saved the college. Yet it was several weeks before the apprehension of further outrages sufficiently subsided to make it safe in our judgment to suspend the operation of our organization, or omit the nightly watch which we had maintained during the struggle. One result of those experiences was that a band of men who have since stood shoulder to shoulder in many a moral conflict, learned to trust each other. Most of them have now passed from earthly battlefields to the triumphant host on the other side of the "dark river."

One other circumstance ought not to be omitted. On the Sabbath following the great outrage at the college chapel, Prof. Fitch preached his celebrated sermon from the text: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove

them." Napoleon's address to his troops at the battle of the pyramids was not more thrilling and effective than that sermon. Its impressiveness can hardly be understood without some further explanation of the peculiar atmosphere which surrounded us. The lack of personal intercourse between instructors and students in those times now seems almost incredible. When we met a professor or a tutor in the open air we were required to raise our hats, but any attempt to address him would have been accounted an extreme rudeness and would have been sternly repulsed. There was one tutor who would sometimes take a student as a companion in his walks, but it was well understood that his exceptional course was distasteful to his fellow tutors and not approved by the professors. On the other hand, a student seen in any such unusual intimacy, would become an object of suspicion to his fellows. Of course the college government could have no student allies.

In the time of which I am writing, Yale was the favorite college of the southern planters. From the days of John C. Calhoun, almost to the war of the rebellion, the number of southern students was large, though it greatly diminished in the latter part of that period. I would not speak harshly of these gentlemen as a class. Among them were men of gentlemanly accomplishments and pure morals, but it must be admitted that the atmosphere of a southern plantation was not favorable to the training of youth in habits of self-government. Southern students often showed, that the close relations with the sons of small farmers and mechanics in which they found themselves, were very distasteful to them. Another liter-

ary society had recently been added to the two already existing: the "Linonian," and "Brothers in Unity"; which two, dating back to Revolutionary times, had formerly divided the students nearly equally between them. This third society "left New England out in the cold," being composed mostly of Southerners, and admitting none from north of New York City. It naturally exerted some influence to separate southern and northern students and to create a feud among them. To us, it seemed that the southern faction disliked especially that part of the northern students who made no secret of the fact that their resources were limited, they being in some cases paid for waiting on their fellows at the table, and for ringing the college bell to summon them to early prayers. It was hard for them to recognize these northern men as equals, and to see them frequently bear off the highest college honors was almost too much for human endurance. Of course these haters of honest toil were a unit against the college government, and almost indiscriminately they condemned the poorer students as its servile tools.

In the series of events just recorded, the facts seemed to justify their prejudices. The insurrection against that terrorism by which they and their northern allies were threatening the very foundations of the college, had originated with the "Mudsills" of northern society. This circumstance greatly intensified the contest, and drove the defeated party to desperation. Were not the events here described premonitions of the Great Rebellion? Even in 1824 no student in Yale College could make an utter-

ance against the wrongs of slavery in a college essay or oration without incurring the risk of insult and even of violence.

The cities of New England were at this early time much corrupted and domineered over by the arrogant spirit of slaveholders. Schools and colleges, manufacturers and merchants, were bidding for southern patronage. Hotels and boarding-houses sought summer boarders from the sunny South. Parents of beautiful and well educated daughters were glad to see them married to planters. All these things increased southern pride, and made Yale College a difficult place for one like myself. How necessary to our country, and to civilization as well, was the extermination of African slavery in America. It was not an easy thing for the humble and obscure trio who had left Tallmadge in circumstances so unpromising about a year and a half before, to occupy such a position as we did in that conflict. We did not thrust ourselves into it. We were placed there by our principles and the providence of God. He placed us in it and sustained us in it, and to Him be the praise.

The rivalry for college honors, which was very intense in those days, had great influence on my college life and on the formation of my character. I have often doubted whether it was on the whole for good, but my conviction now is that it was decidedly beneficial. It was, however, like almost everything else which I encountered in college, a severe probation to me. It called my powers into more perfect exercise, and strengthened my moral principles by temptation overcome. I think, by the grace of God, that I did keep my excited ambition in subjection to

my principles. The desire for college distinction took stronger hold upon me because, previous to entering college, my inferiority in all contests with those of my own age had greatly discouraged and depressed me. Here, in the pursuit of those highly dignified and honorable ends which had called us together, I could maintain a fair equality with the foremost competitors. I had entered a new world in which I need not be a weakling, and it is not to be wondered at that a fresh element of hopefulness came into my life, and that I devoted myself to my studies with an ardor which was in some degree exceptional. I felt that success would promote my future usefulness. Heretofore, I had been outdone by everyone and I resolved that hereafter I would not, if I could help it, be outdone by anyone. The first assignment of college honors was then made at the close of the first term of the Junior year. It only designated fifteen of the class, five from each division, as forming the highest grade of honor, and I was satisfied and greatly encouraged to find my name among the fifteen, out of our class of more than one hundred. In accordance with the universal custom of the time, my brother and myself celebrated the event by placing brandy and wine before the numerous friends who called to offer their congratulations. Not to have done so would have been universally regarded as at least unsocial; so greatly have times changed. We naturally thought our conduct innocent, for in those days the college servant regularly carried to the retiring-room, adjacent to the examination-hall, a store of choice liquors, for the use of the instructors and the ministers who conducted the examinations.

I was not destined to pass through college in uninterrupted peace. In February and March, 1826, my classmate and dear friend, Reuben Hitchcock, also from the Western Reserve, became very ill with pneumonia. My brother was absent, having taken a school at Goshen, Connecticut, and a considerable share of the responsibility for the care of the invalid fell upon me. An epidemic pneumonia was prevailing in the city and in college. One evening I took my place by his bedside with gloomy forebodings. One student had already died of the disease, and I feared that my friend would be the next victim. I was quite inexperienced in nursing, and felt almost totally unfit for the charge I was to assume for the next twenty-four hours. It was a terrible night. My classmate was delirious, and constantly sought to escape from the bed. The morning brought little relief to him or to me, but I remained at my post till evening, when I returned to my solitary room in a violent chill. This was followed by a high fever, and that by a drenching perspiration. In the morning I was found very ill with pneumonia, and was removed to the home of three maiden sisters, Miller by name, and attended by Dr. Eli Ives, the father of the family of physicians of that name. Better nursing and medical care were impossible. Several days passed, of which I have no recollection except that of distressing dreams. My life-long friend, Theron Baldwin, in spite of roads blocked with snow, brought my brother to my bedside. But they were obliged to travel on horseback, and did not arrive until the crisis had passed.

Upon the seventh day of the disease Dr. Ives, on

leaving for the night, told my friend Wright, who remained by me with all the fidelity of a brother, not to send for him if I was worse before morning, as he could be of no use. During the night a crisis came, with a favorable turn. Such, however, had been the violence of the attack that for several days there was but faint hope of my recovery. Convalescence once established, my restoration was more rapid than could have been reasonably expected. That illness enlisted a degree of sympathy from both instructors and classmates that deeply affected me. Among my classmates the bitter hostility which had continued in some minds as a result of the conflicts of 1824 was laid to rest; and some, who had been particularly unfriendly, expressed the warmest sympathy and an earnest desire for my recovery. By a spontaneous movement my classmates presented me a considerable sum of money to lighten the pecuniary burdens of my illness. Prof. Denison Olmstead, who had recently succeeded to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy, made vacant by the death of Prof. Dutton, exhibited a deep interest in me, and a life-long friendship was established between us. I ought also to mention that my friend Hitchcock speedily recovered.

Before I was able to return to my studies the spring term ended. The beginning of my illness virtually closed my student life in college. When the final assignment of college honors was made, I was permitted to retain my position among the first fifteen. Whether I should have obtained one of the three highest honors had my sickness not interfered, of course I cannot tell; but I was assured that I stood

very close to those who did obtain them, and I was satisfied and thankful.

My illness conspired with several other circumstances to bring upon my brother and myself that spring a financial embarrassment such as we had never before experienced, and to create the necessity for immediate efforts for relief. Our credit was not impaired, but during nearly four years we had been to some extent mortgaging the future to supply the needs of the present. We must begin to meet these obligations. After the May vacation of four weeks, the summer term continued only about six weeks before the final examination, and the remaining six weeks of the term were given, very unwisely, as I think, to the Seniors as a time in which to prepare for commencement. We had both hoped to secure schools before the first of May, and to be absent from college six weeks of the term, returning only for the examination, as was frequently done. In this we were disappointed, but Providence provided for us better than our hopes.

CHAPTER VI.

IMPROVED FINANCES.

My illness had prevented me from seeking a situation at the most favorable time. Even when May came, I was too weak to accept an offer, had one presented itself. When the term opened we were both without situations. We had given up our room in college, and had taken temporary lodgings outside. On the first day of the term we sat in our room depressed and very anxious. Little did I realize how sunny a place Providence was preparing for me, or how essential that place was to my future happiness and usefulness. Well was it for me that I was unemployed. As we sat looking each other in the face, too much discouraged to form plans, and quite destitute of material out of which to form them, a fellow-student entered the room with an open letter in his hand. It was from the principal of the academy at New Canaan, Conn., stating that he found his health quite inadequate to the work of the school, which he had taken on the first of May. He committed to our friend, under the authority of his employers, the responsibility of securing a successor, and mentioned five persons to whom the place might be offered, my name being the last of the five. Three had already declined; the fourth was not in town, and therefore the offer came to me. The place was an excellent one, both as to respectability and compensa-

tion. My immediate predecessors in it were Milton Badger, long the honored secretary of the A. H. M. S., and Theophilus Smith, afterwards pastor at New Canaan.

It may be guessed that I did not hesitate. At two o'clock that afternoon, with a light heart I took the stage-coach for my destination. From New Haven to Norwalk is thirty-one miles, in those days a journey of five hours. The stage fare was $2.50. That same journey is now made in less than an hour at a cost of seventy-five cents. I spent the night at an exceedingly comfortable hotel, and in the morning walked to New Canaan, five miles back from Norwalk. The heart-ease and youthful joyousness of that morning walk in June in the cool, tranquil air, under smiling skies, over swelling hills, through green valleys and fragrant forest resounding with the songs of birds, beside crystal brooks murmuring in their pebbly channels, are delightful even in the dim pictures of a far-off memory. It was not so much hope for the future as enjoyment of the present that brought happiness. It was the response of a young and sensitive spirit to the sweet influence of nature and nature's God; a most fitting introduction to what was before me.

I found my school a serious affair. It was unusually and unexpectedly large that summer. The pupils were of various ages, from seven years up to maturity. That was before the days of graded schools. Most of the pupils were boarding scholars from the neighboring city of New York. I was the only teacher. It was yet two months before I should be twenty-one, and I was without experience as a teacher. Though

five feet ten inches in height, I was very slender and pale, partly from my recent illness, and as beardless as a maiden. I did not appear to be more than eighteen years old. My employers must have wondered that my name was even the last on the list of candidates recommended for a position so important. However they made no objections. The incumbent kindly consented to remain two or three days, and then I assumed entire charge. I was soon convinced that it was impossible for a single teacher to instruct and govern such a school, and said so frankly to my employers. To my great joy they at once authorized me to procure an assistant. I sent immediately for my brother, and in a few days had the pleasure of welcoming him to New Canaan. He was two years older than I, and in appearance much more than that, and though two inches shorter, he was stronger and more robust. He had had some experience in teaching, and was easy and self-possessed, while I was timid and bashful.

It was therefore very natural that he should soon seem the principal rather than the assistant. This gave me increased confidence, since my ambition was only by our joint efforts to control the school and promote the best interests of all. We were soon assured of success. The school became so large that the proprietors were fully convinced that the employment of an assistant was a necessity, and that I had procured an excellent one.

Memory delights to linger among those halcyon days. My labors, though arduous, did not exhaust me. Our debts seemed no longer formidable. My brother drew me into society, and I was better pre-

pared to enjoy it than ever before. I rejoiced in the present like a singing bird, and was full of trust and hope for the future.

When the time arrived for the Senior examinations, we were permitted to suspend the school for two or three days. Taking a chaise, we drove through the beautiful villages that lie along the Sound; passed our examinations; heard our Latinized names read as recommended for the degree of A. B.; and participated in the festivities of Class-day, which then occurred six weeks before the Commencement. These festivities consisted of an elegant dinner in the Commons Hall, with the Corporation and faculty of instruction and government, and an oration and poem delivered by members selected by the class. Leaving New Haven about sunset, we drove back over the same lovely road in the bewitching light of a full moon, and reached our lodgings in the small hours of the morning. How buoyant we were in spirit they only can know who remember the joyousness of youth. Such was the summer that followed that dark and frowning spring.

New Canaan was then a country town, almost without a village. Yet it carried on a considerable business in the manufacture of shoes. It was as purely a Congregational community as any in which I had lived, the Episcopal church which had existed there being for the time in a state of suspended animation. Most of the people attended the Congregational church, which on Sabbath morning was filled almost to overflowing. The membership did not, however, correspond at all with the size of the congregation. The church had very few communi-

cants under forty years of age, and yet the number of young people in the congregation was unusually large. This spectacle greatly moved my heart. I deeply felt that those multitudes of youth and young married people ought to be brought to Christ.

My brother and I soon found other praying persons who sympathized with us in that feeling. We privately instituted a series of weekly meetings at private houses, to pray for "the consolation of Israel," and to be continued until the blessing should appear. At that time the only week-day service held by public appointment in the town was the conference that met at private houses in the different neighborhoods. We were also present there as often as possible, but seldom found more than eight or ten of the older members of the church in attendance. Instead of being a prayer meeting, the time was devoted to the discussion of the most abstruse doctrines of Calvinism. This bill of fare was neither satisfying nor spiritually nutritious. The Rev. William Bonney was the pastor; a devout, good man, but at that time quite destitute of fresh thought, and with scarce any power to awaken the thoughts and move the hearts of the people. Those who attended church did so chiefly from a sense of duty or as a matter of form. I keenly felt that such an order of things, if continued, must bring that church into desolation, and leave the people without God in the world. What could we do but pray for our Father's help in such a time of need. Experience abundantly demonstrates that the power of the Gospel over a community cannot be maintained without a living ministry; a ministry, capable of interpreting the

gospel in the language of the present, and applying it to the wants, the dangers and the delusions of the passing generation. A minister that repeats the words of a doctrine, in the unvitalized forms of the past is as powerless as the senseless parrot. Our little praying circle was regularly attended, and in it we often experienced a season of great religious fervor; but for a long time there was no cloud visible even from the top of Carmel.

Our Yale Commencement was held on the second Wednesday of September, and we of course suspended school for a few days to attend it. The most important event to me during those days was a sermon by the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, on "The Education of Young Men for the Christian Ministry." He was the most brilliant among the rising pulpit orators of the time. I had never before heard such an overwhelming torrent of eloquence. His words had nothing in common with the superficial sensationalism that so often curses the modern pulpit. Profound sincerity was his most characteristic quality. He affected my mind, by the truthfulness and grandeur of his conceptions, the fitness of his diction, and the magnificence of his imagery. He had a most profound grasp of his subject, and the keenest perception of all the analogies by which it could be illustrated. My admiration of his genius was great; but the most powerful effect of the sermon upon my mind was the confirmation of my faith in the Gospel as a means of renovating human character and winning back human society to its proper allegiance to God. It made me exult that I was a Christian, and increased my ardor to fill some position, however

lowly, in the Christian ministry. It did not excite my ambition. The standard of pulpit oratory which it set before me was so high that it no more suggested the thought of my becoming a great pulpit orator, than the reading of Milton's finest passages inspired me with an ambition to become his equal as a poet. Like Niagara or an Alpine landscape, it affected me with a simple wonder, and filled my soul with admiration and delight. Samuel H. Cox was not always eloquent, but he spoke at times with almost supernatural inspiration. He afterward became Dr. Cox, and it will be remembered that at first he rejected the title almost scornfully, calling the two D's "semi-lunar fardels," but after reflection he apologized for his reply as savoring more of pride than of Christian humility, and accepted the honor. Whether his first or second thought was the wiser I am not sure.

A Yale Commencement in 1826 differed very greatly from a similar occasion in the present. It was to the students and the outside public much more exciting and impressive. Then, as now, it was held in the Center church. There were both morning and afternoon sessions, with the Commencement dinner between. At each session the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many half-fledged orators were heard, or rather they spoke, for few of them could be heard. My own subject was trite, and my little effort had no other merit than that of a directness and force that came from earnest thinking. In the few moments allotted for conversation before dinner I was greatly astonished to receive a few words of kindness and commendation from the admired

preacher of the evening before. This was the beginning of a long-continued and agreeable acquaintance with Dr. Cox.

Commencement is passed, and the pilgrims to Yale in 1822 are alumni of Yale in 1826. How changed was I! Yale had fulfilled all the promises she made even to my imagination. The trio of the pilgrimage is now to be dissolved. My friend Wright, who had engaged in teaching at Groton, Mass., and there entered with all his enthusiasm into the Unitarian controversy as a co-worker with the Rev. John Todd, afterwards the honored pastor at Pittsfield, Mass.; and my brother, who left our school in October in order to permit the proprietors to employ a cheaper assistant when the school was usually smaller, both left my side. Until then I had lived in the society of two companions older and stronger than myself. Now I was left alone, to meet the storms of life, if storms came, single handed. My brother and I had been almost inseparable from infancy, and had possessed almost a common personality. We were generally thought of and mentioned together. My responsibility in the school would henceforth be greater, and my work more difficult, but the studies were familiar, and I had so gained experience and confidence that I was no longer anxious about the discipline. It was a great blessing that such a season of tranquil happiness was granted me before the struggles which were to come.

Early in the autumn the Sabbath evening prayer and conference-meetings were resumed for the season. They were generally held at private houses in different parts of town. I always attended these meet-

ings, and took more or less part in conducting them. Before long an unusual interest in religious things was manifested, which soon became quite general, and many were seeking the Lord. One or two additional meetings were appointed each week, and all were crowded. This state of things continued throughout the winter and even until late in the spring, when a large part of the young people had committed themselves to a Christian life. Within a year from the first manifestation of increased spiritual interest, more than one hundred were added to the church, and both the religious and moral aspects of the place were greatly changed. To have enjoyed and participated in that great movement of God's Spirit I count one of the great felicities of my young life. Those delightful religious experiences recalled the great revival in Tallmadge, and bound me for life to New Canaan with ties of religious affection no less precious and enduring than those by which I was already bound to Tallmadge and my dear, native Warren. Each of these places has been home to me all my life.

I revisited all three of them in 1883, and in each received a welcome which made my heart glad. The dear fathers and mothers were indeed gone; but their children and grandchildren received me in the name and in the spirit of those who had passed beyond the river. If you wish to form enduring friendships, you must bind them by religious and spiritual ties.

Certain marked characteristics distinguished this revival and the one in Tallmadge, Ohio, previously mentioned, from all others which I have witnessed. These differences are, I think, chiefly traceable to a

single cause; the absence of church rivalry. In communities situated as those were, Christian people can afford to sow good seed and wait patiently for the harvest. Through the gift of the Spirit the ingathering will surely come, and will continue so long that no part of the precious harvest need be lost. It will not be necessary to multiply meetings beyond the obvious needs of the hour, or to push the instrumentalities of religious excitement to the point of either physical or mental exhaustion. Under the baneful influence of church rivalries revivals lose much of their natural and spontaneous character, and such scenes as I have described become impossible. A religious movement in which the several churches of a large village are each seeking to rival the others, is vividly pictured in Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston." Unfortunately the author of that story fails entirely to recognize the honorable motive lying at the bottom of such meetings, and sees only the rivalry which mars and impairs their spiritual power. Nevertheless, any Christian man may read that passage with profit. "*Fas est etiam ab hoste doceri.*" We treat the ingathering of souls, much as we do the harvest of wild blackberries, when we hastily pluck them before they are ripe, lest in the multitude of pickers we lose them altogether. I have often witnessed the spectacle of several village churches, all holding daily meetings for weeks in succession, with audiences so small that their combined numbers would not have filled the largest church building in the town, until each attendant wore an expression of weariness and discouragement painful to behold. The effort exhausted the Christian force of the place

instead of augmenting it. What we regard as our denominational necessities are largely to blame for such a spectacle. We try to take the whole matter of revivals into our own hands, and expect to create them to our order. It is but a few days since I saw the announcement in a daily paper that on such a day a certain church would "commence a series of revival meetings." In the same spirit as that which I have narrated in another chapter, an eminent presiding elder said of one of his brethren, "He has kicked up quite a revival!" By such means revivals lose their sacred character as the work of the Divine Spirit.

The religious work of that winter, together with severe labors in school, impaired my health. Even school duties alone became too heavy a burden. In the later fall months I often reached home at night with a feeling of utter prostration. I sought to remedy the evil by exercise. This might have afforded some relief if I had used it in moderation. I often walked three or four miles before breakfast, returning quite exhausted. I had so much faith in exercise as a restorative from the effects of confinement and mental strain, that I persisted in it in spite of excessive fatigue and daily declining strength. Had I not at last become convinced that this method of treatment was ill adapted to my case it is probable that I should have entirely broken my constitution. I ceased my long walks, and treated myself more tenderly, and was thus enabled to perform my school work without interruption until I was quite restored, as I thought, by the spring vacation. But under the severe labors of the summer term I again became so

enfeebled that I was compelled to employ a substitute for two or three weeks, which I spent in a quiet farm-house at Rockaway, L. I. In that delightful spot, sea air, sea food and surf bathing quickly restored my appetite and brought back my former vigor. Since that experience I have never favored college exercises, religious meetings or athletic sports before breakfast. I am sure that severe labor, either mental or physical, before taking food in the morning has always been injurious to me.

Such a mixed school as was mine at New Canaan, though it enjoyed a very high reputation as a place in which to prepare for college, ought never to exist. Some of my pupils were equal in ability to any I have ever taught. Their standing on entering college and their subsequent career proved this beyond a question. But it was impossible to do them all justice. For example, in teaching Cicero, I was able to hear them read only a few of the most difficult passages in the long lessons which they had prepared. I had no time to inspire them with enthusiasm or to cultivate in them an appreciation of Cicero as an orator and a man of genius. Most of the day was spent in dealing with classes of every variety of age, capacity and industry, in arithmetic, algebra, geography and English grammar, to which must also be added history, rhetoric and logic.

I do not think that the faults of that school could be altogether remedied by our modern system of grading. The trouble was to a considerable extent due to errors in which we have even exceeded our fathers. We have gone beyond them in urging a great variety of studies upon minds too immature to do them

justice. In spite of the enormous expense of our systems of education, it is a question whether we have studied the wants of our children as zealously as we have tried to carry out our own theories.

In New Canaan I first met and loved the woman who soon became my wife. This was by far the most important event of my life there. Before telling frankly, as I mean to do, the story of our acquaintance, I wish, at the risk of evoking a smile, to acknowledge my obligation to a certain old-fashioned book. That volume is Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." I read it before I was seventeen years old and was greatly charmed not only by its simple and sprightly style, and its pictures of character and society and of tranquil English country life, but especially by the exalted conception of womanhood which prevades and adorns it. It inspired me with reverence for the true woman and for marriage. The cultivated classes in English society, in honoring Hannah More as they did, greatly honored themselves. I cannot help thinking that a comparison of Hannah More with George Eliot is more creditable to the last century than to the present.

It must be confessed that what is called love at first sight is not always an expression of our higher natures. Yet I confidently believe that the impression made on me at our very first acquaintance by Elizabeth Maria Fayerweather was largely the result of Hannah More's influence. The merry girl of twenty unconsciously revealed in many ways a womanly character which was fitted to impress one whose mind and heart were already filled with a high idea of womanhood. From the first I keenly enjoyed her

society; but instead of seeking to excite in her a corresponding feeling, I put myself under great restraint lest I should disclose to her my feelings. I did not yet sufficiently know her character, especially her moral and religious principles. It was my solemn and deliberate purpose not to unite my life with that of any woman who was not in perfect sympathy with me on religious subjects, however agreeable to me she might be in other respects. In fact I was sure that no one whose sentiments were not in harmony with my own could long be a very agreeable companion. I was resolved that unless I was fully satisfied upon those points I would, at whatever cost, part from her hand-free, the tender feelings she had inspired being known only to myself.

I saw her occupying a conspicuous place in the society, which from the necessity of my position I much frequented, and surrounded by young men who seemed to me more likely than myself to win her regard. My life plans demanded that I should be married. It was only when, after nearly a year, I had become fully assured of her Christian character and her interest in the cause to which I had given my life, that I made known to her the secret of my heart. Then I found that my reserve had created the impression that I did not think much of her, and she was as much surprised at my declaration as if I had revealed my feelings at our first interview.

I regard my acquaintance with that noble woman as among the most kindly provisions of God's providence in my behalf. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that we should meet. She was a little less than a year younger than myself, but much riper in

character, and had received an excellent education under my able predecessors in the school at New Canaan. Her mother was a sister of Rev. James Richards, D. D., then at the head of Auburn Theological Seminary. At the home of another uncle, Mr. Abraham Richards of New York, (one of the firm of A. & S. Richards, well known in the commercial world and doing business at New York, Liverpool and Savannah) she had spent considerable time, and had thus added to the simple habits of her country home something of the larger ideas and cultivated tastes and manners of the city. She was eminently qualified by sound and cool judgment and by her first-rate common sense to be my wise adviser amid the perplexing questions with which I was soon to be surrounded, as well as to be the head and ornament of my home. Deeper and better than all, her heart was an inexhaustible fountain of affection. Most graphically did the wise man draw her portrait, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

I was exceedingly anxious to return to New Haven, in October 1827, and devote myself entirely to the study of theology. But insufficient resources obliged me to continue the school for another term. The winter school, however, was always less crowded and heterogeneous than the summer term, and I was able to return to theological study on the first of the following April in excellent health. There I found the task before me a severe one, because I was obliged by lack of money to teach an hour or two daily in a school for young ladies.

CHAPTER VII.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Nothing could well have been more agreeable to my tastes than my surroundings during my theological studies at New Haven. I was encircled by cultivated minds whose tastes and aims were in harmony with my own. I had much to enjoy and as little of the disagreeable to endure as we have any right to expect in this world. It must be confessed that the interest of the theological department of Yale was at that time chiefly concentrated in one man, Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., professor of Didactic Theology. He had a wonderful magnetic power over young men eager to understand religious truth. When I became his pupil he was in the midst of his celebrated course of lectures on moral government. I believe that Dr. Taylor was raised up to furnish what the theological world at that time greatly needed, a lucid and discriminating statement of those intuitions which lie at the foundation of all religion, morality, authority, government, society and civilization. I had thought enough to have become quite conscious of the difficulties which environ the subjects, and was prepared to receive Dr. Taylor's clear statements with enthusiasm and to appreciate the light they shed upon problems which before had seemed encompassed with obscurity. Those lectures had in them nothing of the spirit of negation. They held the mind fast to those fundamental truths on which all moral and re-

ligious obligations must rest. No one who really comprehended them could have become a skeptic. He convinced us that the ideas of duty and authority rest as securely on the certain and inevitable intuitions of the soul as the sciences of geometry and physics. He rescued our minds from the innumerable fallacies which originate in vague thinking and confused modes of expression, and sharply distinguished between the fundamental principles of theology and those indefinite speculations with which they are often commingled. Dr. Taylor gained the full confidence of his pupils by the positive assurance that we may know and impart truth, and by the faith which is inspired in the impregnable foundations of our Christian hope. It is not my purpose to appear as a critic of Dr. Taylor as a theologian. It is, however, appropriate for me to state as clearly as I am able, the influence which he exerted on my own theological thinking. That is a part of my history. I shall, however, attempt to trace his influence only in respect to a few fundamental questions.

On the "Freedom of the Will," he did little to relieve my difficulties. He always professed to be a disciple of Edwards; yet I was unable to reconcile many of his teachings with those of that great metaphysician. Under his instruction I failed to reach the conception that the mind itself is the cause of its own volitions, an idea which I now regard as fundamental to the whole subject.

Though it is true that there can be no choice without the presence of two objects, each of which is in the soul's view more or less desirable; that is, the soul cannot choose without a motive; yet it has the power

to make either of the two opposite choices in all possible states of the motives.

The desire for one of the objects may be very strongly excited, and for the other very feebly, yet the soul has the power, under the pressure of moral obligation or a conviction of permanent advantage, of choosing that for which desire is most feeble and of rejecting that for which desire is strongest. If this be not so, then desire and not the will is the controlling power in the hearts of men, just as it certainly is in the lower orders of animals, and man has no more moral nature than the brute. Though Dr. Taylor was far from teaching this last doctrine, yet he failed to prove clearly to my understanding the absolute ascendency of the will over all forms and degrees of desire, and therefore failed to make plain the distinction between a moral and an irrational nature. Give us this fundamental conception and the doctrine of the will is short and simple. To this conclusion I came long afterwards by carrying out those very lines of thought which Dr. Taylor had originated in my mind.

Dr. Taylor was very severely criticized for teaching that all sin is voluntary. His position on that question brought complete relief from difficulties which had greatly perplexed me, and afforded similar deliverance to thousands of honest minds. If we insist that God condemns men for evil inclinations which lie back of all choice on their own part we shall fail to vindicate our theology before men of candid and discriminating minds. I can never be too grateful for the light Dr. Taylor afforded on this important subject.

Another theme on which his teachings were much criticized, and in respect to which there is still an honest difference of opinion, is the theory of moral obligation. On this question my mind was always much interested, and I heard him with earnest attention. I think he has been wrongly judged because his phraseology was not altogether felicitous, for I fully accepted at the time the view which I understood him to teach, and which I have since held with entire confidence.

He did not agree with Paley, in teaching that the notion of right is the result of mere association, education and custom, but held that it originated in an intuition. He did not, however, use that phrase.

If Dr. Taylor had enjoyed the clearer light which has been shed by the definitions of later scholars upon the phraseology which describes the intuitional function of the intellect, he would have been understood as holding to the intuitional origin of the idea of right as truly as Dr. Wayland or Bishop Butler. Dr. Taylor differed from these distinguished men not in debating whether right is an intuition, but upon the question what it is which the mind discerns by intuition.

Those two writers held that right is an ultimate idea intuitionally discerned. Dr. Hopkins has shown the fallacy of this in his "Law of Love." The system which I supposed myself to have received from Dr. Taylor teaches that the soul intuitively discerns that the idea of the greatest good, on the whole is the universal and only antecedent of the idea of obligation.

If, with Dr. Wayland, we hold that right becomes

an ultimate intuition, we are placed in the same relation to moral as to esthetic questions. "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" There is no room for argument about the beautiful, not because there is no difference of opinion about it, but because beauty is an ultimate intuition. If rightness is an ultimate quality of moral actions, which is intuitively discerned without a known standard by which actions are to be tested, then the "*non est disputandum*" applies also to morals. Dr. Wayland evidently feels this difficulty when in the same section he makes the will of God as manifested in natural and revealed religion to be ultimate and not the intuition of right. Doubtless the manifested will of the Creator is decisive so far as it relates to the character of an action; but that surely does not account for the origin in the human soul of the idea of right, which was the particular point at issue in Dr. Wayland's paragraph. Dr. Taylor taught that the soul intuitively recognizes its obligation to do that which will promote the greatest good; Revelation teaches what actions will have that effect.

Our professor was very sharply censured for the position in which he placed "self-love or the desire of happiness" in relation to moral choice. I think no philosophic term in the English language has caused so much confusion or wide-spread discussion as the word self-love. Dr. Taylor always intended to use it as synonymous with the desire of happiness; but his use of it occasions much perplexity and misunderstanding. The word love is used in philosophical treatises in two quite different senses. It is sometimes a mere impulse implying no act of the will. At

other times it is used to express a choice of one thing in preference to another; a deliberate purpose. In the term self-love it should be understood to imply a mere impulse, or rather the generic impulse. Each appetite or desire is self-love acting in some specific direction. It would obviate much confusion to dispense with this term altogether and employ in its stead the desire of good, or of happiness.

When a writer speaks of the love of one's neighbors and almost in the same sentence of self-love, he will confuse his hearers and perhaps himself, if by love in one case he means a deliberate choice, and in the other a mere impulse to seek happiness. Yet writers and speakers err at this point. Self-love and the love of one's neighbor are not in contrast. The wicked man is not one that has too much self-love. He is his own worst enemy. The virtuous man has not less self-love than he. The wrong-doer is persistently destroying his own happiness. The good man is ever securing his own highest welfare. Let us call that desire of good by which all human activity is impelled, the desire of happiness. Let us place it at the root of all our active powers and recognize it as the one generic impulse comprehending in itself all specific impulses. We shall then see clearly that the virtuous man is he who subordinates this and all the impulses comprehended in it to the deliberate purpose to promote with all his powers the highest good of all, while he only is truly the wicked man who refuses to control his life by this law of love. We shall then tell the wicked man to his face that he is his own worst enemy, and the virtuous man not that

he loves himself less than others do, but that he is securing his own highest welfare.

We shall then be prepared to understand the first of that remarkable series of resolutions which President Edwards invariably read once each week: "*Resolved:* that I will do whatsoever I think most to God's glory and my own good, profit and pleasure on the whole," etc. President Edwards saw clearly enough that the purpose to do whatsoever is "to God's glory" is perfectly in harmony with the resolution to do whatsoever is "to my own good, profit and pleasure, on the whole." The purpose to secure those rich blessings for myself will lead me to follow precisely the same line of action as the purpose to do what is most for God's glory.

The system of which this is a faint outline I received from Dr. Taylor. The phraseology is my own. According to this system the selfish man is the man who is determined to secure his own happiness without regard to the welfare of others; while the benevolent man is he who deliberately determines to seek his own highest good by promoting the greatest good of the whole.

Dr. Taylor's teaching respecting the penalty for disobedience of law under a perfect moral government was very original, and it strongly arrested my attention. He held that the function of penalty is to make upon the subjects the strongest possible impression of the moral governor's abhorrence of sin, and that no penalty can be adequate to this purpose short of the greatest amount of suffering which the ruler can inflict and the guilty subject endure. This suffering

must, of course, be endless. His argument was derived *a priori* from the nature of moral government, but was confirmed, as he claimed, by the Scriptures. At the time I could not reply, and therefore received his teachings as valid. Subsequent reflection, however, began to shake my confidence in his position and finally deterred me from using it in the pulpit. I think there is a fallacy in the *a priori* argument. It is not intuitively evident that the extremest possible severity in punishing violators of his law is the only method by which a moral governor can manifest his supreme regard for law and his abhorrence of its violation. He can make this manifestation quite as much by the effort he makes to win back and restore to allegiance any who may have revolted from his authority. The infliction of penalty is one, and only one, of the ways in which a moral governor may manifest his regard for his law. The employment of suitable agencies to reform the guilty is as truly essential to the maintenance of his authority as is the punishment of the incorrigibly rebellious.

It is impossible to properly treat this subject without viewing it in connection with the subject of the atonement. It has long seemed to me a great defect in our theology that we seem to assume that a moral governor may rightly administer his government by mere rewards and punishments without a proper remedial system. There is nothing either in the Scriptures or outside of them to justify such an assumption. The authority of any moral governor over his subjects depends on the confidence which he inspires that his whole heart and character are in harmony with a righteous law. It is quite as necessary in

order to such confidence that he should devise and carry into execution appropriate measures for reforming the fallen as that he should show his displeasure against the incorrigibly guilty. The idea of a government administered over a race of fallen subjects, propagated through unnumbered generations and yet not hopelessly beyond the reach of reform, without any reformatory system is to my mind utterly revolting. A government so administered cannot inspire the confidence of its subjects in the perfect rectitude of the governor.

Our theology seems almost to have overlooked this principle, yet it seems to me intuitively evident. We all know that the highest, the crowning excellence, of the Christian character is manifested in self-sacrificing effort to bring sinners to repentance. The man who lacks that one element of Christlikeness, can hardly be recognized as a disciple, however faultless he may be in other respects. The sacrifice of His only Son on the cross to save sinners is admitted to be the very highest manifestation of God's righteousness. How can He so impressively exhibit His abhorrence of sin in any other way? Does a parent best exhibit his preference of virtue to vice by the severity with which he punishes his erring child, or by the earnestness and expensiveness of his efforts to reclaim the fallen? The untutored human heart answers without the least hesitation.

Dr. Taylor taught the governmental view of the atonement. I do not know that his method of stating it was particularly novel or attractive, but at the time I accepted his views without a doubt. It was not till endeavoring to emphasize his idea in preach-

ing that I found an insurmountable difficulty. According to that theory, God is supposed by the atonement to have made a manifestation of His abhorrence of that sin which is the transgression of His law as great as He would have made by the infliction of the full penalty on every transgressor. To this statement I soon began to feel a very perplexing objection. I was entirely unable to see how the death of Christ did make such a manifestation. Therefore Dr. Taylor's view of the atonement seemed to me shorn of all power to move the soul. In view of this objection I was obliged to fall back on what is substantially Bishop Butler's view of the matter. The Holy Scriptures teach that the death of Christ on the cross was a necessity in order that God "might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

Surely the preservation of moral authority has two indispensable conditions: the infliction of an adequate penalty on the persistent and incorrigible offender, and such an administration of the government as will provide the most effectual possible means for the reformation and restoration of the fallen. If the government either refused to pardon any, however penitent, or pardoned with easy indifference those who, self-moved, might repent, while it made no painstaking and self-sacrificing efforts to secure the reformation of transgressors, its subjects would have little faith in its moral rectitude. Such a ruler would not seem to love righteousness supremely or to hate sin with a perfect hatred. This requisite of a perfect moral authority the mediatorial system supplies. The atonement expresses God's supreme desire to reclaim the perishing and restore the lost to holiness and the

happiness which virtue insures. It is the effort of the Heavenly Father to bring His lost children home. In this way the Cross manifests most impressively God's supreme righteousness.

Two things are to me inconceivable. One of them is that such a being as our God can ever be propitious to an impenitent sinner. The other is that such a being can under any conditions be unpropitious to a truly penitent sinner. Between these two inconceivables there is ample room for the redemptive system, without which the Gospel is no gospel. The eternal punishment of the wicked appears to me just as certain as the existence of incorrigible sin. And I do not see how a sober-minded man can doubt the reality of either. There is a fatal stage of moral disease toward which every impenitent sinner is constantly tending. So far from there being any reason why he should encourage himself with the hope of a probation in future life, he has the greatest reason to fear that he may terminate his own probation long before his soul leaves the body.

I have given so much space to Dr. Taylor's theology because no other mind has exerted so great an influence on my thinking as his. He did not teach us to follow his instructions blindly, or to accept anything upon his authority, but cultivated in us the habit of self-reliance. He had arrested my attention, awakened my enthusiasm, and impressed his system indellibly upon my mind. His teachings became the starting point, not the end of my religious thinking, and they greatly assisted me in constructing the theologic house in which I have since lived. This house has undergone many changes, having been limited here

and extended there, but it is still the same house, and here I shall abide till the end, ever thankful to God for so long a lease.

I can hardly sufficiently deplore the lack of impulse, given to Bible study at New Haven in my time. No study of theology in its technical form can be so useful to the student and the preacher, as familiarity with those concrete teachings which are the glory of the Scriptures. The knowledge of a theological system is by no means a substitute for the truth expressed in the living language of the imagination and the passions. To gain command of this for the purpose of popular utterance, we must know the glowing imagery of the poets and prophets of old, the very words of Christ Himself and feel the holy enthusiasm of those who saw the Lord and heard Him speak. I am grate ful to the Theological Seminary for what it did for me; it might have done much more.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

It is neither possible nor desirable to confine the attention of a group of theological students exclusively to that course of preparatory study on which they are engaged. They should view the broad field and ascertain for what peculiar form of labor they are best fitted, being ready to go into whatsoever part of the world the Lord may call. The minds of my fellow-students were always open to such inquiries, and in our social devotions these questions were prominent themes. It gives me great pleasure to say that the spirit manifested in the seminary was admirable. If there was any disposition toward place-seeking for worldly advantage it was so overborne by a spirit of consecration to the Master's service that it was seldom expressed. A large number of the abler men among us were really attracted toward distant missionary fields rather than toward wealthy congregations near us.

Our own country at that time presented considerations to candidates for the Christian ministry in some respects novel and striking. The people of the United States, then chiefly limited to the Atlantic slope, had just begun to realize that our population would ere long cover all the vast region of unequalled natural resources lying between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains, and fill it with prosperous states.

To the Christian patriot, this promise of the near future was a stimulus to greater activity in the work of home evangelization than had been before attained or even conceived. It was a stimulus both to hope and to fear There was hope that if churches and schools kept pace with the tide of migration, and these vast solitudes were presently filled with an intelligent and Christian population, our country would become a blessing to the whole earth. There was reason for fear lest, without the institutions of a Christian civilization, these coming millions would be given over to the superstitions of all-grasping Rome or to the horrors or a godless infidelity. There was a great awakening to the urgency of home evangelization.

Nowhere was this new impulse more powerfully felt than in our theological seminaries. In ours it became in a measure absorbing. The "Society of Inquiry" held monthly meetings at which we were edified by papers and addresses from our own members, or from others who could give us special information about the various departments of home and foreign missions. These meetings were occasions of much interest and great devotional fervor. At the meeting of the society held in December, 1828, a powerful and highly stimulating essay was read by Rev. Theron Baldwin, of whom mention has already been made.

My life-long intimacy with this noble man began on that evening. He was already in a measure pledged by a providential event to a missionary life. His elder brother, Abraham Baldwin, had labored with signal success among the French in Canada during

the last part of his very short but useful ministry. He died among kind Christian friends, but far from his kindred. At the time of his death he was affianced to Miss Caroline Wilder, of Burlington, Vt., a lady of culture who was in thorough sympathy with the missionary cause. My friend, Theron Baldwin, went at the urgent solicitation of his relatives to the scene of his brother's late labors, to learn the story of his last illness and take charge of his effects. On the journey it was his good fortune to become acquainted with Miss Wilder, whose charming character and heroic Christian devotion subsequently won his heart. On his return she accompanied him to his father's house, and her influence doubtless increased the spiritual power of the essay which so impressed me on that eventful evening.

Returning to his room, after the meeting that night, Mr. Baldwin fell in with his college classmate, Mason Grosvenor, who was also my friend. In the conversation that followed, Mr. Grosvenor suggested the outlines of a plan which not long afterward became the germ of an association. This organization among the Yale theological students was, in the hands of Divine Providence, the principal agency in founding Illinois College. Mr. Grosvenor's plan was to form an association of theological students, known to each other and bound by mutual ties, for the purpose of co-operating in the work of home missions. A frontier state, or territory likely soon to become a state, was to be selected as a common field of labor. It was proposed to establish there an institution of learning, and by the united efforts of the association to foster its growth and efficiency, while the members strength-

ened each other's hands in the use of all evangelical instrumentalities. By this means they hoped to secure co-operation, which is often so difficult to obtain among the scattered population of the frontier, and to avoid that peculiar isolation which is among the greatest disadvantages of a home missionary on the borders of the wilderness. The conception was certainly felicitous. It awakened great interest in the minds of my two friends, and led not only to the organization of the Illinois band, but to the formation of other bands of theological students destined for the West. The most famous of these was the Iowa band, which was organized in Andover Seminary in 1842, and which has been a most efficient agency in the evangelization of a great state.

In consequence, probably, of my early frontier experience I was soon taken into the counsels of those most interested in this plan, and I co-operated with great enthusiasm in its development. Very shortly after Mr. Grosvenor's suggestion a communication appeared in the "Home Missionary" from the pen of Rev. John M. Ellis, a minister in the employment of the American Home Missionary Society, then stationed at Kaskaskia, Illinois, but expecting soon to remove to Jacksonville. In this communication, Mr. Ellis gave a sketch of a seminary of learning projected by himself and a few friends in that state to be established at Jacksonville, and invited the help of eastern friends. Mr. Grosvenor immediately wrote to Mr. Ellis informing him of the plan of our organization and suggested that the association might be disposed to choose Illinois for its field, and assist in the establishment of the proposed seminary, should its aims

and purposes be found in harmony with our plans

To convey a letter to Illinois and receive an answer would at that time require about two months instead of four days as at present. In the meantime a number of earnest young men were considering the question of entering into such an association. It was with all of us the grave problem of a life investment. The more it was considered, the more it grew in favor. My personal knowledge of the urgency of the work of home evangelization made the question comparatively easy. With the wants of the frontier so distinctly before me I could not think of going to a foreign field, or of seeking a settlement in any of the churches in the older states. I felt that Providence had selected the valley of the Mississippi for my home, and I dared not desert it in the emergency which I felt was upon it. I highly appreciated the advantages of the proposed association, for I dreaded the isolation of the frontier. It is proper also to state that my associates told me from the beginning that they would need my services as teacher in the new institution. This plan suited my tastes much better than entering the pastorate.

Long before Mr. Ellis' reply was received the association had taken form and personality, though we had not yet affixed our signatures to any written obligation.

Some of us wished before doing that to wait for Mr. Ellis' letter, so that the proposed plan might be rendered more definite. The answer came in due time, inviting us to select Illinois as our western home and placing the constitution of the proposed

seminary in our hands to be modified to suit our wishes.

In my own case it may readily be supposed that as the happiness of two persons was involved, both were to be consulted before the decision was reached. The whole subject was laid frankly before Miss Fayerweather, and without the least attempt to conceal the trials incident to the location of our home five hundred miles west of civilization. She was far from being a romantic girl. At twenty-two years of age she was a woman of rare thoughtfulness and sobriety, and, judging correctly of the future, cheerfully approved the plan. I signed the compact, and that signature bound me to a lifework that continued while great states were born and nations rose and fell.*

* The document here mentioned is still preserved with the signatures appended, and a cordial and complimentary endorsement from President Day and Professors Taylor and Gibbs. It is as follows:

Believing in the entire alienation of the natural heart from God, in the necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit for its renovation, and that these influences are not to be expected without the use of means; deeply impressed also with the destitute condition of the Western section of our country and the urgent claims of its inhabitants upon the benevolent at the East, and in view of the fearful crisis evidently approaching, and which we believe can only be averted by speedy and energetic measures on the part of the friends of religion and literature in the older States, and believing that evangelical religion and education must go hand in hand in order to the successful accomplishment of this desirable object; we the undersigned hereby express our readiness to go to the State of Illinois for the purpose of establishing a Seminary of learning such as shall be best adapted to the exigencies of that country—a part of us

to engage in instruction in the Seminary—the others to occupy—as preachers—important stations in the surrounding country—provided the undertaking be deemed practicable, and the location approved—and provided also the providence of God permit us to engage in it.

THERON BALDWIN, JOHN F. BROOKS,
MASON GROSVENOR, ELISHA JENNEY, WILLIAM KIRBY,
JULIAN M. STURTEVANT, ASA TURNER, JR.
Theological Department Yale College, Feb. 21, 1829.

Mr. Ellis' reply being satisfactory, the organization was speedily completed. A plan for the proposed institution was drawn under the supervision of President Day of Yale and several other eminent professors, and was forwarded to Mr. Ellis with a pledge that as soon as the constitution was formally accepted we would procure $10,000 with which to commence the work, and remove to Illinois. As soon as the facilities of those "slow times" permitted, we received a formal acceptance of our offer. According to the constitution proposed the institution was to be controlled by ten trustees, seven of whom were to be men composing the association at Yale College, viz: Theron Baldwin, John F. Brooks, Mason Grosvenor, Elisha Jenney, Wm. Kirby, Julian M. Sturtevant and Asa Turner. The remaining three trustees were to be elected by the subscribers to the fund of two or three thousand dollars, which had already been raised in Illinois. With these funds the beautiful site on which Illinois College now stands was obtained,and a beginning made by erecting a small two story brick building.

These arrangements and the public expectation which had been awakened created an unlooked-for necessity, which was that the institution should

commence operations at the beginning of the next year, 1830. No time therefore was to be lost. I was almost immediately dispatched to New York to lay our plans before the officers of the American Home Missionary Society, and to consult with other friends of home missions in that city. This was to me a grave responsibility, considering my youth and inexperience. But how could I decline? This was my introduction to Rev. Absalom Peters, then the only secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, and to his assistant, that truly good man, Rev. Charles Hall. Dr. Peters received me with all the kindness with which I can conceive of Paul receiving his son, Timothy, and Mr. Hall seconded all our plans with an enthusiasm equal to our own. They invited such friends and directors of their society as were accessible to meet at the Home Missionary office to hear the statement of our plans, and to give such counsel as might seem advisable. The principal persons present at that meeting, besides the secretary and his assistant, were Rev. Gardner Spring, D. D., the honored pastor of the old brick church, then in the full vigor of manhood, and Rev. John Matthews, D. D., Dutch Reformed, Chancellor of the University of New York, Matthias Bruin, and Rev. Erskine Mason, the last two much beloved and honored Presbyterian pastors in the city. At that time, no Congregational minister held any public position in New York or its vicinity. The American Home Missionary Society was then the trusted organ of the Congregational, Presbyterian and the Dutch Reformed churches in promoting home evangelization in the newer parts of our land. The three churches

together included a large part of the population of New York, New Jersey and New England. This noble fellowship of the Christian people of the Atlantic seaboard in the work of home missions is one of the brightest memories of the past.

Before this body of representative men I presented our plans and asked for hearty support, especially through the American Home Missionary Society. Our plans were unanimously approved. The Home Missionary Society gladly agreed to send us to our chosen field and to provide as far as was necessary for our support. They also pledged their endorsement and countenance to our educational plans.

It was now apparent that two of our number must commence work in Illinois the following autumn. This was a disappointment, as at that time none of us would have finished his theological course. Having been already designated as a teacher it was necessary that I should go, as the institution was to be opened at the beginning of the following year. Mr. Baldwin, who was nearer the completion of his divinity studies than any of his brethren, was selected to accompany me. Though very reluctant to lose one year from his course of study, he consented, it being his determination to return and finish his course in the future, but this he never found time to do. I had less regret at this abridgement of my course, because my work was to be in the professor's chair rather than in the pulpit Could I then have foreseen that I should preach at least one sermon a Sabbath for nearly the whole of my life, I might have regarded the matter very differently.

With the assistance of Mr. Ellis, who came east for the purpose, the $10,000 which we had pledged was raised with little difficulty. On Thursday, August 28th, 1829, Mr. Baldwin and myself were ordained to the Christian ministry at Woodbury, Conn., the charge being given by Rev. Matthias Bruin of New York, as a representative of the American Home Missionary Society. In this charge I distinctly remember a sentence which at the time gave me some pain. "Do not" said he, "shock the prejudices of a western audience by the sight of a manuscript." That, thought I, may be good advice, but if so, all the worse for me, for it seemed as if I could never follow it. I was destined to experience no small trouble on that subject. The voice that delivered that charge, so full of enthusiasm in the cause of home evangelization, was in less than three days silent in death. Mr. Bruin was stricken down in his pulpit the following Sabbath morning. Mysterious and unsearchable are the ways of Providence. On that morning, August 30th, I preached my first sermon in the dear old church at New Canaan to a large congregation, most of whose faces had become in the last three years as familiar as though they had been the companions of my childhood. They heard me with great indulgence, for I cannot think that the deep interest manifested could mean more.

CHAPTER IX.

WESTWARD HO!

The morning following the Sabbath mentioned at the close of the last chapter, I awoke to a train of very serious reflections.

That morning, even before breakfast, I was to meet a small party in the parlor, to be united in marriage with the woman who had been for more than three years the object of my constantly increasing attachment. Our nuptial day had come, yet I thought anxiously and sadly of what was before me, for I never pass through one of life's great changes without experiencing, temporarily at least, a painful recoil; the result of the weak conservatism of my nature. In view of the future, that was truly an anxious hour. How dare I in my youth, and with such a prospect before me, take the responsibility of the care, support, and protection of the noble woman who had consented to leave her loving kindred that morning and intrust her all to me? How dared her friends intrust her to my care? Thus I queried with a feeling almost of guilt for proposing to make her my associate in an enterprise so full of uncertainty, self-sacrifice and peril. But the appointed hour had come, and I must go on trusting to the deliberate judgments of calmer hours, and resting on the care and protection of God.

The excellent mother of my bride was not with the small circle of relatives. Six months before we had

followed her remains to their long resting place. Previous to her death she had lovingly approved our intended union.

I found the bride dressed for a journey; the beginning of a new life-journey for us both.

The solemn marriage vows were exchanged, and we received the loving congratulations of the few friends present, only seven of whom remain; one of these being my life-long friend, Rev. Flavel Bascomb, D. D., of Hinsdale, Illinois. After an excellent breakfast, taken joyfully in the midst of expressions of love and tenderness never to be forgotten, we said good-by and departed for a round of short visits. First we stopped at Warren, the dear old home of my grandmother, and where my uncle, Joseph A. Tanner, and other dear relatives, still lived. Afterwards we visited in New Canaan, at the house of my uncle, Silas Beckley, and my mother's sister, Lydia, and then at Glastonbury at the home of my mother's sister, Patty, the wife of Dr. Ralph Carter. Reaching New Haven I was in season for Commencement, and found many of my classmates assembled to celebrate the third anniversary of our graduation. With others I received the Master's degree. My boyish dream of college life was an accomplished fact. Its influence had been wrought into the very texture of my being.

From that day I was a student of Yale no more. I had embarked on the great ocean of life, intrusted with a cargo of incalculable value. Who can tell what hopes had been formed and what fervent prayers had ascended in behalf of the sacred cause of home missions, as represented in the enterprise for which I was in the future to be held largely responsi-

ble. It seemed unfortunate that interests so momentous should be committed to one so young and inexperienced. Only seven years had passed since the farewell, so sad and seemingly so hopeless, at the obscure log-cabin in Tallmadge at the beginning of our "ride and tie" pilgrimage. It was not possible that the boy of 1822 could possess the wisdom necessary for the responsibilities of 1829. After spending three or four days at New Canaan, completing arrangements for our long journey, we bade farewell to New England, now no less dear to me than if I had never had a home elsewhere, and turned our faces toward the setting sun.

I can mention only a few incidents of that journey. At that time most of the passenger traffic between Albany and Buffalo was carried on by two stage lines. One of these corporations was long established and wealthy, but it utterly ignored the Sabbath. The other, known as the "Pioneer Line," was undertaken and managed on strictly Sabbath-keeping principles, and for that reason it was patronized by many conscientious people. We traveled from Schenectady to Utica by canal-boat, and then took the Pioneer Line to Buffalo. Reaching Rochester early Friday morning we rested one day, partly because we greatly needed rest and partly for the purpose of calling on an acquaintance. On Saturday morning we again took the stage and drove rapidly to Lewiston, where we ferried across the Niagara, and were driven thence to the Falls. We surveyed the stupendous cataract from Table Rock, and were ferried across the boiling flood in a skiff. We ascended the bluff, on the American side by the stair-case, and then visited Goat Island,

For the rare pleasure of this first view of the Falls we were indebted to the sharp competition of the two stage lines, and particularly to what was then called in derision "the holy line." Thence we drove along the left bank of the river, then on to Black Rock, and crossed over to Buffalo, where we passed the Sabbath.

From Buffalo to Erie we went by steamboat, and thence to Cleveland by stage. The last part of that journey, taken on a moonless night and over the horrible roads for which that region is famous, was sufficient to test the courage of a bride on her first trip west. And I can bear witness that if you do not find bravery in a young wife following the husband of her choice to some new home in the wild West, especially when both are animated by a high moral aim, you are not likely to find it anywhere. I once heard a clergyman say in a lecture: "Heroism has become extinct." I was sure he could have had little acquaintance with the wives of home missionaries.

Our next stopping place was Tallmadge. I had visited the dear old home only once since leaving it seven years before. That was in the fall of 1825. At that time the first cabin, rendered more comfortable by the addition of a single log room, still remained. I now found, greatly to my satisfaction, that the log cabin was no more. A small adjacent tract of land had been purchased on which was a frame house, affording some degree of comfort and convenience. It was a great pleasure that I had been able to meet part of the expense of this purchase. The reader need not be told that there was a joyful meeting. All felt how empty I had gone out, and how

loaded with the gifts of God I had returned. I had received a great deal more than I had expected or sought. God had answered our prayers in enabling me to prepare myself for future service to His cause; but He had given me personal prosperity and hopes of happiness even in this life. Of this I had no dream; it had in no way entered into my thought.

I found many changes. My brother Ephraim, had in the fall of 1837 accepted a tutorship in the then newly established Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio. From this position he retired after one year, married, and became principal of the Tallmadge Academy. Our friend Wright had also accepted the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy at Hudson, and was already married. How happily and rapidly the three or four weeks at Tallmadge passed, reviving old acquaintances and friendships and revisiting the scenes of my early youth. That place was as dear to me as it could have been had I never known a New England home. It would have been a great delight, had the call of duty permitted, to have made the Western Reserve my home and the field of my life work.

When our time was expired we again bade adieu to the loved ones at home. Alas! it was my final adieu for this world to my beloved mother. We were driven by my father to Wellsville on the Ohio, where we hoped to find a steamboat bound down the river. But no boats were running and we were obliged to take the stage for Wheeling. Here we embarked in a poor craft, the best to be had in the low water of autumn. The Ohio, at that time, lay low down between its high and heavily timbered

banks, with only here and there an insignificant village on its shores. We waited a few hours at the landing in Cincinnati, then the growing metropolis of the West, and claiming a population of twenty-five thousand. At Louisville we were obliged to change boats, and there we spent the Sabbath.

We were rejoiced to find a steamboat advertised to leave for St. Louis at nine o'clock Tuesday morning From our hotel to the landing was more than two miles, and an early start seemed necessary lest, missing that boat we should have to wait long for another. I hurried my dressing, hurried my wife, hurried breakfast, and hurried the hackman, all the time wondering at the coolness of those around us. Little I knew of the ways of the western steamboats. We found the boat with no steam up and no signs of speedy departure. And there she remained, as my friend Dr. J. P. Thompson once said, "Lying all day." Night was upon the river before we were off. After considerable experience I confess that traveling on rivers in low water is a very serious discipline, Sand-bars occur in most unexpected places, and once aground it is impossible to foresee when you can proceed. Sometimes the captain seems waiting for a rainfall to raise the stream.

At length, having traversed nearly the whole course of the Ohio, we reached the spot where Cairo now stands and began to feel the stronger current of the Father of Waters. Just at that moment our captain, standing on the bridge of the boat and pointing down the Mississippi, cried out, "There is the high-road to New Orleans." The thought thrilled

me, for with that great river system I felt that the experiences of the rest of my life were to be identified. In our long journey by water there was little scenery of particular interest. At what is called the "Grand Tower," where the Mississippi breaks through the Ozark mountains, the scenery becomes for a short distance romantic and impressive. At that point the river bluffs rise from the water's edge on both sides, and the tower is a rock-island rising perpendicularly from the stream as high as the adjacent bluffs. Geologically speaking, the spot is of great interest.

An incident of the voyage illustrates the disadvantage I experienced in those days from my youthful appearance. Soon after taking passage on one of the boats I was met on the deck by a youth apparently not more than seventeen years old, who approached me very confidentially with the remark, "We shall have to keep very straight; there is a minister on board." By "the minister," he must have meant my friend Mr. Baldwin, who was our traveling companion. Later in the voyage, when we had religious services on board, he must have been surprised to find that it was I who preached.

Steamboat traveling in those days was very slow. Sometimes our speed did not exceed two and a half or three miles an hour. Before we reached St. Louis, another Sabbath had passed. At last with great joy we found ourselves safely landed in that city; for we had begun to realize a danger of which we had not thought when we planned our journey—the danger that winter might render navigation very slow and very dangerous, or even suspend it altogether. Be-

sides, we were glad to think that we were now only one hundred miles, as the roads ran, from our future home.

Our reception in St. Louis deeply affected us. We had been expected by good Christian friends, and were received not as strangers, but as loved kindred "of the household of faith." We were hospitably entertained as guests, and received courteous attention from Rev. Wm. S. Potts, pastor of the only Presbyterian church in the city, and from other excellent Christian families. We were already being welcomed to our new home, which no longer seemed far off among strangers. I long ago ceased to wonder that the New Testament so strongly insists on the duty of Christian hospitality. Its value to early evangelical work in the valley of the Mississippi is beyond computation.

It was no easy matter to accomplish the little remnant of our journey. Jacksonville is only about twenty miles from the Illinois river, but as yet that stream was navigated only by an occasional steamboat, and it was not probable that another would make the voyage before spring. There was no stage line, the weekly mail being carried on horseback. The only feasible plan was expensive. We must hire a team and driver to convey us. That problem was made comparatively easy by an unexpected meeting with Mr. James G. Edwards, a gentleman from Boston who was on his way to Jacksonville with his wife and her sister for the purpose of establishing a newspaper. We made their acquaintance by some accident which I have now forgotten. They were Christian people and had been attracted to Jackson-

ville by a knowledge of the very movements of which we were a part. Such meetings, stranger than fiction, have not been unusual when immigration was concentrating at some point in the West.

Mr. Baldwin wished to procure a horse and leave St. Louis fully equipped for his missionary work. He always "meant business." We hired a hack which would carry four persons, in which the three ladies accompanied by myself were to proceed to Jacksonville. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Edwards remained behind until the former could purchase a horse. With this and a wagon which Mr. Baldwin was to return to St. Louis while on some early missionary tour, they followed us to Jacksonville. For many years afterward that excellent riding horse, lean and raw-boned, but hardy and easy-going, was almost as much identified with home missions as its rider. Never were master and horse more perfectly fitted to each other.

On Thursday of the week after our arrival in St. Louis I crossed the Mississippi about midday with two ladies fresh from their native Boston and my wife,—all utter strangers to frontier life. I expected to be amused by some things which they might consider serious. Our driver informed us that we were to stop for the first night at widow Gillam's, a most comfortable place on the left bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite the mouth of the Missouri. The great river has since then so encroached upon the bank that the widow's farm and the site of the house where we spent the night are now in the middle of the stream. It proved as our driver had said an excellent place in some respects. There was plenty of

clean wholesome food, but on asking for two rooms I was told, as though I had made a strange and unreasonable request, that they could give us but one room for the party. This was decidedly a new and trying experience to the ladies. Nor did the dancing flames in a great open fire-place that rendered our room so light and comfortable on that chilly night greatly increase their satisfaction. But the food was acceptable, the beds were clean, and the linen was as white as could be found in our own homes.

The next morning we started early and took breakfast at Alton, now Upper Alton. The present city was not then in existence. The scanty breakfast was hardly a fair specimen of what might be expected in a frontier log house of entertainment, but the bill was very moderate. Our journey lay through thinly scattered white oak forests and over prairies vanishing in the dim distance like the horizon at sea. With these prairies which imagination easily covered with the dress of spring and converted into a beautiful park, the ladies were greatly delighted. The ground was covered with a light and melting snow, which made traveling slow and tedius. I longed to ascend some mountain and view the landscape, but the plain extended far and wide in all directions. At Hickory Grove, where the prosperous city of Jerseyville now stands, we found a single house and a little farm. Our hotel for the night was Squire Pickett's log house, now in the heart of the prosperous village of Kane. Alas! what trouble my three ladies had that night. I confess that the beds and board were a little too much for me. An early ride through the

forest took us to a very comfortable breakfast at Carrolton, already a considerable village.

The ride into Jacksonville was not so easy as was expected. Our way followed the course of the present Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railway. Little we knew of railroads then. We passed over the sites where now stand the towns of Whitehall, Roodhouse, and Murrayville. Just as the sun was setting, our driver exclaimed: "I swear I seed a wolf." I was doing my best to quiet the frightened ladies, when suddenly our carriage plunged into a deep hole, from which the driver and his team were utterly unable to extricate it. It would be impossible to proceed further that night. It was idle to blame our driver, for the unbridged mud hole extended the entire width of the road. It was Saturday night, and rapidly growing dark, and Jacksonville was seven miles away. No house could be seen. Happily the wolves were also out of sight, although to the excited fears of the ladies they seemed to be all around us. Presently the bark of a dog revealed the proximity of some settler's cabin. The driver soon found the house, and returned with the word that the inhabitants would entertain us for the night. The cabin proved to be one that contained but a single room, finished in the most primitive style of log-cabin architecture, and it was the humble abode of a father and mother with several children, one of them a woman nearly grown. Yet we were kindly welcomed, with no sign of reluctance. We were very hungry, but a few questions showed that the resources of the cabin were very scanty. They had no bread, milk, meat

coffee, tea or flour. A chicken was taken down from its roost in the corner of the great chimney, and its neck was wrung before our eyes. We were sure it was fresh. Mrs. Edwards, with that rare tact which is a fine substitute for experience, came to the rescue. Said she to our hostess: "I know you are tired, let me get the supper." She dressed the chicken, and in the one cooking dish prepared first the chicken, then the corn bread, and then the sage tea. The table was a rough plank swung up by the side of the wall. An iron spoon containing lard and cotton rags for a wick with its handle stuck in a crack between the logs, afforded light. My wife and I had between us one spoon and one fork. The Boston ladies had a single knife and a fork. A neighbor dropped in while we were at supper, and humorously alluded to our excellent appetites. Such is life on the frontier.

After supper, the moon having risen and now shining as brightly upon us as over ancient cities and marble palaces, the driver summoned all hands to extricate the carriage from the mud. By the help of our host and his good-natured neighbor this was soon done. In one corner of the room was what passed for a bedstead. The hostess having learned by a whispered question addressed to Mrs. Edwards that I was a minister, announced that the preacher and his lady should have the "stead." The rest of the company, including the family of our host and the driver, were forced to sleep on the floor. How ardently the ladies wished themselves back at widow Gillam's! Before retiring Mrs. Edwards, with the wolves still in her mind, secured from our hostess a promise that the door should be fastened. In the

morning it was found to have been made secure by rolling a large pumpkin against it.

By daylight we were on our way toward Jacksonville, and on our arrival were driven at once to the house of Mr. Ellis, where we had been expected the night before. The house, like others around it, was very small, but the inmates of a palace could not have received us with a heartier welcome. The western words of greeting, "alight! alight!" were never more heartily uttered. Soon the whole party with all their effects were stored in the little rooms, and very quickly we were partaking of a hearty breakfast that seemed all the more enjoyable on account of the discomforts of the long journey. "*Haec quoque meminesse juvibat.*" During the repast, greatly to my surprise I was informed that an appointment had been made for me to preach that morning in place of Mr. Ellis, who was still at the East. I must begin at once the work for which we had undertaken this wearisome journey, and accepted a home on the frontier.

Rev. John M. Ellis was one of the first missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society. He came to the borders of the Mississippi in 1826, and had labored mostly at Kaskaskia, an old French town, and then the capital of the state. Perhaps more prudent than I, he had gone out unmarried. A French Protestant lady of excellent education, unaffected piety, and great vivacity, was the woman who was dispensing his hospitality that Sabbath morning. Mrs. Ellis was in every way worthy of her husband, and was an excellent helper in his work. In that little home she opened a school for young ladies, some

of whom were her boarders. Such women accomplished in the frontier settlements what would have been considered impossible elsewhere. Alas! how soon her work in this world was to end!

CHAPTER X.

FEEBLE BEGINNINGS.

Jacksonville was then a village of only two years' growth from the naked prairie. We had sometimes met those who had seen it, and had curiously asked what sort of a place it was. The almost invariable answer had been: "It is a beautiful place." Evidently our informants did not mean that a beautiful town had actually been built there, but that the spot possessed exceptional surroundings. The great prairie here breaks from its usual monotonous level into a variety of swelling hills, found nowhere else in the state. In two cases the hill tops were adorned by very beautiful natural groves, which gave to the region a most unusual charm.

On the east side of one of these groves, and on a crest one mile west of the village center, was the site selected for Illinois College, and there it stands today. The village itself was very unattractive. The people generally without capital, could yet show few signs of thrift, and good lumber was beyond the reach of any but the very wealthy. There was no scarcity of timber, but it was hard wood, mostly oak, unfit for finishing lumber. Most of the houses were covered with boards split from oak logs four feet in length, and nailed on without shaving. Many roofs were covered in the same way. Small houses and many log cabins were built in hope that better lum-

ber would soon be accessible. The census of 1830 gave Jacksonville a population of a little over 600. This was the little town that we saw in its somber autumn robes on that Sabbath morning, November 15, 1829.

When breakfast and family worship were over it was time for church. Neither the ladies nor the minister needed a change of garments. A hasty toilet was entirely sufficient. My young wife was never more beautiful than in the traveling hat and habit in which she had met me at the nuptial altar and she wore these that morning. Mrs. Ellis took her baby boy, about a year old, wrapped warmly, and led the way, the rest following as best they could over the soft ground from which the snow had lately melted. There were no sidewalks in those days. She ran, rather than walked, the entire distance, more than a quarter of a mile, though picking her way like ourselves to avoid the mud, and we kept her in sight only by stepping briskly. I carried my Bible, hymn-book and manuscript sermon.

The church was a room about eighteen or twenty feet square, built of unhewn logs, the floor being made of split logs called "puncheons," with the split side up. There was no pulpit and no special place for the preacher. He must sit where he could, and lay his books either in his lap or at his side. The seats were a little ruder than I have ever since seen in a public place. "Horses," like those used by mechanics to support staging, but of a suitable height for a seat, were placed in rows across the room, and on these were laid common split fence rails, upon which the congregation were seated. Yet these un-

comfortable sittings were filled by serious and attentive people, and some were compelled to stand about the open door. Indeed I am convinced that everything about this worshiping assembly was better than the sermon. I did "shock the prejudices of a westtern audience" by a very full sight of a manuscript, not because I desired to do so but because I could not help it.

I stood before that congregation, rising just where I happened to be seated and read from a manuscript. I could see from their countenances that many of them were thinking, "I wonder if that young man calls that preaching." No disrespect however was shown and no criticism of my effort ever reached my ears. It was not necessary. I was sufficiently dissatisfied. The congregation being dismissed, a few friends gathered around us and we began our acquaintance with our neighbors. Dr. Hector G. Taylor and his wife invited us to dine with them, and their hospitable house proved to be our home for the winter.

I had been anxious lest the hard external features of our new life should distress my young wife. I was surprised to find her less disturbed than myself. She had expected to encounter the rudeness of the frontier, and was prepared to meet whatever it might bring. She never uttered any lamentations, or in my sight shed any tears. She was cheerful and sprightly and often made herself merry over the oddities which we encountered, though she was careful never to wound the feelings of others by an untimely display of amusement. I, on the other hand, was greatly distressed. I had expected the rough exter-

ior, but had not realized my own unfitness for the new situation. The manuscript sermon and the problem of preaching in such a community caused me great perplexity and distress. Mr. Ellis would be absent yet for several weeks, and I was expected to supply his pulpit and render other pastoral services till his return. As I had little else on my hands, this gave me time to wrestle with the problem. I tried preaching from manuscript once more, but with increasing disgust. I then began to commit my sermons to memory, and finding after a few trials that I could do that with great ease, I followed that method for some time with considerable satisfaction. But the relief was temporary. The question how I should preach soon returned, and for months, and even for years, it occasioned me much anxiety.

But the most distressing and perplexing problem which confronted me in my new field was the discord which prevailed among Christians. I wish to speak with all charity of the men who are gone, and of the churches which, modified not a little by the broader views of our times, still remain. But I shall no doubt do the best service to the truth by relating events just as I saw them. Those were crude times, and the introduction of New England ideas of education and theology in a community largely southern in its opinions and prejudices, and accustomed to an uneducated ministry, could not have been accomplished without some pretty sharp conflicts. There was, however, one special cause of alienation and discord which was and is a great evil in Christendom. In Illinois I met for the first time a divided Christian community, and was plunged without warning

or preparation into a sea of sectarian rivalries which was kept in constant agitation, not only by real differences of opinion, but by ill-judged discussions and unfortunate personalities among ambitious men.

At the time of which I am writing the only congregations sustaining regular Sabbath services in Jacksonville were the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal. The Methodists, who were far the more numerous, worshiped in a large private house. The third Sabbath after my arrival the Presbyterians expected to use the court house instead of the schoolhouse then undergoing repairs. The Methodists generally occupied the court house for their quarterly meetings. Hence there arose a collision of appointments for which no one in particular was to blame. On Sabbath morning I found the court room in which I expected to preach already occupied by the celebrated Peter Cartwright and a large congregation of Methodists. Of course I had no alternative but to take my seat with the congregation and join in the worship. As it was a quarterly meeting the Lord's Supper was to be observed after the discourse. Under such circumstances one would naturally have expected a tender evangelical sermon, full of those truths which commend themselves to every Christian heart. Judge my astonishment at hearing instead a bitter attack upon Calvinism, or rather a caricature of that system, held up now to the ridicule and then to the indignation of the hearers. It must have been known that there were many Presbyterians present. Mr. Cartwright could hardly have been ignorant of the fact that the man who had come here to lay the foundations of a college was one of his congregation,

and yet he took particular pains to ridicule collegiate education, repeating the already stale and vulgar saying: "I have never spent four years in rubbing my back against the walls of a college." Mr. Cartwright himself must have greatly changed his views when, thirty years later, he accepted with apparent satisfaction the title of D. D. and was generally called Dr. Cartwright.

I left the court house at the close of the service with many sad thoughts. Is it true, I asked myself, that in the field where my life is to be spent the Church of Christ is a house divided against itself? Am I to find the bitterest enemies of my work in a separate camp of the Lord's professed followers? Here where ignorance is so prevalent am I to find eminent ministers of the Gospel disparaging and ridiculing my humble efforts in the cause of education?

The same somber religious aspects presented themselves wherever I turned my eyes. The community was perpetually agitated by sectarian prejudices and rivalries. It was deemed wise to omit our service on a certain Sabbath for the accommodation of a few Cumberland Presbyterian families who desired to hear a minister of their own order. Of course I was in the congregation. The speaker was not "apt to teach." He was without even average intelligence or culture, and commenced his sermon with much hesitation and evident uncertainty. After speaking fifteen minutes, without any trace of connected thought, so far as I was able to perceive, certainly with no distinct propositions, he suddenly began to rant. His words were spoken so rapidly and in so

high a key that few could be understood. Nothing seemed clear but the frequent repetition of cant words and phrases void of connection, all accompanied by a vehemence of tone and gesture that astonished and distressed me. He suddenly ceased, announced a hymn, prayed and dismissed the congregation. The house being densely filled and the air stiffling it was an inexpressible relief to escape into the open air. To my amazement I was assured on the way home by a lady of our own congregation, from whom I had hoped for better things, that we had heard a most excellent sermon. My cup was full! Was this woman a fair type of the people among whom my future life was to be spent? Was sect so strong that in order to prevent our community from being further divided religiously we must listen on Sabbath morning to such a shower of emptiness and stupidity? These were queries, however, to be communicated only to the one who could perfectly sympathize with me.

No words can express the shock which my mind experienced. The transition from those harmonious and united Christian communities in which my life had hitherto been passed, to this realm of confusion and religious anarchy was almost overpowering. Is this, I asked myself, the proper relation of Christ's disciples to each other? As large a proportion of the people around me in Jacksonville were members of Christian evangelical churches as in the other communities in which I lived; but here every man's hand was against his brother. The possibility of Christian co-operation was absolutely limited to these little cliques into which the body of Christ was divided.

For the first time I was forming an acquaintance with the Church under the influence of sectarian prejudices. And now after fifty years I still feel that I did not attach too much importance to the manifestations of divided sentiment among Christians around me, or overestimate the evil tendencies of sectarian divisions. This condition of the Church was not temporary or local. In all the valley of the Mississippi, during the infancy of society, when moral forces were weakest, and when the bonds which held civilized society together were subject to the greatest strain through immigration, the conservative power of the Christian religion was greatly enfeebled by just such sectarian conflicts as those I witnessed in Central Illinois.

Even at this day, though the aspects of denominationalism have been greatly modified, and though the courtesies of Christian life are far better observed and the external relations of the different sects are far more fraternal, it is true, as it was fifty years ago, that different denominations exhibit too much of the spirit of rivalry and too little of the spirit of co-operation for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom in this world. It is even now impossible to secure the fellowship of all the religious people of Illinois in any work of faith and charity, however obviously important to the general welfare. The opinions then formed of the tendencies and the inevitable results of the sect system have been constantly confirmed.

During all these experiences my friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Baldwin, had been absent at Vandalia, then the capital of the state, having chosen that as his field of labor, and I had been left to navigate the

tumultuous seas as best I could, alone. He came to Jacksonville in December to attend a meeting of the western subscribers to the college, called to elect three trustees according to the plan before agreed upon. I was greatly encouraged and helped by his wise and sympathetic counsels. At this meeting a resolution was passed (certainly without any consultation with me) bestowing upon the institution the name of Illinois College. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees held immediately after the election mentioned above it was ordered that the institution be opened for the reception of students on Monday, January 4, 1830, and that I should take entire charge.

CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS.

As soon as possible after it was known that the association of young men in Yale College would co-operate in founding an institution of learning, the erection of a small two story brick building had been commenced on the beautiful site chosen for the college. That building was far from completion on Monday, the 4th of January, 1830, but one large room was ready for use. In it I found on that morning nine pupils assembled for instruction. It was the day of small things, but its inspiration was drawn from faith in God and the future. After reading from the Bible I briefly addressed the young men. The very spirit of our enterprise was expressed in my first sentence. "We are here to-day to open a fountain where future generations may drink." I then offered prayer committing the whole enterprise for the present and the long future to the care and protection of God.

Three or four of the pupils had already made some progress in the acquisition of the Latin language, and were looking forward to a collegiate education and to the Christian ministry. One or two more manifested a desire to commence classical study. The rest wished to pursue rudimentary branches only. Of the thirty or forty students received during the first year, very few had plans beyond a limited English

education. This was not surprising, for there was then no school in the state at which a youth could have prepared for college. We had no public school system. The few log schoolhouses found in those portions of the state where settlements had been commenced had been built as cheaply as possible by a few neighbors at their own expense. They were expected to serve only a temporary purpose. Any man who found himself out of employment felt at liberty to seek the neighborhood of an unoccupied schoolhouse, circulate his prospectus, and obtain subscriptions for a three or four months' school. If the pledges were satisfactory he opened his school and conducted it in his own way. No board of education interfered with him. He was a law unto himself. In most cases the parents had absolutely no guarantee for his moral character or his fitness to teach. The state had a school fund, the interest of which was distributed to such schools as complied with the conditions of the statute. There were, however, no provisions for permanent school districts. Of course, under these circumstances, we could not reasonably expect to receive from the community around us pupils who had made any considerable progress in study. In two or three years the increased reputation of the college began to attract young men more or less advanced in classical study, who wished to acquire a collegiate education.

I now found myself leading a very busy life. From nine o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon I was steadily employed at the institution, which was a mile from my boarding place.

My time out of school was fully occupied in caring

for the general interests of the college and in conducting its correspondence. After Rev. Mr. Ellis returned I became Superintendent of his Sabbath-school, and devoted much of my time to its interests, for Mr. Ellis kept himself and all his co-workers busy. I was frequently invited to preach for him, and having no time to commit my sermons to memory my old troubles returned. I was certainly in no danger of "shocking my audience by the sight of a manuscript," for I had no time to prepare one. I must either preach unwritten sermons or not preach at all. Making the best preparation I could, I would go before the audience with an abstract of the sermon I intended to deliver, but invariably with the same result. I was mortified and often disgusted because I had not carried out the intended line of thought. Many unguarded expressions painful to remember had been uttered, and my discourse seemed to me to have been rambling and illogical. After every such effort I felt I could never again speak extemporaneously. I seemed to be losing the power of close and logical thinking. Apparently others did not so judge, for I was constantly importuned to preach. After resisting as long as possible I invariably consented to try again, with the same result as before.

After a time I was invited to occupy each Sabbath afternoon with an expository lecture on the Sunday-school lesson. In this I found great benefit and relief. The intimate association between the words of the text and the comments I proposed to make held me to the intended line of thought, and I retired at the close of each address with some degree of satisfaction. In these expository discourses I learned to

"think on my legs." If my experience is worth anything, expository preaching, with thorough preparation and a faithful adherence to the spirit and meaning of the sacred text, furnishes the best training for the extemporaneous preacher.

Other grave and unexpected questions began to arrest my attention. When I received my commission from the American Home Missionary Society, strange as it may seem I had absolutely no opinions about church government. I wished to form none, for I entertained almost contempt for the whole subject. Dr. Taylor's very able lectures in respect to it did not produce the slightest impression on my mind. I felt that I must attend to weightier matters, such as preaching the Gospel, and leave the tithing of mint and anise and cummin to those who had more faith in such things. I could not live in Jacksonville in the midst of such scenes of religious conflict without seeing my mistake. Did Jesus intend that His followers should live in such unhappy relations with each other? The whole subject of church organization and church government became invested with the highest religious importance.

When I was ordained by a Congregational council I supposed, as did all my fathers in the ministry, that on reaching my field of labor and presenting my certificate of ordination I should be immediately received into the Presbyterian Church. At my ordination it was not asked whether I accepted the doctrines of the Westminster Confession of faith, nor are candidates for Congregational ordination now asked that question. The simple truth is that at that time I had never read that confession. My

parents who taught me the Shorter Catechism did not treat it as infallible, and gave their own reasons for objecting to some of its doctrines. They regarded the Word of God as the only standard of orthodoxy. They were no theologians; but if the Westminster Confession had been placed before them they would certainly have exercised their right of private judgment in discussing it, as freely as they did in respect to the Shorter Catechism or a published sermon.

I had deemed it unnecessary to study that confession before presenting myself for admission to the Presbytery. At a very early day, however, curiosity led me to examine a copy which accidentally fell into my hands. In the form of church government accompanying the Confession I found substantially the following questions proposed to all candidates for ordination either as ministers or elders: "Do you accept the Confession of Faith and the Catechisms of the Presbyterian Church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?" "Do you approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States?"

Assuming that these questions would be propounded to me whenever I should apply for admission, I felt compelled to examine that Confession of Faith and prepare myself to answer the "constitutional questions" intelligently. I had not pursued the subject far before it became evident that I could not answer in the affirmative without violating my conscience. Mr. Ellis, who was my trusted counselor, bade me fear not, as those questions were never propounded to ministers coming with clean papers from

Congregational bodies. He also said that no person was expected to make those affirmations in such a sense as to imply his belief in every proposition contained in the Confession of Faith and the Catechism. They were to be accepted only "for substance of doctrine." This statement was not altogether novel, but to this day it has never given me any satisfaction. It has always seemed to me an indefensible violation of good faith for a man formally to accept a doctrinal statement which he can only make his own by doing violence to the obvious meaning of some of its phrases.

The declaration that I receive the Westminster Confession of Faith as "containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures" is literally untrue. That some of the doctrines taught in the Scriptures, perhaps most of them, are contained in that confession, would be readily admitted; but certainly all of them are not. For example, the doctrine that under all conditions God will as surely forgive a penitent sinner as a loving father will receive a penitent prodigal son, is most clearly taught in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. Certainly this truth is not recognized in the Confession, and the fact that it is not has been for ages a source of controversy, perplexity and confusion. I was, however, relieved for the time by the information that I should not be called upon to assent to "the constitutional questions."

The reader must not infer from the space here given to ecclesiastical questions that my chief energies at that time were expended upon them. Far from it. Those questions were intimately connected with my work, and suggested great practical problems which

called on every lover of God and men for a solution. But I had no time for connected study and reading upon such themes.

My chief energies must be given to the school. I sought not only to secure satisfactory progress in those branches which my pupils were pursuing, but to excite their curiosity and inspire them with the love of knowledge. I spent considerable time in making choice selections from English literature, which I read to my pupils, thus cultivating their literary tastes and filling their minds with noble thoughts and stimulating imagery. It seemed to be an excellent method with pupils such as mine were. The circumstances were not very inspiring to my own mind, but my zeal for the enterprise called out my best efforts. The Saturday holiday was generally fully occupied in preparing for the Sabbath. Meanwhile we were busily planning for the completion of our building, for which we felt great need. This was accomplished in the early spring. One day I showed my wife a vacant house of hewn logs which occupied the very spot where now stands the principal building of Illinois College, and suggested to her that the serious inconvenience of our present narrow quarters and of living so far from my work might possibly be avoided by repairing the old house and making it our temporary home. The whole aspect of the place was most repulsive, and I did not wonder that for the first time she met a suggestion of hardship with a burst of tears. But she soon recovered her composure and agreed with me that we should really be more comfortable by making the change. We made such improvements as were practicable, and about the middle

of March began housekeeping on College Hill. Our home was very humble, but very happy, and neither of us have ever had an earthly home far from that spot.

In the same month of March the Presbytery of Illinois, then attached to the Synod of Missouri and including all the Presbyterians in Illinois, met at Springfield. I could not leave my work, and Mr. Ellis suggested that I should send my letter and make application for admission. I doubted the propriety of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church without having given assent to the constitutional questions prescribed by that body to all her officials. My friends and associates whose theological views did not differ from my own felt no such difficulty. I must either enter by that door or quit the field and relinquish my enterprise. Finally their view prevailed with me. I sent my letter and became a Presbyterian minister. In May of the same year the General Assembly passed a regulation that ministers coming from Congregational bodies should in future assent to the constitutional questions. So quickly was the door closed by which I had entered.

In our April vacation I visited my friend, Mr. Baldwin, at Vandalia, about eighty miles distant. Leaving Jacksonville after dinner on a little Canadian pony, I passed few human habitations until I reached a log cabin at the head of Apple Creek, twenty miles from home, where I spent the night. It was a "hard place" then, but is now the flourishing and beautiful town of Waverly. The next morning a ride of twenty miles over an utterly uninhabited prairie took me to the head of Macoupin Creek, where I paused to re-

fresh myself and the pony. About twenty miles more over another perfectly wild prairie brought me to Hillsboro. In the middle of that plain a drenching shower accompanied by a high wind struck us directly in the face and my pony in spite of all my efforts turned his head away from the storm, and refused to proceed until the gale had subsided. At the close of the short tempest I rode on to the house of Mr. John Tillson. He, with his beautiful and excellent wife, Christiana Tillson, have ever since held their places among my choicest friends. In that beautiful home the humblest missionary was sure to find himself surrounded by all that is charming in Christian civilization. Often since then their walls have sheltered me and their greeting has cheered me.

The next morning I pursued my journey twenty miles further to Vandalia, where nearly a week was spent with Mr. Baldwin discussing plans for the future. He was boarding in the hospitable family of Hon. James Hall, afterward a resident of Philadelphia, and well known for his graceful and spirited contributions to periodical literature.

Returning, I generally followed my former route, but leaving Apple Creek cabin in the gray morning and following the directions of my host I swept away over the trackless prairie, around the head of Apple Creek and the Mauvaisterre and found no timber until I crossed the last named creek, a mile east of Jacksonville. Far out upon the prairie that morning I discovered at no great distance a large brown wolf of the most dangerous character. He, however, made off without showing any disposition to attack me. Re-

turning from such a journey I found my house of logs a very delightful home.

In the summer term following, the school had so greatly increased in numbers and in the variety of studies pursued that I gladly accepted the offer of a young lawyer by the name of Stone, then spending the season at Jacksonville to assist me. He was an excellent scholar and an amiable and interesting associate.

June came bright and joyous to all the world, and nowhere more so than on College Hill. On the 7th a darling boy came to our arms and hearts, but with him came great anxiety and apprehension. The season was exceptionally stormy and the frequent showers were accompanied by high winds that drove the rain into the crevices between the logs, and drenched the interior until the water ran down upon the floor. My wife took cold, and had a feverish attack, followed by protracted complications which rendered her illness long and critical. I was inexperienced in the care of the sick, and felt by no means competent to minister to the wants of my wife and child. Under those trying circumstances I know not what we should have done had it not been for the kindly assistance of Mrs. Edwards, of whom I have previously spoken, and Mrs. Lockwood, wife of the Hon. Samuel D. Lockwood of the Supreme Court of the state. A sister or a mother could not have been more sympathizing or assiduous. Through the watchful care of these friends, and the kindness of a gracious Providence, health came at last to mother and son and our home was again full of joy.

Justice and affection demand that more should be said of Judge and Mrs. Lockwood. They came to make Jacksonville their home almost immediately after our arrival. It was through the kind offices of Judge Lockwood that the college obtained the beautiful site on which it now stands. He had contemplated building his own house on that spot, but made it a free gift to the college on condition that the institution should be located there. His name deserves most honorable mention, and among the faithful, persistent, and efficient benefactors of Illinois College. He was one of the first to whom Mr. Ellis communicated his project for an institution of learning. When Mr. Ellis proposed to make a tour of observation through the counties of Greene, Morgan and Sangamon, then lying on the northern frontier of the peopled portion of the state and beginning to be rapidly occupied by settlers, Judge Lockwood proposed that his clerk, Thomas Lippincott, afterwards an efficient and beloved minister of the Gospel, should accompany him and furnished a horse and all the funds necessary for the expedition. This tour proved to be of great importance to our future. Many patriotic and Christian men became thereby acquainted with the project and greatly assisted the undertaking.

During the summer and autumn of 1830 much correspondence took place between the trustees already residing in Illinois and those who were still at New Haven, in relation to the selection of a president for the institution. In the autumn Rev. Edward Beecher, then pastor of Park Street church in Boston, was elected to, and accepted, that position. I already knew

him well and had great confidence in him, and my heart rejoiced that the leading responsibility of the institution was soon to pass into the hands of a man so competent, so strong and so devoted.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEEP SNOW.

It was to be yet a year and a half before Mr. Beecher would enter upon the work of instruction. He, however, visited us in December, 1830, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the situation of the enterprise and its needs, and to qualify himself to speak and act for it in the eastern and middle states. Almost immediately after his arrival he was summoned to Vandalia, where the legislature was in session and efforts were in progress to obtain a charter for Illinois College. The opportunity of meeting the lawmakers of the state and learning their views in that early day was not lost, but after weeks of trial the bill was defeated and the hope of obtaining a charter postponed to a time in the indefinite future. The prejudices that defeated it were so absurd that we can hardly realize the potent influence they then possessed. The most prominent argument was the alleged discovery that Presbyterians were planning to gain undue influence in our politics, and were proposing to control the government of the state in the interest of Presbyterianism. There were only a few hundred Presbyterians at that time in the entire state.

Mr. Beecher did not remain at Vandalia till the end of the conflict, but returned during the Christmas holidays to Jacksonville. Simultaneously with the commencement of his journey occurred the historic

"deep snow," and he found himself weather-bound at Hillsboro, but at the hospitable home of our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Tillson. There he met Mr. Charles Holmes, a noble friend and benefactor of Illinois College. He was an unmarried brother of Mrs. Tillson, and resided at Quincy. He was very anxious to return home at once, by way of Jacksonville, but such a journey now seemed impossible. Snow covered the entire country to the depth of at least three feet on the level. The storm ended in rain, which freezing as it fell formed a coat of ice not quite strong enough to bear a man's weight. On the top of this there fell a few inches of fine snow, as light as ashes. When the storm ceased and the bright sun beamed down upon the landscape a fierce northwest wind arose, and for weeks swept over the prairies, filling the air with drifting snow so blinding and choking in its effect that it seemed impossible for a man to make headway against it. It was not like a storm among the hills of New England, where the light snow is presently deposited beyond the reach of the wind. In this level country, with no forests and no fences, there were no sheltered spots, and the drifting continued till the surface was softened by the sun, or till the wind ceased. Both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Holmes were accustomed to the stern winters of New England. The former was reared on Litchfield Hill in my own native county. They were not very likely to be frightened by a snow storm. Mr. Holmes owned a powerful horse, and harnessing him to a temporary sleigh constructed by the joint ingenuity of the two gentlemen, they undertook and accomplished the perilous task of crossing the forty-

mile prairie through that body of snow and in the face of the blizzard.

On arriving Mr. Beecher found us contending with the effects of the storm upon our rude, inadequate log-house. The blast had forced the drifting snow through every crevice and rendered the house utterly untenantable. We were obliged to take shelter for the remainder of the winter in some of the new and imperfectly finished rooms of the college building. Mr. Beecher also occupied one of the rooms and remained with us till March, aiding in the work of instruction whenever his assistance was necessary. One whose life had been spent in southern New England can form little conception of such a winter. It was impossible to break out snow paths in the New England fashion. On driving a team through the snow the track behind it would be almost immediately obliterated by the wind. From College Hill to the village a path was at last obtained only by driving in the same track until the snow was rounded up like a turnpike. The newness of the country greatly increased the hardships of that winter. Our fuel was yet in the forest, and even much of our food supply remained still in the fields covered by the deep snow. The population around us was almost wholly from the south and had no conception of such a winter. They were well nigh paralyzed by the task imposed upon them.

No morning dawned upon us for many days when the thermometer registered less than twelve degrees below zero. For three weeks it scarcely thawed even on the sunny side of the house. The biting wind was incessant. Had our railroads then been in existence

I fear they would have proved for the time useless. The deep cuts would have filled with drifts, and even modern appliances could hardly have kept them open. For nine weeks this snow covered the ground for hun dreds of miles in every direction. What a welcome visitor was returning spring.

As soon as traveling became practicable Mr. Beecher returned to the East, taking with him Mr. Baldwin, for the purpose of raising as large a sum as possible for the college. For several years we were almost entirely dependent for our resources upon friends at a distance. The early settlers of this entire region were poor. Wealthy emigrants from the south crossed the "Free State," as Illinois was then somewhat contemptuously called, and located in Missouri where they could retain their human chattels. Those who had no slaves preferred to settle in Illinois where their labor would not be degraded by the companionship of the enslaved negro. From these settlers little help could be expected in the erection and the equipment of a college. Furthermore, sectarian divisions would have been effectual in depriving us of help from our own community, had the people been far more wealthy. The Presbyterians, from whom alone we could expect co-operation, were but a feeble band. The first of these obstacles time rapidly removed, but the second still hinders the union of the entire community in college building.

Spring came, and with it a great sorrow. Our darling boy suddenly sickened and died in our arms after an illness of but a few hours. Nothing remained for us but to tenderly bury his loved form in a grave surrounded by a little wooden enclosure on the lone

prairie, and go on with our work. My wife's heart was almost broken. She never recovered the full buoyancy of her spirits, though several years of happy married life still remained to us.

By this time we were beginning to feel the early vibrations of that religious earthquake which a few years later divided the Presbyterian Church into two rival bodies of nearly equal strength. That agitation from its commencement exerted a disastrous influence upon our community. One of the principal causes of alienation was the rise and progress of the controversy about Taylorism, or the New Haven Theology. The Presbyterian Church west and south, was composed of two classes of people separated by very marked characteristics. One class was of New England origin. It had been to a great extent brought into the Presbyterian Church under the plan of union between Congregationalists and Presbyterians, negotiated between the General Assembly and the General Association of Connecticut, near the beginning of the present century. The other class was largely of Scotch origin, and adhered very closely to the church of John Knox and the original from which it was copied, the church of John Calvin. These Presbyterians had never been in full sympathy with the "plan of union," and regarded religious ideas imported from New England with peculiar distrust. This suspicion had been greatly intensified by the controversy then in progress in New England. It was perceived that the newly awakened zeal of the East for home evangelization was rapidly swelling the numbers and increasing the influence of the New England party. Active efforts were made to arrest

the progress of these ideas and to strengthen the bands of ecclesiasticism against their encroachment upon the Church.

The American Home Missionary Society, with headquarters in New York City, represented in a measure the movement from New England. The advocates of a stronger ecclesiasticism carried on their home missionary operations through the Assembly's Board of Missions which had its seat in Philadelphia. These two missionary organizations, though both endorsed by the Presbyterian Church, were soon brought into sharp rivalry. There is no doubt that the Assembly's board sharply watched those who were commissioned by the Home Missionary Society, and in certain instances made strenuous efforts to abridge their influence. Nor can it be denied that what was transpiring at Jacksonville was regarded with suspicion at Philadelphia.

The brethren misjudged us. We were not propagandists of Taylorism or of anything else save the Gospel of Christ. We were not seeking to gain an influence in the Presbyterian Church. Our only purpose was to do an earnest and honest work in laying foundations for the kingdom of God. Most of us had then no thought of ever organizing Congregational churches in Illinois. We had no fear that Presbyterians would oppose such plans as ours. On the contrary we took it for granted that we should have their sympathy and help.

Rev. Wm. J. Frazer, who was sent from Philadelphia to a pastorate near us, assumed the duty of watching us and counteracting our errors. He proved to be a very unscrupulous man, as was shown

by his being, a few years later, deposed from the ministry. Is it not wonderful how great an influence for evil a coarse, bad man can exert, when he plays upon ecclesiastical passions and prejudices? We immediately felt a disturbing element in our community. He influenced a few students, and induced them to bring evil reports against us and to misrepresent our actions and teachings. All this was immediately reported at Philadelphia. There were in the state Presbyterian ministers, some of whom were men of influence and popular power, who encouraged him in his efforts to suppress "heresy." Party lines were drawn, and Jacksonville became the bone of contention. Our ecclesiastical position became exceedingly galling and uncomfortable, and our good work was sadly hindered.

In the summer of 1831 I began to find relief from my troubles about preaching topical sermons without a manuscript. That summer Mr. Ellis had obtained the assistance of some of the neighboring ministers in holding a few daily meetings. One afternoon he came to me saying that a sermon must be preached on a certain topic, and that the other clergymen concurred in the request that I should deliver it. I earnestly begged to be excused. I could not bear to read the carefully written discourse I had on the subject. Abstracts had invariably failed to help me. If I looked at my outline I lacked the sympathy of my audience, and soon became confused. If I kept my eye on my audience and neglected my abstract, I wandered from my subject. Finally I determined to try one more experiment. I prepared a brief abstract and left my manuscript at home. In that effort I

somehow discovered the art of preaching from notes. To my great relief I found that I could construct an outline that would perfectly represent to my mind a topical sermon and guide me in its delivery. I afterwards found that I could by a little study recall the suggestions of an outline and preach from it substantially the same sermon I had delivered months or even years before. From that time I think that my discourses from carefully prepared abstracts were more logical than those I had previously written. I once heard Dr. Samuel H. Cox speaking to the theological students at Andover, and answering the objection that unwritten sermons are apt to be verbose and illogical, exclaim with a most characteristic intonation: "The Lord deliver us from extemporaneous written sermons!" Amen!

After that, it was my rule to accept, unless prevented by other engagements, all invitations to preach. My seemingly insurmountable problem was solved, and I have preached much without interfering in the least with my duties as an instructor. If I had plenty of time for preparation I improved it. If I had less it was still possible to make the most of it, and trusting to the stimulus of the truth, the presence of an audience and the promised help of the Holy Spirit, to preach as best I could.

My enlargement as a preacher had, however, another cause which ought to be mentioned. During these years the method of my religious thinking was undergoing a very important change. At first I viewed religious questions chiefly from the theological standpoint. I was trying to preach the theology learned at school. I soon began to see that the tech-

nical dress of thought is not that which is best fitted to influence the majority of listeners. If we would convince the people we must present the truth not in the abstract, but in those concrete forms through which the intercourse of the world is chiefly carried on. I remember having said to my wife at dinner, in the early days of our married life, when she and I composed the entire dinner party, "One thing I am resolved to do in preaching, whatever else I may fail in; I will translate whatever religious ideas I possess from the technical terms of the schools into the popular language of everyday life."

During all these months, in spite of bitter and groundless attacks, the school made steady progress in the number and quality of its pupils. In our immediate vicinity the number who sympathized with Mr. Frazer constantly diminished. Our unaggressive efforts to found a college and to preach the simple gospel of repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, gave little advantage to our enemies where we were known. Of course we could not prevent injury being done to the good cause by one who was capable of sowing the seeds of suspicion and distrust among those who were in a large measure ignorant of us and of our work. No doubt these misrepresentations did considerable harm, and aided in driving the wedge that finally produced a division in the Presbyterian Church.

It seems my duty to record another incident that strikingly illustrates the condition of ecclesiastical affairs around us, although I am not certain of the year of its occurrence. The anniversaries of certain religious societies in which Presbyterians co-operated

were held in Vandalia in December, and during the sessions of the Supreme Court and the Legislature. Many leading ministers of this denomination participated. On the occasion in question the delegates had been invited to a dinner-party just outside the city limits. While walking thither an able and respected defender of strict ecclesiasticism surprised me by saying in the hearing of others: "Brother Sturtevant, I have a proposition to make by which it seems to me we can all work together in harmony. It is that you and your friends should co-operate with us through the Assembly's Board of Missions in drawing the pastors of our churches and our home missionaries as far as may be from the west and south, and in return, we will co-operate with your college." The proposition shocked me exceedingly. I felt it to be a personal insult to suppose me capable of entertaining it for a moment. I replied in substance that if our college were good and worthy he could not afford to oppose it; if it were bad and unworthy its character and influence would not be improved by the agreement which he proposed. Of course, the chasm between us was widened. Was it my fault? I knew not how to conciliate men who asked and expected me to act on such principles.

Such experiences convinced me that the Presbyterian Church was then composed of incongruous and incompatible elements which could not co-exist under such a constitution without unceasing strife. I found it impossible in the midst of such conflicting elements to live a life of tranquil consecration to my work. Our efforts to build up an institution of learning were greatly obstructed and embarrassed. I

felt that freedom from my ecclesiastical connection would be far preferable to the relations in which we stood. My friends, Beecher and Baldwin, recognized with me the great disadvantages of our position, but advised patient waiting for the relief that was sure to come in the disruption of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Beecher once ventured the remark that we could construct from the fragment of the Presbyterian Church then known as "New School" an ecclesiastical system far better than either Presbyterianism or the Congregationalism of New England. I urged that no change in the organization of either branch was likely to follow their separation, as then each party would be more zealous than ever in its adherence to the old constitution, and since each would be anxious to be considered the true Presbyterian Church. Perhaps no immediate deliverence from our troubles was at that time possible. Being the youngest of our fraternity, I could only submit to the policy of bearing "the ills we have" in hope of providential deliverance in the near future.

I cannot leave this painful subject without pointing out one disastrous result of these ecclesiastical and sectarian conflicts which continues to this day. Public opinion in this region was then almost unanimous in favor of intrusting the higher education to institutions established and controlled by religious people, rather than to those founded and governed by the state, or by any other political body. In this respect, the principle upon which our institution was based met almost universal approbation. Had the Christian people of Illinois then united to sustain it, or any other college established on like principles,

they could easily have given it so much of strength and public confidence that it would have been above the competition of all non-Christian institutions. It was, then, these ecclesiastical and sectarian rivalries which prevented the religious part of the community from aquiring a controlling influence on the higher education. After a time intelligent and patriotic men, seeing the denominations entirely incapable of uniting for a great undertaking and even weakened by internal dissensions, began to despair of colleges founded on the voluntary principle, and to turn toward the state as the only hope for great and well-equipped seats of learning. We still look to our Christian colleges for an expression of those moral and religious convictions in which many churches agree. It is a great misfortune that an opportunity was lost and faith in the voluntary principle even temporarily weakened. It was these divisions, and not any defect in our religion, which left us like Samson shorn of his strength.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENLARGEMENTS.

The mission of Mr. Beecher and Mr. Baldwin to the east in the spring of 1831 for procuring an enlargement of the resources of the College was quite succesful. It is probably impossible to ascertain now how large an amount was actually brought into the college treasury. Large subscriptions were obtained that were to be paid in annual installments, but before the time for payment arrived commercial disaster overtook many of the subscribers, and our losses in consequence were large. The funds collected however, seemed, to justify the trustees in reorganizing the institution in the spring of 1833 on a consid erably enlarged scale. The distinction between the college proper and the preparatory department was clearly defined. Four classes were formed, and as many departments of instruction were provided for. The department of Mental, Moral and Social Philosophy was assigned to President Beecher; that of Latin and Greek to Prof. Truman M. Post, now Rev. Dr. Post of St. Louis; that of Rhetoric and Oratory to Prof. Jonathan B. Turner; and the department of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy to myself.

In the previous year a large building had been commenced, 104 feet long, 40 feet wide, and four stories high, with a basement for a boarding establishment.

It had also two wings, each two stories high, designed to be occupied by President Beecher and myself, with our families. The situation of the college, a full mile from the village, rendered these additional accommodations a necessity. Unfortunately the building was poorly planned and imperfectly built. Good material at that time was very scarce, and it would have been difficult for any one to build well. But I keenly felt that had I possessed more experience it might have been somewhat better than it was. It was not an ornament to the beautiful site. a fact that occasioned much sorrow in after years. Every room was however speedily occupied. As many students as could be accommodated within a convenient distance applied for admission, but they were very diverse in their attainments and aims. Far less than half were fitted to enter any of the college classes The rest were provided for in the preparatory department, some ultimately to enter college, and others to pursue the various branches of a purely English education. One teacher was constantly engaged in this preparatory and miscellaneous department. The president and the professors also bestowed upon it, in addition to the onerous duties of their own departments, much labor.

The instructors were all religious men, and thus far all of New England birth and education. This would certainly have been inexpedient had it not been unavoidable. The case reminds me of a correspodence between the Rev John M. Peck, a distinguished and very able Baptist missionary in this state, and myself. Mr. Peck wrote suggesting the possibility of the Baptists endowing a

department of instruction in the college, provided they could retain the right to designate the incumbent. I replied, warmly approving of his proposition and added that if the imcumbent should be a western or a southern man it would be all the better. Mr. Peck thanked me for the fraternal spirit of my letter, but reminded me that, "the West and South produced the raw material, and were not yet manufacturing regions." That was exactly the condition of that part of the country, yet it annoyed many of the people around us that all the professors were "Yankees."

It was deemed important by all the teachers, that some method should be devised whereby the Sabbath should be used by the students as a day of religious instruction and culture. The young men represented all classes, and various religious opinions, and we had no wish to introduce among them influences of a sectarian character. We earnestly desired to teach them the great universal truths of Christian faith and morality. I see nothing to regret but much to rejoice over, as I now review the position then assumed by the instructors in relation to the religious training of our students. The time will never come when teachers will not be under sacred obligations to provide for the moral and religious training of their pupils. Religion and morality are and ever must be fundamental in the formation of character, and cannot be dispensed with in the formative period of life. The churches of the town were so remote that it seemed necessary to provide some religious instruction in our chapel on the Sabbath, but the college resources were inadequate to pay for the services of a special instructor. Therefore Mr. Beecher and I

consented to preach alternately morning and afternoon each Sabbath, and for many successive years this arrangement was continued. It is delightful to remember that the fraternal co-operation of President Beecher and myself in that labor of love was never disturbed by the slightest jar. Great blessings came to the students through those services. Many were won to Christ and a religious life, not a few of whom devoted themselves in the various denominations to the Christian ministry. Those labors, though severe, were richly rewarded, for in spite of conflict and confusion without, the college was a scene of tranquil, earnest religious life.

The organization of the Congregational church in Jacksonville brought to me some perplexing problems. As early as 1832 it became very apparent that I was not alone in my dissatisfaction with the Presbyterian Church in its then agitated condition. It seemed to lack the essentials of a spiritual home for persons of New England birth and training. Others beside myself were inclined to suspect that the agitations were largely due to the constitution of that church. The controversy about the "New Haven theology" had originated in New England, and might reasonably have been expected to produce there its most disasterous results. Yet it had there expended its utmost force without manifesting any tendency to disrupt religious society. But as soon as the agitation crossed the Hudson and extended itself in the domain of the Presbyterian Church it began to threaten a great division. Immigrants from New England expecting to unite promptly with the Presbyterian Church hesitated in the presence of so much strife. As I

have already said, I came to this state with no definite opinions about church government, but the experience of the first three years had compelled me to reflect, with painful earnestness and deep solicitude, upon the foundations of the church. The more I thought upon the matter the more evident it seemed to me that the divided condition of our religious community was the result of man's assumption of authority over the Church, for which the New Testament gave no warrant whatsoever. At first I knew so little of the subject that I had no idea whither these principles might lead me. I was so strongly repelled by all rigid and complicated systems of church government that I feared for a time lest my new convictions should ultimately exclude me from all existing forms of church organization. I was in a horror of great darkness lest my conscience should compel me to stand alone. But words cannot express my surprise and delight when further study showed me that the simple forms which seemed to me wholly Scriptural and practical were really identical with those already described in the teachings of our Congregational fathers.

It was natural that I should talk much on this subject with intimate friends. I saw Mr. Baldwin only occasionally, and believe that at that time he regarded the matter as one of little practical importance. But in our daily intercourse Mr. Beecher and myself discussed all questions with the utmost freedom. He deemed the Congregational system of church government theoretically sound, but thought its introduction into the valley of the Mississippi at that time impracticable and undesirable. He told me that he had ex-

pressed the opinion in New England that independency of the local church was an element of the millennium, and that he regarded the time not yet ripe for its introduction among us. It would occasion a division in the already feeble ranks co-operating with us which would leave him utterly discouraged about the work which he had undertaken. I keenly felt the force of his view. But neither of us could prevent the division which he deprecated.

Some time during that winter Elihu Wolcott and Dr. M. M. L. Reed requested a private interview with Mr. Beecher and myself, and we appointed an evening to receive them. Their object was to inform us that thirty or forty residents of the town had resolved to organize a Congregational church, and to invite us to unite in the organization. Mr. Beecher listened but uttered not a word of sympathy with Congregationalism. He expressed his conviction that the attempt to establish a Congregational church in Jacksonville at that time would result only in weakness and disaster, and kindly entreated them to desist from their purpose. I assured the gentlemen of my growing attachment to the principles of Congregationalism, and my belief that the time for the organization of such a church in our town was not many years distant, yet I joined with Mr. Beecher in deprecating immediate action. It was obvious that a sanctuary in which all, whether of Presbyterian or Congregational affinities, might assemble for worship had become an urgent necessity to the Christian cause. Subscriptions were already in circulation to secure such a building, and a site had been selected. I earnestly urged them to remain with the Presbyterian church and assist in

meeting this great present want of the community. I expressed the opinion that the rapid growth of the church would soon justify the formation of a second church, which could be made Congregational, and that thus their purpose could be accomplished without serious loss to the Master's cause. I assured them that I would then unite with them in the organization. At the close of the interview they again assured us that their object had not been to consult us with reference to the propriety of the step they were about to take, but to invite us to go with them, and that the organization would none the less be effected without us.

In reviewing the conversation of that evening in the light of the present, it seems to me very difficult to decide with certainty what really was the path of wisdom. It then seemed to me a duty to define the ground of principle on which I stood. I saw, or thought I saw, the necessity of introducing among the religious discords of that community the Congregational conception of the church. I hold now that the more intense sectarian divisions become, the greater the need of introducing that true element of order. My faith in "denominational comity in home missions" is not unlimited. Denominational rivalries sometimes reach a point where Congregationalism alone can afford even temporary relief.

The fact that Jacksonville had more churches than were needed was no proof that a Congregational church was not an urgent necessity. It has seemed to me ever since that if all the New Haven Association could have been induced to retrace their steps and stand firmly on Congregational principles, the

history of the college and of the great enterprise of evangelization with which it was connected might have been more tranquil and more prosperous. But it is unlikely that any human influence could have united us in such a policy. Besides, we should have lost the countenance and support of the American Home Missionary Society, as such a step would have shocked and utterly alienated our New England friends and supporters.

The leading minds in the New England churches at that time fully believed in the plan of union, and accepted the fruits which it was producing. They consented to the limitation of Congregationalism to New England, and surrendered with little regret the vast territory west and south of the Hudson to Presbyterianism. They would have rebuked our rashness and withdrawn their confidence. It still seems to me that if the brave band of laymen who formed the Congregational church at Jacksonville could have been induced to wait for a more propitious time it would have been better, but on that point I am not positive. Perhaps, since I could not repress my convictions or by any means avoid some obloquy from their expression, it would have been better to have attached myself at once to the unpopular cause. Let the righteous judge. The wide divergence of opinion on this particular subject never in the least disturbed the kindly intimacy between Mr. Beecher and myself. His position, however, gave great satisfaction to that party in the Presbyterian Church who had hitherto coöperated with us, while my own created a certain measure of suspicion and distrust.

It would be difficult now for one not familiar with

the details of the struggle to form any conception of the intense hostility by the New School party in the Presbyterian Church toward the spread of Congregationalism west of the Hudson. They regarded New England immigration as the chief means by which their numbers and influence in the church were to be augmented and considered the organization of Congregational churches a violation of good faith. They held that the compact between the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the General Association of Connecticut was a solemn league and covenant between competent powers, whereby New England was permanently guaranteed to Congregationalism, and the whole region west, "even to the going down of the sun," was consecrated to Presbyterianism. They failed to see that the subjection of Congregational churches or individuals to such a compact made by others was a denial of the fundamental principle upon which Congregational church government is founded. Under these circumstances the position which I felt it my duty to assume was exceedingly uncomfortable and undesirable.

Events shortly occurred which tended to confirm the Congregationalists in their course, and at the same time to enlist the public sympathy in behalf of the professors in Illinois College. Early in the year 1833 Mr. Frazer manifested a determination to push matters to an extremity. He preferred before the Presbytery charges of heresy againt President Beecher, Rev. Wm. Kirby, then a teacher in Illinois College, and myself. In the early spring we were placed on trial before the Presbytery assembled at Jacksonville. When a trial for heresy was added to all the

other elements of unrest then existing among us, I felt that I was indeed navigating a stormy sea, but I did not fear the result. I felt assured that if Mr. Frazer should succeed in ejecting us from the Presbyterian Church, New England would sustain us, and that our work would be helped rather than hindered by the change. But the trial itself was a great annoyance to me. It shocked my tastes and humiliated and disgusted me. President Beecher was first arraigned. He listened to the charges, plead "Not guilty," and in a calm, scholarly, courteous and Christian manner, offered his defense.

As we were walking home together that evening, I told the president that his plea was excellent, but under the circumstances I should pursue a somewhat different course; that the community needed to discover how bad a man our prosecutor was, and that I thought it right to induce him to show his real character.

The next morning I was arraigned before the Ecclesiastical Court; a "Court of Jesus Christ," as it was solemnly affirmed to be. I refused to admit that any human tribunal had a right to try me for my religious opinions. I told them that the charge was two-fold, "that I held doctrines contrary to the standards of the Presbyterian Church," and "doctrines contrary to the Word of God." To the former I declined to make any plea whatever. I acknowledged that I had never formed my opinions with reference to the standard of the Presbyterian Church, and that I never would. I stated that I had never given my assent to those standards, and that I did not intend to do so. Whether I was constitutionally a minister

of the Presbyterian Church or not, I left it for them to decide, I myself having nothing to say on the subject.

As to the charge that I taught doctrines contrary to the Word of God, I plead "Not guilty," and proceeded to defend myself, and did not hesitate to make my defense convey a pointed criticism upon the theology of my prosecutor. I did him no injustice, but before I had spoken long he broke out, as I expected he would, in a storm of angry passion which so revealed his own character and spirit as to render a long defense on my part unnecessary.

Mr. Kirby followed briefly, and we then submitted our case. The Presbytery, by a large majority, voted us "Not guilty."

From the known composition of that body we felt it could not have been otherwise. Our prosecutor immediately gave notice of an appeal to the Synod, which did not however meet till the following October. When in due time this body assembled Mr. Beecher and myself were absent, both unfortunately having been detained because I was prostrated by an attack of intermittent fever while we were traveling by stage from Louisville to St. Louis. For reasons never explained to me the case was not prosecuted before the Synod. Had it been, it is probable the decision would have been against us, and that we should have been under the necessity of defending ourselves before the General Assembly. Though Mr. Frazer continued to enjoy the favor of his party for some time longer, he seemed after that trial to have lost his power to disturb and annoy Illinois College.

CHAPTER XIV.

OTHER EVENTS IN 1833-34.

Just at the close of the year 1832, the apartments in the new building which had been appropriated for the use of myself and family were finished, and we took possession. For nearly twenty years afterward they were our home—a home of many joys, and, alas! of some great sorrows.

Early in the summer of 1833 Jacksonville was visited by the cholera. After the first fatal case the disease spread with alarming rapidity. In the twilight of the same day on which we had heard that the terrible scourge had reached our town, my wife and I were returning from a ride, when we were informed that the family of Rev. J. M. Ellis had been attacked, that Mrs. Ellis was already dead and that the oldest child was in the final stage of the malady. The next morning we buried mother and son in the same grave, and within forty-eight hours the remaining child and a niece of Mrs. Ellis were also among the dead. It was many days before the sad intelligence reached the husband and father, who was in Indiana whither he was preparing to remove.

Before this terrible calamity the school taught by Mrs. Ellis had given place to the female academy of which Miss Sarah Crocker was principal. We brought Miss Crocker, who had been with Mrs. Ellis and who was already suffering with alarming premon-

itory symtoms, to our own house. By prompt medical attention she escaped, and was soon afterward able to go to New England. For six weeks the pestilence raged around us. Most of those who could do so fled from the town, and in a few days not more than four or five hundred people remained. Of these more than one in every ten fell a victim to the disease. The Presbyterian pulpit was at that time supplied by Rev. Lucian Farnham, a young minister from Andover, who had joined the Association of Theological Students at New Haven and had come west with his wife, an esteemed acquaintance of Mrs. Sturtevant and myself. One of the last victims of the pestilence was Mrs. Farnham. President Beecher and myself performed the sad funeral services, and with our wives followed her remains to the grave. A few hours afterward both our wives were attacked. But the pestilence seemed to have spent its energy, and, though both were very ill they speedily recovered. It seems remarkable that, though prevailing arouud us on several occasions, cholera has never again been epidemic in Jacksonville.

I must add one more sad incident to those already mentioned. Dr. Aldis S. Allen, and his estimable wife, Eliza Weeks, a native of Jamica, Long Island, arrived from Bridgeport, Conn. just at the outbreak of the disease. Dr. Allen was a Yale graduate of the class of 1827 and was known to President Beecher, James Berdan Esq. and myself, but he was stricken down with the epidemic before he had time to make his arrival known to any of us. Mr. Berdan and his friend and roommate, Pierre Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving, and since then his biographer,

first discovered Dr. Allen and sent word of his alarming condition to President Beecher and myself. We found him in the collapsed stage of the disease and evidently near his end. In spite of our best efforts he died in a few hours and was laid in the college burying ground. His bereaved wife remained with Mr. Beecher's family and mine until she could find an opportunity to return to her friends in the East. Her sister was the wife of Rev. John Blatchford, D. D., who soon afterward became well known here and who was subsequently pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. Our long and happy acquaintance with the Blatchford family began with this sad incident.

When the pestilence had passed and those of the community who had been returned to their usual vocations, President Beecher and myself visited Cincinnati for the purpose of attending a teachers' convention. By this time the facilities for travel were greatly improved and we made the journey mostly by stage, taking the daily line from Jacksonville to St. Louis, and thence riding day and night across Southern Illinois and Indiana, to Louisville. Thence we traveled by boat to Cincinnati. The week spent there in the hospitable family of Dr. Lyman Beecher was a wonderful rest after the cares, anxieties and sorrows of the previous months.

The sessions of the convention were very interesting, and it was a great pleasure to exchange views with the noble men and women there assembled. Here I first became acquainted with Harriet Beecher who was then about twenty-one years of age. She was not beautiful, but possessed attractions with

which no mere beauty could have invested her. She seemed quite unconscious of her rare gifts, yet her ordinary conversation sparkled with gems such as genius alone can produce. The impression I then formed of her dramatic power was scarcely exceeded by that which was afterwards produced upon me by her brilliant story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I could not then afford the long and expensive journey to the home of my parents at Tallmadge, yet I have ever since regretted that limited resources and the demands of my work prevented me from doing so, for in the following November my dear mother died. It was during our stage ride home, that President Beecher and myself were detained by the attack of intermittent fever, mentioned elsewhere. We reached home just in time for Mr. Beecher's inauguration as president of the College, which was to us all a most joyful occasion.

Very soon after this important event the Congregational church of Jacksonville was organized. Its founders were moved in their action by a deliberate conviction of duty, and were influenced by such considerations as the following:

They distrusted the Presbyterian Church because of its distracted condition and suspected that its division were in part the result of its very constitution. This suspicion might have been confirmed had they known the history of Presbyterianism, especially in Scotland. It was also doubtless strengthened in their minds by the recent ecclesiastical trial.

They felt, and I certainly concurred with them, that the sect system often placed Christian people in false and mischievous relations to each other. Seek-

ing a remedy for this intolerable evil, they found none save in such a constitution of the Church as would recognize no condition of Christian fellowship except Christian character. This led them logically and irresistibly to Congregationalism. Other organizations might welcome all without questions or pledges, but they exacted conformity to their view of an ordinance, or demanded from their teachers the acceptance of a formula of belief which was not from God. The constitution adopted by the Church at its organization and still remaining in force contains these among other articles:—

Article III. Candidates for admission to this church shall have liberty of conscience as to the mode and subjects of baptism, and no qualification shall be required as a condition of membership but credible evidence of Christian character.

Article IV. This church regards divisions and contentions among professing Christians as unsanctioned by the Word of God, and injurious to the cause of true religion; and it enjoins upon all its members to watch against in themselves, and discountenance in others, all sectarian and party feelings and prejudices, avoid as far as possible religious controversy, and endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Their organization did not mean to them the organization of a new sect in Jacksonville, but the emphatic assertion of a principle which carried out would put an end to our divisions.

They probably saw with more or less distinctness another reason for their organization which had to me great force. It was the wrong of enforcing the acceptance of such a creed as that of the Presbyterian Church by ecclesiastical censures and penalties. If any one replies to this that the creed is imposed only "for substance of doctrine," I reply that the qualify-

ing phrase surely cannot make the act of subscription mean less than a declaration that the creed is an eminently felicitous statement of Christian doctrine. How many of us are prepared to accept the standards even in that sense?

Surrounded as we then were by sectarian controversy, it was most unfortunate that we should be required to defend not our real opinions but the "ipsissima verba" of standards which contained what we felt to be unfortunate statements of the truth. When our shrewd adversaries attacked the creed which we were supposed to have endorsed, we could not deny that we fully accepted it or use the better statements of later students without seeming to deserve the imputation of insincerity and double dealing. He who publicly commits himself to a form of words which he does not in his heart believe, wrongs himself and the community in which he seeks to exert an influence. History demonstrates the utter futilily of any attempt to hold men to a system of belief by requiring their assent to a verbal statement. Few errors can be more harmful than the insincerity involved in a solemn utterance made with a mental reservation. The living children of God will certainly in time outgrow the most careful statement, and your creed will remain a monument to the vain effort of the past to impose its thinking upon the future. Our only guarantee for the permancy of our opinions is their truth.

Providence gave me a much nearer relation to the organization of the Congregational church of Jacksonville than I had intended to assume. Rev. Asa Turner, pastor of the newly organized Congregational church at Quincy, who had been relied upon to pre-

side and preach the sermon on that occasion, sent word a few days before that he could not be present. Rev. Wm. Carter, a licentiate and a member of our Yale Association who had just arrived from Connecticut, consented to preach the sermon. The organization was to take place on the Sabbath. On the Friday evening previous, as a last resort, application was made to me to take part in the service, and receive the members of the new organization into covenant relations as a church—a service which was regarded as belonging only to an ordained minister. Knowing the disfavor such an act would meet from those who had sent me to Illinois, and the displeasure it would cause in many whose sympathy and help the college sorely needed, I regarded the invitation as very unfortunate. I took twenty-four hours for consideration, and sought counsel of Him in whom alone I could hope to find wisdom. On Saturday evening I consented to comply with their request. The novelty of the occasion had drawn together a congregation that completely filled the Methodist Episcopal church, the largest house of worship in town, kindly loaned for the occasion. After an excellent sermon I began the formal service of organization by saying that some might think it strange that a minister of another denomination should officiate at the organization of a Congregational church. I stated that I had two reasons for doing so:—first, that it was my custom to unite with any Christian body in appropriate acts of worship, and I saw no reason why the present occasion should be an exception; second, that I cordially approved of the principles of church government which these brethren were

about to adopt. I thought it an excellent opportunity to declare my independence and assert my convictions, and though there were, as I foresaw, some painful consequences, I have never regretted it.

At that time the church of Jacksonville had no nearer neighbors than eastern Ohio, except the four churches at Princeton, Mendon, Quincy, and Naperville, all but the first organized during the year.

Nor had we then any reason to expect that other churches of this denomination would be soon organized in that region. Those three churches were the first evidence of open revolt against the operation of the "Plan of Union." At the time of which I write most of the Congregational churches in New Jersey, north-eastern Pennsylvania, northern Ohio, and Long Island were under the guardianship of the General Assembly and were rapidly becoming absorbed in the Presbyterian body. Had not some stand been made against this movement Congregationalism would soon have become extinct in all parts of the United States except New England. From the Congregational Year-Book of 1885, it appears that there are in New England 1,481 Congregational churches, and west and south of the Hudson 2,602. Within fifty years a greater number of Congregational churches have been established in the west and south than ever existed in New England. It should also be stated here, with emphasis, that the reason why our fathers had consented to limit Congregationalism to the East was the fact that they had lost sight of the fundamentally anti-sectarian principles of their system. They unwisely consented not

to propagate it westward in order to restrict the number of sects in that great region, when they should have remembered and enforced the broad scriptural rule of Christian fellowship wherever they establish their homes, and held it sacred as the only solvent by which all Christian sects can become one in Christ Jesus The Congregationalism of to-day is not half conscious of this, its only right to be.

Until our denomination can become more fully aware of its mission its progress will be slow. Unless it adheres to its one great function; that of uniting men in the Gospel which teaches "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and puts no other yoke upon their necks; it will ultimately be absorbed into the great religious bodies bound together by the strong but unscriptural bands of ecclesiastical authority.

In the spring of 1834 it was deemed expedient that I should go east, principally to look after the collection of funds previously subscribed. The journey afforded my wife an opportunity to revisit the home of her youth, and allowed me to pursue some studies in my own department of instruction. On the way we were delayed over a Sabbath in St. Louis, where we were again the recipients of most delightful Christian hospitality. I preached twice in the First Presbyterian church, and once in the newly organized Second church, Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, pastor, afterward the well known Dr. Hatfield of New York, long the genial Clerk of the General Assembly.

Various events delayed our return till the following spring. The year had proved very valuable to me. It gave me opportunity for intercouse with

many cultivated minds, and greatly broadened my mental vision. No man can think safely unless he understands the thought of his day and generation.

Although eastern people naturally cared little for events occurring at a place so remote and obscure as Jacksonville, I soon found that my action in helping to organize the Congregational church had not been overlooked by the Home Missionary Society. Calling early at the New York office, my heart full of joy in the hope of a pleasant interview with the officers, I received a very fraternal welcome from the secretary, Rev. Dr. Peters and his assistant, Rev. Chas. Fall. But the former soon began to call me to account for the countenance I had been giving to Congregationalism in Illinois. I was astonished to find that neither a straight-forward narration of the circumstances, nor any other vindication I could offer availed to allay his displeasure. In the presence of one so much my superior in age and reputation I was overawed and silent as he proceeded to administer the rebuke which he deemed the case required. Deeply distressed and almost heart-broken, I left the office. It seemed to me that I must abandon my field of labor. At last, however, after days of mental darkness, while sitting alone reviewing the whole subject and seeking devoutly for wisdom from on high, I seemed to find relief when lifting my hand I brought it down with a forcible gesture, exclaiming, "I can not do otherwise, so help me God." I dismissed the painful conversation from my mind and did not report it and it never troubled me again, and never disturbed my kindly relations with Mr. Peters. This was by no means the only incident in which I found that my

conduct in that matter was disapproved by men whom I honored and revered.

After the meeting of the General Association of Connecticut that year, I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. Wisner, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, we having met in the stage and traveled together from Hartford to Boston. That was a day of delightful sunshine, not less within than without our conveyance. The overflow of his great soul in uttering high and noble Christian thoughts, his loving sympathy with all the wants of humanity, his keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and his brilliant wit and sparkling humor, made the entire journey a great delight. His life was to irradiate earth but for a brief space. Though already in the middle of life he died suddenly the next winter with scarlet fever.

I visited Amherst, Mass., during the following winter for the purpose of examining the new philosophical apparatus which the college had just received. When the stage stopped in the early morning twilight at Hartford, Dr. Joel Hawes of the Center Church took his seat beside me, and I soon learned with great satisfaction that we had the same destination. While a student in college I frequently heard him preach, and greatly admired his vigorous style. I had recently been strongly impressed by reading his tribute to the memory of the Pilgrims. My hope was that I should now obtain much light on that subject. Leading the conversation in that direction, I soon succeeded in opening a fountain of delightful thought and feeling. He hardly knew the condition

of the soil on which he was sowing broadcast with a liberal hand.

He greatly confirmed me that day in my determination to adhere to the broad principles of Congregational fellowship. At one point in the conversation he exclaimed with a very significant and characteristic gesture, "I tell you, sir, there is no power in the Church of Christ but the power of truth and love." Those words I shall never forget. God grant that I and my children and my children's children may adhere to them forever!

At Amherst I met a most interesting literary circle. It included among others Professor, afterward President Hitchcock, Prof. Snell, Miss Mary Lyon and her friend and associate, Miss Caldwell, since well known as Mrs. John P. Cowles of Ipswich, Mass. The ladies were at that time much absorbed in founding the Holyoke Seminary. Both of them were sprightly and vivacious conversationalists. Miss Lyon impressed me as a remarkable woman. She had thought on many subjects and on all of them her thinking was fresh and suggestive. She had, however, one fault, shared almost equally with another woman for whom I had an equal admiration, Miss Catherine E. Beecher. This common fault was that in the earnestness with which they would pursue an argument when the conversation had become spirited and controversial, they led me to forget that I was conversing with a woman, and tempted me to forget that courtesy ever due to the sex. I have no knowledge of having given offense to either, but I reproached myself more than once on their account.

Words cannot express the pleasure I experienced

that season in the natural scenery of New England. Its hills and valleys, its clear brooks running over their pebbly bottoms, its bays and rivers, the magnificent prospect revealed on every hand by the inequalities of its surface, its villages lovely in their neatness even when architectural adornment was wanting, were in striking contrast with the monotonous levels, the turbid rivers, the muddy brooks and the unfinished towns of the region where I had spent the previous five years. Time and travel have taught me how to appreciate my Western home. Landscape gardening, especially the judicious use of trees, can make any country beautiful; and our prairie soil is unequalled for the growth of trees. Many of the most admired portions of England do not surpass our Illinois home in natural advantages.

We returned to Jacksonville the following spring, thoroughly invigorated and much instructed and enjoyed with a keen relish our hearty welcome home.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEGRO.

To those who have reflected little on the subject, it may seem strange that the "negro question" should bear any important relation to an enterprise that proposed only to preach the Gospel and to found a college in a state from which slavery was excluded and where very few colored people were to be found. Its bearing on our enterprise would be obvious to any one familiar with the relation which negro slavery has sustained to American freedom and civilization. We could not possibly have escaped our share in the conflict. Of all assaults upon our enterprise, the most unavoidable, the most violent, and the most protracted, concerned this subject. This was not because I and my associates gave ourselves at the beginning especially to the cause of emancipation. We did, however, recognize the obligation to face that and every other moral and social question, and to give our votes and personal influence on the side of truth and righteousness. If the advocates and supporters of slavery had allowed us to do this we should have pursued our work without molestation or hindrance. This neither we nor any other friends of freedom were permitted to do. Hence the force of the storm beat upon us just in proportion to the conspicuousness of our position and the weight which men attached to our influence. That a certain degree of animosity existed

from the first between the people of the South and those of New England, admits of no denial. The root of this antipathy seems to extend back to the times of the conflicts between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads in old England. If, however, this antipathy had not been intensified by a difference in the institutions of these two portions of our country, it would have produced no serious consequences, and in the course of a few generations would have entirely disappeared. Unfortunately, the system of slavery which was early introduced in the South and, being favored by the climate and by the hereditary ideas of the people, rapidly extended itself there, while it gradually died out in New England, produced such a difference of institutions as would naturally perpetuate and increase the unfriendly feeling.

The population of Illinois in 1830 was very largely of Southern origin, and its attitude towards this subject was quite peculiar. Many Southern emigrants had chosen this state for a home because slavery was not tolerated here. They were poor and wished to find a spot where their labor would not be degraded by contact with the negro either in freedom or slavery. They wished to live in a free state, but were determined not to labor with emancipated negroes as their equals before the law. They hated the aristocratic slaveholders, the free negro, and above all persons who were suspected of favoring emancipation. Nowhere did the idea of freeing the slaves and permitting them to dwell as equals among the whites excite more violent opposition than in southern Illinois.

The existence of slave-holding States on the southern and much of the western border, separated from

us only by great rivers also greatly excited the passions of the pro-slavery party. St Louis, then the only mart of extreme western commerce, was the intensely heated focus of hostility to Abolitionism. Every hint of a popular movement, every newspaper paragraph looking toward emancipation, aroused intense indignation and created strong suspicion against all believed to possess northern sympathies. It is not difficult to perceive that this wretched state of affairs greatly retarded educational progress in general and our college in particular.

The beginning of the anti-slavery agitation as led by Mr. Garrison very nearly coincided in time with the beginning of our work in this state. From the first there was in our institution itself a tendency toward a manly denunciation of slavery. Among our students were a number of young men of marked talent and promise from Bond County. Several came from Ripley, Ohio; a community whose earley anti-slavery history was exceptional. Others were reared in eastern Tennessee within the limits appropriated to slavery, yet so isolated among the mountains that they never had become pro-slavery. It was certain therefore that strong utterances in behalf of emancipation would meet a hearty response in the college itself. All material necessary for the "irrepressible conflict" were present with us; intense opposition to slavery within the institution, and intense sympathy with it outside.

No one could have had a greater love for equal rights than myself, for anti-slavery sentiments had come down to me from honored ancestors. But up to the period of which I am speaking my opinions on

the subject differed little from those generally entertained in the northern states. I was opposed to slavery, but had not thought of an effort to abolish it in the United States as a practical undertaking. It seemed to me and to others around me an intolerable evil fastened upon us by our past history, but one which admitted of no immediate remedy. Our fathers had so framed the Constitution of the United States as to permit its continuance, and I found no provision granting the right to abolish it. As soon as Lloyd Garrison and his co-laborers began to denounce slavery as a sin against God which ought to be put away by instantaneous repentance I admitted its sinfulness, and as a patriot trembled in view of the righteous vengeance of God in consequence of it, but these denunciations seemed to me barren of any practical results. How could the nation be brought to repentance? The president and his cabinet could not abolish slavery. The courts had no power for its removal; Congress could not do it. The agitation which produced so much distress proposed nothing practical.

I by no means affirm that these agitators never presented practical issues. In many cases they certainly did. When Wendell Phillips made his speech in Faneuil Hall in defense of the individual rights of citizens which had been invaded in the person of Mr. Garrison, who had been led through the streets of Boston with a halter around his neck for no other offence than denouucing negro slavery, he spoke to a very practical issue, and the better class of people not only in Boston but throughout the North were in sympathy with him. But when anti-slavery orators de-

nounced the Constitution of the United States as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," without suggesting any practical steps towards its ammendment, that was unpractical declamation. True the Constitution protected slavery; but it also provided for its own amendment, and it was the function of a true reformer to point out how that very Constitution should be used in abolishing slavery and defending the rights of the negro.

When those zealous orators defended the rights of fugitives from slavery and urged upon the citizens of the free North their obligation to protect and defend in every possible way these aspirants for freedom, all human enactments in the Constitution or outside of it to the contrary notwithstanding, they acted the part of true and practical reformers; for there are times when good citizenship has no higher expression than the loyal acceptance of a penalty for breaking a law which conscience forbids one to obey. But when, as was often the case, an orator addressing a northern audience expended his fiery eloquence in denouncing slavery as a sin against God and calling upon his hearers to put it away by immediate repentance, he was as "one who beats the air." Such oratory tended rather to irritate than to convince men. This statement in part explains the attitude of many good men at the North toward the agitators of those years. They answered such utterances by saying "We are not guilty of the sin, and cannot put it away by repentance. We are no more responsible for it than for polygamy in Turkey. You should go south with your denunciation." True, those things could not have been said in those days at the South, but that

was no reason why the righteous indignation of the abolitionists should expend itself upon those who were in no way responsible for the wrong.

The true statesmen of the anti-slavery revolution were the men who thought out and advocated those practical lines of political action which were within the limits of the Constitution and commended themselves to all thoughtful and candid men. When legitimate and practicable modes of action against slavery were suggested they attracted immediate attention, and their supporters multiplied with great rapidity. When John Quincy Adams, "the Old Man eloquent," on the floor of the House of Representatives vindicated the right of petition as the inalienable possession even of the meanest slave in the land, the nation listened with reverence and awe. To all righteous men his words were "as water to the thirsty soul."

Let Mr. Garrison and his early associates have all the honor which their bravery and their self-sacrificing devotion deserve; but the impartial future will hardly give them credit for that wise insight and sober thoughtfulness which are essential to the greatest reformers. Those who stood aloof and regarded them with dread and aversion were not all poltroons and cowards. They were not imbeciles or bigots, for many of them would have rallied to the standard of emancipation sooner than they did had not wise and sober-minded leaders been wanting.

One of the earliest converts to the intense abolitionism of Mr. Garrison was my long tried friend Elizur Wright. From the time of our graduation we maintained a very active correspondence, often writing to each other weekly. This continued for five or

six years, and I greatly enjoyed his racy and incisive letters. Our views often differed, but each tolerated the other's opinions and defended his own as well as he could. For instance, his position on the subject of total abstinence was much more extreme than my own. After a time, to my great delight, he was appointed professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Western Reserve College, a position he was well qualified to fill. Before long, however, he with two other officers of that institution, President Chas. B. Storrs and Professor Beriah Green, became ultra abolitionists, and plunged with characteristic intensity into the controversies which were nowhere more intense than on "the Western Reserve" in Ohio. Disastrous convulsions in the college soon followed, and Professor Wright and Professor Green, who was also a very able man, resigned. Both of them were among the founders of the Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr. Wright was one of its secretaries.

President Storrs was as yet a young man, but he exceeded in effective eloquence most, if not all, of the public speakers I have heard. No man ever moved me so profoundly. The terrible energy of his mind and the passionate intensity of his soul stirred to its depths by a theme so absorbing and terrific, was too much for a feeble body. He was attacked with consumption, and died before he reached his prime. Up to the time of Mr. Wright's connection with the anti-slavery agitation our correspondence had continued, and on my part was very highly valued. His letters, bristling with anti-slavery sentiments, did not displease me though I freely criticised what seemed to me his untenable positions. At

first he continued to reply, but soon his letters ceased. While I have been writing these pages, the mournful intelligence of his death has reached me. I will utter no word of reproach against Elizur Wright. We loved each other, and he acted the part of a firm and faithful friend in many a scene of trial and sorrow.

Since his death a writer signing himself "Templeton" has given a sketch of his life in the Boston Herald. He professes to have received his knowledge from Mr. Wright himself. He once mentions quite incidentally my own name, but in a spirit which I am reluctant to believe Mr. Wright would have sanctioned. Few events in my life have pained me more than this alienation from the friend of my early years, especially in view of the suspicion that its cause was his utter defection from the Christian faith, once as precious to him as to myself. "Templeton's" effort to make the impression that Mr. Wright was never in active sympathy with the Christian Church is unworthy of one who professes to be a friend of the truth. During the four years of our college life no student of Yale was more thoroughly identified with the Church than he. I have no special knowledge of the cause of his defection. To his own master he standeth or falleth.

A trifling incident which occurred during the last months of my correspondence with Mr. Wright will illustrate to my readers the volcano over which we felt ourselves to be living. A neighbor asked me very seriously one day, "Do you keep any abolition documents in your house"? I thought of Mr. Wright's letters which I had carefully filed, and of

other free utterances of my liberty-loving friends, and answered that I certainly did. He very solemnly admonished me to burn all such dangerous documents at once. I disregarded his advice, not because the possession of such a private correspondence really carried no danger with it, but because that peril seemed small among the many that surrounded us.

Providentially, Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy became the prominent representative of abolitionism in that region, because he was the editor of the St. Louis Observer, in which anti-slavery sentiments were frankly expressed, not in the violent phraseology of Garrison and Phillips, but in mild, temperate, and gentlemanly language. We often entertained Mr. Lovejoy at our house. Bold and fearless, he was nevertheless an amiable, affectionate, and lovable man. When driven by the mob from St. Louis he unwisely, as I thought, established his paper at Alton, only twenty-five miles distant by steamer. In and around Alton, in spite of the excellent character of that community, there was a rough and vicious element easily controlled by unscrupulous agitators, and certain to be influenced and, in a time of excitement, reinforced by the mob at St. Louis. My fears were soon realized, and Mr. Lovejoy's printing press was thrown into the river.

This brought sharply before Mr. Lovejoy and his friends the question whether to retire to some safer place or to make a determined stand at Alton, and bring another press and defend it at all hazards. Just at this crisis, in Nov. 1837, the Presbyterian Synod of Illinois, with which body almost all the clerical ad-

herents of Mr. Lovejoy were identified, met at Springfield. The most earnest of these were invited to meet one evening to discuss the situation. I was present at that meeting. The more moderate and cautious view of the situation had no advocate in that assembly but myself. I argued that the bringing of another anti-slavery press to Alton would produce nothing but disaster. Experience had shown that the press could not be defended in that community. I advised them to retire from the field, after making a solemn protest against the violence which had been there done to the cause of freedom rather than to expose life and property to farther violence. One speaker replying to my argument said with a tone of ineffable contempt: "Slavery is like an old lion that has lost both teeth and claws, and can only growl." Of course my position was not popular. I went too far against slavery to win the favor of its advocates, and not far enough to gain the approbation of its assailants.

An anti-slavery convention was to be held at Alton the next week after the meeting of the Synod. All Mr. Lovejoy's friends were urged to be present, and President Beecher had resolved to attend. I was strongly inclined to go, and should have been present but for two reasons It was inconvenient for two members of the college faculty to be absent at the same time, and I had promised to perform a marriage and could not well break the engagement.

President Beecher has himself given a graphic account of that convention in his "Alton Riots." In the sessions of that body he was a prominent figure, and perhaps more than any other individual was held

responsible by the public for its action. After the adjournment of the convention, while the public mind at Alton and St. Louis was still quivering with excitement, it became known that the new press was hourly expected. Mr. Beecher lingered a little to await the result. The press arrived by boat in the night, and Mr. Lovejoy and President Beecher went at once to the landing, saw the press stored in the warehouse, and stood guard till morning. At daylight the president took the stage for Jacksonville. The night following, abundant symptoms of danger being apparent, Mr. Lovejoy and a number of his friends armed themselves and repaired to the warehouse to defend their property. I need not relate the rest of the sad story. Before morning Mr. Lovejoy was shot by the mob and instantly killed while vainly attempting to defend his press from destruction.

If Mr. Lovejoy's friends were right in advising him to imperil his precious life in defense of that press, did not consistency demand that another press should be procured and yet more desperately defended? If I was cowardly to advise before Lovejoy's death the abandonment of a paper at Alton was it not also cowardly to abandon the Alton Bluff after the noble man had there made a martyr of himself? I have never heen ashamed of the counsel given at Springfield.

The events just recorded placed Mr. Beecher and his immediate friends at Jacksonville in imminent peril. Our friends far and near were greatly alarmed. There was evident danger that a ferocious mob would make an immediate attack upon the head of the institution and upon the college buildinsg. For me and the other instructors only one course of action was now

possible. Though President Beecher was the immediate object of hostility, all of us were threatened, and the very existence of the college was endangered. It was no time to discuss the action of the convention, the death of Mr. Lovejoy or the expediency of Mr. Beecher's course. He had committed no crime, and had only advocated the freedom of the press and exercised the right of free speech which belongs to every citizen of a free country. It was our duty to stand by him at whatever hazard. In this we were unanimous. Threats were abundant but no actual violence was attempted, and the excitement gradually subsided. But it left in many minds a feeling of intense hatred, not only toward Mr. Beecher but toward us all. And it should be borne in mind that these hostile feelings were not confined to such persons as generally composed the mob, but affected many individuals of wealth and social standing and even of religious reputation.

This feverish state of the community was a great obstacle in the way of the college. It greatly limited the number of our students. The secular newspapers of St. Louis were widely circulated in all the southern portion of Illinois, and were intensely hostile in their utterances concerning us. The prejudices thus excited could not be argued away, though in the progress of a generation they have been lived down. For many years we were constantly exposed to annoyances in the immediate vicinity of the institution.

As has already been intimated, there was much anti-slavery sentiment among the more thoughtful and earnest of our students. At our public exhibitions, which occurred two or three times a year, the

young men were often disposed to give free utterance to their convictions on such subjects, and neither our tastes nor our principles permitted us to repress them by any stringent restrictions. On the other hand these exhibitions were generally supervised by certain men of ruffianly habits and pro-slavery prejudices who wished to act as the self-constituted guardians of the moral and social proprieties of the occasion. The consequence was that the trustees of churches not otherwise unfriendly were reluctant to grant the use of their places of worship for our exercises, lest these gentlemen might express their feelings in such a way as to injure the buildings. The history of our town in those years is a sad story. "My soul hath it in remembrance and is humbled."

Jacksonville was not worse in that respect than most towns in that region. It might have been better. In some towns a different state of things prevailed. Quincy was not better off in respect to the character of the population in and around it than most of its neighbors, but it possessed a band of resolute, patriotic men who from a very early period defended the right of free speech. When a pro-slavery mob drove Dr. David Nelson from eastern Missouri and pursued him to Quincy with the intent of wreaking their vengeance on him there, those noble men successfully defended him. Some of them were abolitionists, but some were simply good men and good citizens. John Wood, afterwards governor of the state; Joseph T. Holmes, then engaged in secular business in Quincy but subsequently a highly-honored Congregational minister ot Griggsville, Willard Keyes and others who stood with them, deserve to be

held in everlasting remembrance. Similar things might have been done in other towns had such men been there to do them.

I select one out of many incidents which might illustrate our unhappy condition in those years. About the year 1834 a family of wealth, historic reputation and high social position immigrated to this state from Kentucky, and selected Jacksonville as their home. They brought here two of their slaves, a man and his sister, under a contract that they should be free at a certain age, perhaps it was twenty-five. After a time these colored people were told that they were already free according to law as their master had brought them into a free state. Seeking legal advice they were told that such was really the fact and were urged to take immediate steps to procure the recognition of their rights. In order to do this they were advised to withdraw from their master and mistress without permission and to take charge of their own affairs, and in accordance with the counsel of their attorney they left home. Soon afterwards the man was seized by four armed men while engaged in cutting wood near the house of a negro family with whom he boarded, who gagged him, tied his hands behind him and hurried him through the streets to the house of his late master. There he was forced into a carriage, driven to Naples on the Illinois river whence he was shipped on a steamboat bound southward, and thereafter all trace of him was lost. The whole proceeding was without the slightest pretence of legal formality. A bill of indictment for kidnapping was found against the leader of this gang, and nothing could be more obvious than his guilt under the laws

of the state. The trial was held in Jacksonville under all the recognized forms of law, but resulted in a verdict of acquittal.

> "Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
> Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."

The shock to the whole community occasioned by this outrage is beyond description. Its immediate effect was a horror so great as to produce paralysis. The very life blood of society seemed to pause. All readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin must have noticed the power with which at several points Mrs. Stowe depicts the tendency of hopeless oppression to produce atheism in the public mind. When after the terrible whipping on Simon Legree's plantation Uncle Tom spoke to Cassy of his faith in God, she quickly replied: "There's no God here." The effect of that outrage on the people of Jacksonville and its vicinity was a striking illustration of the same tendency. Effort to resist the tyranny that was over us seemed utterly hopeless.

If the hearts of men had expressed themselves in words they would have said in relation to slavery: "God no longer governs; Satan is enthroned." This utter paralysis did not, however, long continue. When the immediate shock was over and men had time to reflect, anti-slavery sentiment was greatly strengthened and the conviction that slavery must be overthrown began steadily to win converts on all sides. Nothing else in our local history did so much to weaken the pro-slavery party. The leaders in this transaction were the men who had held the bludgeon of slavery over us for many years. Aside from their political sentiments they were men of respectable

standing in the community, but as a result of this kidnapping they and all others in sympathy with them or who in any way sustained the outrage suffered permanent loss of influence. I ought also to say that great efforts were made to obtain possession of the girl who was claimed for slavery, but she fell into the hands of friends who bravely, skilfully and successfully protected her. She was soon taken into the family of Elihu Wolcott, who already occupied a leading position among the abolitionists of Jacksonville and of the whole state. He brought suit for her freedom and finally obtained for her free papers under the seal of the supreme court of the state. In her case the law was vindicated. It would have been equally so in the case of her brother, had he not been robbed of his liberty by that deed of open violence.

The events just related occurred in 1838. From that time onward there was in our community a slow but steady progress of the anti-slavery sentiment. The number those who openly entertained it increased, and the asperity with which they had been regarded sensibly diminished from year to year. The obstacles which our college had experienced from that source were no longer of any serious magnitude.

To the small though steadily growing Congregational church, organized as we have seen amid so much obloquy, the credit of the steady progress of anti-slavery sentiment must in no small degree be attributed. To it the persecuted slave woman just spoken of owed her safety and ultimate deliverance. In it the negro, however persecuted and despised elsewhere, was recognized and treated as a brother. From its very organization it was known as the "Abo-

lition Church," and those not willing to extend Christian fellowship to all of God's children, whether white or black, rich or poor, would not seek membership there. It has always stood forth in bold relief as the representative of freedom, intellectual, personal and ecclesiastical. This spirit has not greatly promoted its growth in members and wealth, but has made it a power for good wherever its influence has been felt.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BRIGHT PROSPECT OVERCLOUDED.

The period extending from the early settlement of Chicago, about 1831–1837, was marked by great prosperity in the states of Illinois and Missouri. Previous to this immigration was mostly from the south and the southeast, the settlers coming across the country in emigrant wagons, or reaching their destination by way of the great rivers. With the founding of Chicago a great immigration began to flow from the east and northeast by way of the lakes. In 1831 northern Illinois was almost an unbroken wilderness excepting the small settlements which had gathered around the rich lead mines in its north-western corner. A wonderful change now took place. A remarkably enterprising and intelligent population poured through the northern gate and quickly overflowed the prairies, till the streams of immigration from the north and the south met far to the north of Jacksonville. Central Illinois was also gaining rapidly in wealth and population. Agriculture was greatly extended, flourishing towns and cities were multiplied, and the eager immigrant saw nothing before him but a prospect of unlimited wealth and prosperity.

To those intrusted with the management of Illinois College this seemed a favorable time for establishing it on a firm foundation by an ample endowment. In

those days a great many citizens of the state already in their own estimation and that of their friends, possessed great and rapidly increasing fortunes. At first the college was practically without competition. The broad field from the Ohio to Chicago and Galena was all its own, and the outlook was certainly very encouraging. President Beecher was in great measure released from his duties as instructor that he might devote himself to the work of endowment. For some time the success of the undertaking equaled our most sanguine expectations. Large pledges were cheerfully made with cheering assurances that the college should never lack funds. In a few months subscriptions deemed good for the amount of $75.000, had been obtained. As it was also a time of great financial prosperity in the east, President Beecher extended his efforts there, and we were soon led to the comforting conclusion that financially the future of the college was secure.

These cheerful prospects affected the financial management of the institution. Larger expenses were incurred and arrangements were made for the future in accordance with our promised increase of income. I did not deem the plans of the trustees extravagant or unwise in view of our large expectations. Their only mistake lay in the fact that, in common with the entire community, they assumed that the apparent wealth upon which their subscriptions depended for their value was a permanent reality. It soon became apparent that in this assumption not only the West, but the whole country, was under a fatal delusion.

The present generation can scarcely conceive how

great that delusion was. Every village with the smallest prospect of growth, and even some uninhabited spots in the wilderness, had a large area staked off into town-lots and platted in a highly ornamented style for the information of purchasers. And those lots were actually sold at stiff city prices. The larger towns were already great cities on paper. Alton, with a population of four or five thousand, had staked off all the sorrounding bluffs. A short time before his death Mr. Lovejoy had predicted in the Alton Observer, that in ten years the city would contain 50,000 inhabitants. From Peru to Ottawa, about sixteen miles, the whole Illinois bottom and even the top of Buffalo Rock was platted for a continuous city. Even in Jacksonville, then containing a population of not more than twelve hundred, speculation was so active that a man could hardly keep pace with the real estate transfers in the vicinity of his own dwelling. The sale of these western "city lots" was not confined to the western market. Land titles came gradually to form a part of the circulating medium in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

The year 1837 brought an unprecedented financial crisis, and the delusion vanished like a dream. The inevitable pay day had come. Every creditor demanded payment, and few debtors had anything wherewith to pay. In a few months almost all the banks from the Mississippi to the Atlantic suspended specie payment. Unoccupied city lots were no longer assets, for they could no more be sold than a milliner's stock when it is years behind the fashion. Men who a few months previous believed themselves to be worth hundreds of thousands, now found them-

selves hopelessly bankrupt. Perhaps so great a collapse was never before experienced in the financial world as that which occurred in the states of Illinois and Missouri. In these states the crash affected not only city property, but immense tracts of government land which had been entered on speculation, and in which millions of dollars had been invested. For a period of ten years these lands found few buyers. Many despaired of ever again finding a market for them, and thousands of acres were sold under the hammer for the payment of taxes.

The reader does not need to be informed what under the circumstances became of the magnificent subscriptions to Illinois College. Most of them proved utterly worthless. Little either of principal or interest was ever paid, and we were confronted with an almost overwhelming disappointment. The college found itself with increased debts and expenditures surrounded by a disheartened and poverty-stricken community. In the older portions of the country where capital is abundant and exists in stable forms the recovery from such a collapse is often rapid, but in our region there was little real capital. Our supposed wealth had no solid basis. It was a creature of the imagination; a palace in the clouds. Under such circumstances the progress toward recovery was very slow. From 1837 to 1847 it was scarcely perceptible. Unoccupied town lots, and to a considerable extent unimproved lands, were not property in its true sense. They produced nothing but taxes. This was the darkest period in the history of Illinois College. To conduct it safely through that trial was

the most difficult task its trustees and faculty ever encountered.

A new obstacle to the progress of collegiate education in this state had grown up during the last years of our supposed prosperity, in the excessive multiplication of institutions of learning. A mania for college building, which was the combined result of the prevalent speculation in land and the zeal for denominational aggrandizement had spread all over the state. It was generally believed that one of the surest ways to promote the growth of a young city was to make it the seat of a college. It was easy to appropriate some of the best lots in a new town site to the university, to ornament the plat with an elegant picture of the buildings "soon to be erected," and to induce the ambitious leaders of some religious body eager to have a college of its own, to accept a land grant, adopt the institution, and pledge to it the resources of their denomination. These arrangements were entered into righteously, inconsiderately and ignorantly. The righteousness was largely on the side of the land speculator, the religious men engaged in the enterprise having little conception of the resources necessary to found a college worthy of the name, or of the broad co-operation indispensable to its success. They had neglected to count the cost.

It has already been stated that our first application for a charter was defeated. In 1835, the legislature passed a bill chartering four colleges, of which ours was one. This bill, though in other respects satisfactory, contained two illiberal limitations, one for-

bidding the corporations to hold more than 620 acres of land each, the other prohibiting the organization of theological departments. Both these restrictions were subsequently repealed. After the passage of this act similar charters became very abundant.

This multiplication of colleges was exceedingly disastrous to the interests of liberal education. Every denomination must have its own institution. The small sums of money which could be gathered in a new community for educational purposes and the very limited number of students prepared to pursue the higher branches were distributed among so many so-called colleges that it was impossible for any to attain a position worthy of the name. The far-seeing friends of learning became discouraged in attempting to found institutions in communities so divided. If any fundamental principles have been established by the history of democratic institutions, one of them is, that it is better to rely on voluntary action than on state intervention, whenever the former is adequate to the attainment of the end. The history and the present condition of Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst and many other seats of learning both in New England and out of it, afford the most complete demonstration that the voluntary principle will accomplish far better results than can be attained by institutions under political control, and limited in their religious teachings, as such schools must always be. In the valley of the Mississippi we have failed to attain equal success because of our denominational divisions, and have thus unwittingly consented to divorce the higher education from religion. We wisely separate the Church from the State, and then foolishly

give over into the hands of the latter the control of our institutions of learning. This is one of the most bitter fruits of our sectarian divisions—a result whose final consequences no man can foresee.

We never sought for Illinois College any ecclesiastical control, and would never have submitted to it. We always desired to place it in the hands of patriotic, religious men, that it might be managed not for a sect in the Church or a party in the State, but to qualify young men for the intelligent and efficient service of God both in the Church and the State. It was never intended to be a Presbyterian or a Congregational institution, but a Christian institution sacredly devoted to the interests of the Christian faith, universal freedom and social order. Would that the Christian people of the state could have united with us in giving it such a character and such a far reaching influence that no institution founded by the state could have equalled it in strength and efficiency.

If any one asks why I did not resign my position when obstacles were so multiplied around us, I answer, it was because I had an abiding conviction that an institution such as we were seeking to establish was a permanent necessity in the center of this great and wealthy state, and I believed that in some way and at some time the means would be found whereby our conception could be realized. It seemed wrong to abandon the field and sacrifice results already achieved. I thank God that He has given me some tenacity of purpose. It has always been very hard for me to abandon an enterprise which I have deliberately undertaken.

Under the long continuance of these depressing circumstances we were compelled to ask help from our eastern friends. The work of solicitation fell chiefly upon Mr. Beecher, though it was to him a great and oppressive burden. It exhausted his vital energies in a kind of labor which under the most favorable conditions would have been distasteful to him, but which at that time was encompassed with special difficulties and embarrassments. It diverted him from the sphere of instruction in which he delighted, and almost excluded him from those literary and theological pursuits to which he was intensely devoted.

To myself this was a time of abiding quietly at home and patiently enduring hard labor performed under little stimulus of hope. Still I was not unhappy. I loved to teach, and was fond of my department of instruction. I met my classes from day to day with the enthusiasm of one full of his theme, and was able to inspire the enthusiasm of my pupils. No man need ask a happier home than I had, though the "*res angustæ domus*" were sometimes inconvenient, and I suspect more inconvenient to my wife than to myself. But she bore the inconvenience bravely and with a cheerful buoyant spirit. We were happy in each other and happy in our growing family of children. My reputation, and for the most part my influence, were confined within a comparatively limited circle. That did not trouble me. I was not as yet, certainly, ambitious of a wide reputation.

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT CHANGES AND GREAT SORROWS.

Before the summer of 1839 we had no reason to complain that the climate of Jacksonville was insalubrious. Malarial fever in those days had not been supposed to be prevalent in our region, although I had one sharp attack and a few other cases had occurred. My health had been better than I had ever expected to enjoy, and my endurance in the line of my pursuits was greater than that of most men, although I was still of feeble muscle. In August, 1839, my wife was seized with this terrible fever. The attack was severe, and in accordance with the custom of the time powerful remedies were freely employed. After long and watchful nursing the fever was arrested, but complete recovery did not follow. When at last she was able to resume her accustomed place in our home she continued to be very feeble. I was anxious, but the physician spoke of no danger. Immediatly after our cheerful Christmas dinner I was obliged to leave for Springfield on important college business.

On New Year's day I received intelligence that she was worse, and hastened home as speedily as possible. I found her still able to sit up, but her deathly pallor and exhausting cough alarmed me. Her physician gave me little encouragement. On the 29th of January another son was born to us, des-

tined however to follow his mother to the silent grave when only six months old. Hope for the mother flashed across my mind, but it was only a dream. In a very few days, on the 12th of February, while a bright sun was shining, she called for a cup of tea, and observing the joy I manifested at her being able to swallow, she said with a glow of affection as bright as that of the days of our earliest love: "I thought it would comfort him." A few moments afterwards her lovely features passed into the rigidity of death, and I saw my Elizabeth no more. In dreams I have often seen her since, and once in particular, in aspect so radiant that I cannot forbear relating the incident.

More than forty-one years after her death I had been a little ill, but had so far recovered that I had preached that evening, and without unusual fatigue had retired to rest. In my dreams Elizabeth stood before me with a countenance of ineffable brightness and glory, unearthly in her beauty, yet her identity was as perfect as when we dwelt together in the flesh. She called to me, and then said distinctly: "I never loved you so much before." She then approached and embraced me. I tried to answer, but in the intensity of my effort I awoke and the bright vision had vanished. I found myself in a state of most intense excitement, and a trembling had seized my whole body. It was several minutes before I recovered my composure. I build no theory on all this, for it was but a dream and as a dream I let it pass, yet it made upon my mind an ineffaceable impression, and left with me an abiding hope that when I am no longer able to look upon this world

with bodily senses, I shall meet her in like angelic brightness, and with like assurances of undying affection.

When she left me, however, there was no such angelic vision. I was oppressed with unutterable sorrow. The brightness of that winter day quickly passed like all earth's joys. The sky was overclouded, rain and sleet followed in the night, and the moanings of the tempest without were in solemn harmony with the sorrows within my soul. Two days afterward, in the face of a cutting wind and under frowning skies, we laid her to rest upon the snow-clad prairie beside the little infant whose death she had mourned so tenderly. I wonder if most persons in the first agony of such a sorrow experience the same difficulty as myself in appropriating to themselves the ordinary religious consolations. I was told, for example, "You should rejoice for her sake. Your loss is indeed great, but great as it is, her gain is far greater." My sober judgment told me that this was true, but I found it impossible to draw consolation from it. I could not then conceive how she could be happy anywhere far away from her lonely and sorrowing husband and children. Ultimately my mind accepted that view; but for the present there was only one consoling thought. It was the assurance of the unfailing kindness, wisdom and love of a Heavenly Father. I opened not my mouth because God had done it.

My cup of sorrow seemed full, but another great affliction was in store for me. My oldest surviving child bore the name of her dear departed mother, and was as beautiful in person as she was gentle and lov-

ing. She was the light of our home, and I may say of the neighborhood. She was scarcely eight years of age when her mother died, and though childlike in bearing and spirit she was mature in character. Nothing could give her so much happiness as to do something to cheer and comfort her father. A little more than nine months after her mother's death, during which time she enjoyed perfect health and grew daily in loveliness, she was taken ill while her aunt was preparing her for church. The progress of her disease was rapid and irresistible, and on the next Thursday, after much suffering she followed her dear mother to the unseen world.

How precious after they are gone, is the memory of such dear ones so full of health and life and beauty, of wisdom and tender love. When reason ultimately triumphs over the first agonies of bereavement we devoutly thank God that we have loved and been loved by dear ones, so bright, so pure and so true. Such loveliness cannot die. It is only transplanted to the garden of God. My heart moves me to attempt a pen portrait of the noble woman who for more than ten years was the joy of my heart and my home, my ever trustworthy helper and adviser. She was worthy of the "*monumentum ære perennius.*" But no words of mine can do her justice. God will take care of her precious memory and her still more precious self. In my view her noble crown of perfected womanhood far outshines all the honors ever won by the achievements of genius and eloquence.

My friend Mr. Baldwin, having accomplished his mission for the college at the east, married the Miss Wilder who has already been mentioned in these

pages and returned, in 1832, to this state and to the work of exploration and church-building in the services of the American Home Missionary Society. In this work he was assisted by our mutual friend Rev Albert Hale, also one of the New Haven Band and well known for many years as the devoted and successful pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, only thirty-five miles from Jacksonville. The missionary tours of these two brethren extended from the Ohio river to the northern border of the state, and their good results continue to this day. About the year 1837 or '38 that generous philanthropist Benjamin Godfrey of Alton, erected in the neighborhood of that city the well-known Monticello Female Seminary, and invited Mr. Baldwin to become its principal. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were admirably adapted to the work which was thus opened to them, and entered into it with great enthusiasm. He continued to be a trustee of Illinois College, and freely employed his time and gave his wise counsel in its interest. We maintained an active correspondence, in which all questions of public interest were freely discussed. But one thing deters me from drawing largely upon that correspondence in preparing these pages. We freely discussed persons as well as measures and the letters are therefore in many instances too personal for the public eye.

Almost from the beginning of my life in Illinois the disastrous divisions of the religious community had forced upon my attention the subject of church government. At first the subject was not often mentioned in our correspondence, because I was aware that it did not weigh upon his mind as it did

upon my own. But as time passed, my convictions on this subject grew more and more intense. The proverb, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh?" is as true in my case as in that of most men, and a theme of such deep interest and practical importance naturally influenced my conversation with my friends. After a time many tongued rumor spread abroad the insinuation that my thinking was wild, erratic and dangerous. Many of my friends became alarmed for me, and my enemies, of whom I had some new ones since the organization of the Congregational church in Jacksonville, thought that they had found an occasion against me. The story soon reached Mr. Baldwin's ears. He did not hesitate to report it back to me at once and to warn me very kindly of the danger to which he thought me exposed. His fears were excited not so much lest I should fall into dangerous error, as that I should weaken the confidence of the public in my soundness and injure the reputation of the college. His letter opened the whole subject in our correspondence.

In the course of the correspondence I proposed to meet all criticism by publishing a full and frank statement of my ecclesiastical opinions, but Mr. Baldwin wisely urged that such a statement at that time would be misunderstood and misrepresented. I therefore prepared a careful and candid statement for his use and requested him to show it to some judicious friends both here and at the East. I am glad to be able to say that the views so stated were so satisfactory to him and to other friends that all apprehension on their part was allayed and my intimate friendship

with Mr. Baldwin was placed upon a sure foundation for the rest of our lives.

While this correspondence was in progress I was unexpectedly called to take part in a transaction whose results seemed to be far more important than any of the participants supposed.

From a very early period in the history of Jacksonville the people known as "Disciples," the followers of Alexander Campbell of Bethany, Virginia, were very active. They were then regarded with much distrust by other denominations, and in fact were scarcely considered an evangelical body. Having occasion to spend a night a few miles from Jacksonville, at a house of entertainment kept by a prominent member of this body, I was invited by him to preach on some Sabbath before long, in the church near his house. As it was my practice to embrace every opportunity to preach the gospel I accepted the invitation, leaving it to him to fix the day. After some delay the appointment was announced. On reaching the place on the appointed day I found a large meeting of the Disciples in progress and several of their prominent preachers in attendance. The great congregation gave close attention to my discourse. It would appear that my utterances on that occasion were orthodox, since Dr. Lyman Beecher after listening to the same sermon, delivered two or three years later in his church in Cincinnati, cheered me at its close by exclaiming in his characteristic manner, "That's right!"

When I promised to preach for the Disciples it did not occur to me that the question of joining with

them in the communion service was also involved. But since it is the invariable custom of that denomination to follow the Sabbath morning discourse with the observance of the Supper, I perceived the moment I entered the church that I must face that question. There was not much time to think. Nor did I see much reason to hesitate. These people had been listening with profound and reverential attention to what I believed to be the gospel. I saw no reason to doubt that they received it intelligently and sincerely, and I could not refuse to join with them in breaking bread in the name of the Lord. And I am bound to say that I have seldom witnessed a more reverent and devout observance of that rite. At the close of the service strong men with whom I was acquainted in business relations but whom I had never before met in Christian worship, sang "Rock of ages cleft for me," with tears rolling down their cheeks. I could say with Peter, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." God taught me that day to beware how I called any body of professed Christians "common or unclean."

The report of my doings on that Sabbath startled the community, the story could not have been circulated with greater rapidity or repeated with more emphasis had I committed an infamous crime. A few defended my action, but most of my good neighbors were shocked, and especially those who had been offended by my sympathy with the Congregational movement. I had no remedy but to wait till Christian common sense should revive and reassert itself. I had not long to wait. In my judgment, no other event ever did so much to break down in this

community unchristian barriers around the Lord's supper. Men soon began to understand the true meaning of Paul's words: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." By a providential coincidence the tables were soon turned in respect to my relation to the Disciples. Among our early preachers in that vicinity were some whose teachings seemed to most of us to justify the severe things which had been said of the denomination. Not long after the incidents just related a man of this character became conspicuous among them. Many of his utterances seemed to sober-minded Christian people really horrible. Some people were, of course, so absurd as to assume that because I had recently "communed" with members of that denomination I could be held in some sense responsible for his teachings. Partly for this reason, and partly impelled by my own horror of his almost blasphemous doctrines, I began openly and earnestly to preach against his views, and endeavored to expose them by fair and lucid arguments. These discourses were received with enthusiasm.

Before many weeks an invitation came to hold service in a neighborhood a few miles distant where I had never preached and where the Disciples were numerous and aggressive. I knew the meaning of the invitation, and without the least hesitation accepted it. I found it convenient to spend the Saturday night previous to filling that appointment with an acquaintance in the same neighborhood, a member of a distant Presbyterian church. In anticipation of my coming he had appointed a prayer-meeting for that evening at his house. Among the persons who

assembled came the erratic preacher whose strange teachings had aroused all this storm. Perceiving that he would probably be among my auditors on the morrow I asked myself the question, "Shall I go on, as I had intended, to assail his shocking doctrines?" I felt that I ought to do it and to make as thorough work of it as possible. The meeting next morning was held under the shade of overhanging trees and a great multitude, consisting mostly of Disciples, Methodists and regular Baptists listened with what seemed to me remarkable attention to my argument which lasted for two hours and a half. I saw no sign of impatience at its length. Perhaps the most attentive auditor was the preacher of "strange doctrines," and when I had finished he gave notice that he would reply at the same place in the afternoon and invited me to be present. I said that it would be impossible for me to do so, as a previous engagement obliged me to return home immediately. As might have been expected that man rapidly declined in influence among his former supporters. Nor did the transaction permanently disturb my own most friendly relations with the Disciples, which have continued till this day. It is my belief that no portion of the religious community around us has grown in grace more rapidly than that denomination. If my efforts have in any degree contributed to that end I am thankful. I ascribe their remarkable progress to the fact that from the beginning they have consistently held that, "The Word of God only is the rule of our faith."

From 1837 onward the financial embarrassments of the college increased. Both the impoverished condition of the community and our religious divisions

rendered it impossible to secure much aid in our own neighborhood. If relief came at all it must come from distant friends. Under the circumstances the thought occurred to Mr. Baldwin that the work of raising funds for collegiate education in the West might with advantage be committed to an association or committee residing in the East. This suggestion seemed the more timely and important since five other institutions of learning in the West were in conditions painfully similar to our own. Indeed the greatest difficulty in raising funds east at that time arose from the seemingly rival claims of sister institutions. In April, 1843, a meeting of the representatives of Western Reserve, Marietta, Wabash, Beloit, and Illinois Colleges, and Lane Theological Seminary, was held at the last named institution for the purpose of deciding on the expediency of forming such an association. At that meeting I represented Illinois College. Most of the institutions sent delegates, and the formation of such an organization was after free and full discussion unanimously approved. All the institutions ultimately accepted the arrangement. The Society for Promoting Collegiate and Theological Education at the West was duly organized, and Mr. Baldwin was invited to become its secretary, to reside in or near New York. He accepted this position after long and painful deliberation, though at a great sacrifice to himself and family.

I spent the week during the sessions of this body of delegates in the family of Dr. Lyman Beecher. In addition to his duties as Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary he was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati. Owing to illness he

was unable to preach the following Sunday, and I was persuaded to remain and supply his pulpit. On Sabbath he accompanied us to church, telling me however that I must preach and also administer the Lord's Supper, as he was unable to speak. Before dismissing the congregation I asked him in a low tone if he felt able to say a few words. Arising as if relieved by the opportunity, he poured forth from his overflowing soul for nearly half an hour, the most magnificent strain of evangelic eloquence I have ever heard.

During the evening of that day I had a long and very familiar conversation with the venerable patriarch, in the course of which I ventured to ask how he acquired that perfectly easy and natural tone that invariably characterized his delivery. He replied instantly, "I didn't acquire it, for I always had it." Just so; "*poeta nascitur non fit.*" To me it is an occasion of devout gratitude that I have known such a man so intimately. During all his residence in the West he favored Presbyterianism. Several times on meeting him after a long separation almost his first question would be: "How are you getting on with those rabid Congregationalists in Illinois?" My ready reply, "We should get along well enough with the rabid Congregationalists if it were not for the rabid Presbyterians," was always received with the utmost good nature. After he returned to the East, he had little difficulty in finding out where he belonged. His great heart was with the freedom of Congregationalism.

Other great changes took place on College Hill. One of them was in my own house. As the reader is

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already informed, the same sad year which removed from me the wife of my youth removed also two of our children. There remained two sons, one six years old and the other four, and a daughter of two years. I did not then, and still less do I now, subscribe to the doctrine that a man thus painfully bereaved at the age of thirty-four best honors the memory of the departed by remaining unmarried. The sweet remembrance of years of conjugal happiness is not a preparation for a life of loneliness.

Hannah Richards Fayerweather, the youngest sister of the departed one, had been a constant member of my family from a period prior to the birth of my eldest surviving child. She had shared with her older sister the cares and burdens of rearing them all, and from the time of their mother's death had taken, as far as might be, the mother's place. It seemed that nothing could be so well for me and my children as that she should become the wife and the mother. Accordingly on the third of March, 1841, we were married, and experience has abundantly justified the wisdom of the step.

A discussion which arose in connection with this marriage introduced me to a new field of public activity. At that time, and I believe even now under the rules of the Presbyterian Church, the limitations of inter-marriage are the same for persons whose connection is by affinity as for those who are connected by consanguinity. This rule is understood to prohibit marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. When I informed my friend President Beecher that I wished him to officiate in such a marriage he intimated that he had no objection to the proposed ar-

rangement if my conscience was clear on it, but that he regarded such a marriage as contrary to the scriptural rule. He stated his reasons for that opinion and I, after taking time for reflection, replied to them. After reconsidering the matter he cheerfully consented to perform the ceremony. I had from the first no doubts on the subject.

Only two or three months after our marriage the celebrated McQueen case came, by appeal from the lower courts, before the General Assembly for final adjudication. The trial was long and tedious, and as it seemed to me the argument for the prosecution was utterly weak and fallacious. Neither my conscience nor my social relations were in the least disturbed, but I keenly felt that in deposing McQueen from the ministry for marrying the sister of his deceased wife the Assembly had committed a great and cruel wrong, and that he had been unrighteously prosecuted and very weakly defended. I was confident that it could be triumphantly shown that whatever the Presbyterian law might be, there was no divine law against him. I wrote out my argument in the case and published it in the Biblical Repository, then edited by the Rev. Absalom Peters D. D., formerly secretary of the American Home Missionary Society. The general favor with which that article was received greatly encouraged me to contribute to the periodical press, and my contributions have since been almost voluminous; to the Biblical Repository; The New Englander; The Congregational Review; The Continental Monthly; The Princeton Review, and several of the leading religious weeklies. Previous to writing the article mentioned I had little

ambition for authorship. I cannot dismiss this topic without remarking how powerless among intelligent Protestants is ecclesiastical law when clearly shown to be unsustained by the Word of God. About the time of the McQueen case some of the ablest and most influential men in the Presbyterian ministry notoriously violated that law without their action ever being called in question.

In the spring of 1842 President Beecher found the pressure upon the college finances so severe that, with the consent of the trustees, he determined to remove to the East with his family in the hope that, being constantly on the ground, he might find there some effectual means of relief. This step proved the beginning of a very great change. President Beecher and his family had been for ten years a very important factor in the life of the college and in the society of Jacksonville. It was largely owing to the presence of that family that there had existed about the college a social circle which might well be called brilliant. Our style of living was plain and frugal, and nothing of the brilliancy associated with fashionable gayety and extravagant folly attached to our circle. Genuine culture enlivened by eminent powers of conversation we did have. Music and spontaneous outbursts of wit and innocent mirthfulness, accompanied by refined tastes and a love for the beautiful, gave an unusual charm to those days. To this the frequent and sometimes protracted presence with us of different members of the "Beecher family" very largely contributed.

To this day I can almost hear the ringing laugh of Catherine E. Beecher. I am still refreshed by the

quickness and pungency of her wit and her charming voice in song. Her gifts could be fully appreciated only by those who had been favored with her intimate acquaintance. In social life her words were winged arrows of gold. The man who ventured to debate with her on any question on which she had thought, and she never would debate on any other, needed to be well equipped. No one will ever forget Charles Beecher, who mingled in those scenes, or his violin. Thomas K. Beecher spent several years with us as a student and received his diploma at my hands. But there were others in our faculty who had contributed their full share to the charm of those days. Truman M. Post, Jonathan B. Turner and Samuel Adams were men who would call out the brightest and best thoughts of any circle in which they mingled. The removal of President Beecher and his family was an irreparable blow to Jacksonville both socially and religiously.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW RELATIONS.

The events which followed Mr. Beecher's change of residence were of great importance both to him and to the college. The much-needed pecuniary aid for the college could not be obtained at once. He became more and more interested in the literary and theological inquiries towards which his attention had long been directed, and felt the need of the libraries of the East in the pursuit of his studies. He could not hope to do justice to himself in bringing the results of his investigations before the public while he continued to carry the great burdens of the struggling college. Accordingly, in the spring of 1844, having received an invitation to the pastorate of the Salem Street Church, Boston, he sent his resignation to the trustees and accepted the call.

The selection of President Beecher's successor proved a difficult problem and occasioned something akin to a collision between the ecclesiastical and religious parties nearest the institution. It is needless to say that the use of my name in connection with the position was not the result of any effort on my part. The correspondence between Mr. Baldwin and myself was maintained at this time with even greater frequency and freedom than usual, and was not in the least disturbed by the fact that both our names were urged for the position. I believe the under-

standing between us was perfect, and that each felt sure that there was no selfish ambition in the other's heart. I repeatedly assured him that I was quite content to serve the college in the position I then held, and should be well pleased with his election to the presidency I was the more ready to take this position because I wished to avoid an occasion which would call into active expression any opposition which individuals might feel to my supposed religious views and principles. If my opinions about the Church, the Lord's Supper and kindred topics were again brought before the community I must be true to my convictions and defend myself. But I wished to avoid controversy. I desired to preach, in the college and out of it, with whatever power I possessed, "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and if possible, to avoid discussions which would disturb the water in which I sought to fish for men.

The July meeting of our Board of Trustees, after a discussion of candidates, adjourned till the last week in November without taking any definite action. The postponement seemed unfortunate, since it left room for those personalities which I had deprecated. Returning late in November from New England, where I had been busy for four months in the interest of the college, I found our community in a state of unusual excitement.

At the October meeting of the Synod of Illinois attention had been called to the alleged prevalence of transcendental opinions in Illinois College, and to the rumor that some of the professors were responsi-

ble for it. The persons accused were not present, and I, though a member of Synod, had received no notice of the intended attack. The Synod, although no ecclesiastical body had ever been invited to exercise visitorial powers in the institution, appointed a committee to attend a meeting of our board and inquire into the truth of these rumors. The committee consisted of Rev. Hugh Barr, of Carrolton, Dr. A. T. Norton, of Alton, and Dr. J. J. Marks, of Quincy.

At the November meeting the two first-named came before the board bearing a list of the rumors in circulation to the detriment of the college, prepared by Dr. Marks. They were courteously received and it was arranged that they should meet the faculty in the presence of the board. At that meeting frank statements were made by the professors, and questions were invited and freely asked. At the same time the professors were requested to prepare careful accounts of their theological and ecclesiastical views for the use of the Prudential Committee. These statements were copied and sent to Mr. Baldwin, and through his kind efforts were reviewed by some of the leading thinkers of New England. I have now before me the comments of Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, and President Hopkins upon those documents, each of them heartily endorsing the western professors.

The friends of the college were not well pleased with the subsequent action of the Synod of Illinois in respect to these rumors. When that body met at Springfield in 1845 the Committee on Illinois College had no report to make. Considering the currency given to injurious reports by their appoint-

ment, and the abundant facilities for investigation furnished them, we felt that we should have been either vindicated or condemned.

After a long and painful discussion in which I was constrained to bear some part, the Synod unanimously adopted the following minutes:

"Whereas, the committee appointed to make certain inquiries relative to Illinois College have made no report, and whereas we are informed that the matters in question are engaging the attention of the trustees of the college, therefore

Resolved, that the Synod dismiss the subject, while they wish it understood that the Synod have preferred no charges and they do not endorse any of the rumors unfavorably affecting the college,

Resolved, that the Synod have reason to believe, and do most earnestly pray that the board of trustees and faculty in their united capacity may and will go forward in the great work of literary and Christian education to which they are called to the full satisfaction of the friends of education."

But I must return to the November meeting of the Board of trustees. On the day following the conference with the Synodical committee the board (one member having been excused at his own request from voting) unanimously elected me to the presidency of the college. At that time there were only three Congregationalists in the Board, and one of them, Rev. Asa Turner, was absent, having sent in his resignation. My election was not therefore the triumph of one church over others.

The delicacy of the situation had of course prevented me from conversing with the students about the election of a president, and I was not aware that there was any general enthusiasm for my election among them. But soon after dark that evening the college bell rang merrily and I was summoned to the

front of the building, to find every window brilliantly illuminated. The lights in the fourth story had been ingeniously arranged to spell my name, the fourteen windows giving just room for a window to each letter and the two periods after the initial letters J. and M. The slope between the college and the town and the very wide prairie beyond was then almost devoid of trees and the illumination could thus be seen for a great distance. I was greeted with a great burst of applause and returned to my house astonished, bewildered and humbled. I felt myself utterly unworthy of such demonstrations. After carefully considering the matter for about two weeks I determined to accept the position; for while the difficulties of the situation arose before me in appalling magnitude, and I was almost overcome by the conviction of my own insufficiency for the trust, I did not dare in view of all the known factors of the problem to refuse.

The trustees had elected me to the presidency with the understanding that I would with it undertake the professorship of Mental and Moral Science, in place of the chair I had previously occupied.

This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to me; for though I had greatly enjoyed teaching mathematics and physics, I had also a growing interest in the new department, and entered upon it with zeal and hopefulness. If my new position had not involved such great burdens with respect to the finances of the institution it would have been all that I could have desired. Even with that drawback it has brought me great happiness for many years. Even in my old age I have resigned the work of teaching mental and moral science with great regret.

In one respect my financial responsibilities brought substantial advantages. Between the years 1835 and 1844, with the exception of a few visits to St. Louis, Chicago and other places in the region, made for the purpose of performing ministerial services, my life had been almost wholly confined to "College Hill." When in the latter year I was called East, words cannot express how bright and beautiful the outside world appeared to me, and especially New England where I spent the summer and Autumn. Nine years among the monotonous scenery of Illinois, not then adorned as it now is by the work of the architect and the landscape gardener, prepared me to revisit, with great delight, the varied scenery to which I had been accustomed in my childhood and in my youth Traveling that summer along the valley of the Connecticut and across the southern part of New Hampshire, and spending some time in the charming suburbs of Boston, my enthusiastic sight-seeing must have amused my fellow travelers who had spent all their lives in New England. The sight of clear streams, grand and venerable mountains, or even of hillside pastures covered with granite boulders filled me with irrepressible delight. After many long drives in the black mud of the prairies it was a pleasure to travel by stage in the rain over the hard roads of the East. I contrasted the snow-white foam in the wake of a steamer on Long Island Sound with the yellow water of the Missouri. Natural scenery seemed to act on me in those days like a gentle stimulant. My spirit was cheered and my health was greatly improved. I was also grateful to discover that my communications to the periodical press had

made many friends in places where I supposed I was an entire stranger.

This journey also brought me much help and encouragement in the study of religious questions Hitherto my thinking had been to a great extent solitary, without books or time to read them. My views, when expressed, had so often been received with suspicion and even with obloquy, that I was becoming timid in my intercourse with men. I was eager to learn the opinions of others, but shy and cautious in expressing my own. I sometimes suffered from the apprehension that there might be something distorted in my mental development which, if I fully disclosed myself, would shock my acquaintances.

Of all this I was rapidly relieved. From day to day as I formed new acquaintances and learned the views of the men I met, I found that in my western residence I had not grown out of sympathy with the fathers and brothers of New England but into it, and that as I disclosed the results of my own thinking, first cautiously and then with freedom, my opinions did not shock and repel, but attracted attention, excited interest and won friendship and confidence.

During that year I attended for the first time a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. I take great pleasure in recording the impression which was made upon me by that meeting. As it advanced and I grew in sympathy with the sweet religious spirit pervading it, the impression that I was in a holy place deepened, and I recognized in my own soul that fundamental conception of the gospel, "The field is the world." As I

left that meeting I felt in the very depths of my being that whatever difficulties and perplexities I might encounter amid the labyrinths of theological speculation or ecclesiastical inquiry I would never cut myself loose from the practical communion with saints which I had enjoyed on that occasion. I knew that the ark of God was there and that in the fellowship of faith and good works I had found the true Church of God.

> "For her my tears shall fall,
> For her my prayers ascend,
> To her my cares and toils be given,
> Till toils and cares shall end."

From that purpose I have never wavered, and I have spent my subsequent life in laboring to the utmost of my power to break down the human devices which hinder this only true Christian fellowship. It was almost immediately after this meeting that I returned home to take my part in the events and experiences connected with my election to the presidency of the college.

About the first of January, 1845, it became necessary again to go east and coöperate with Mr. Baldwin in an effort to obtain pecuniary assistance for the college. I imagine that many of my readers have very little conception of what a winter's journey from central Illinois to New York City then meant. In my case it was a stage ride pursued night and day from Springfield, Illinois to Cumberland, Maryland. Before we reached Terre Haute the mud had become so deep that the stage-coach was exchanged for a mud-wagon, that is, a common lumber wagon with a canvas cover stretched over bows of oak, and no springs except the small ones attached to the seats. The

short seats, intended for two, frequently held three, and brought heads and bows so near together as to threaten us, every moment with concussion of the brain as the vehicle lurched from side to side. In spite of the greatest diligence we did not make more than sixty-five or seventy miles in twenty-four hours. One look at the hovels opened for the entertainment of travelers reconciled me to ride on in discomfort rather than to try to rest in such places.

About midnight on Saturday night the stage stopped for the night, and I for the Sabbath, at a very comfortable place in Richmond, Indiana. How charming was the refreshment of that day of rest! On Monday morning, to my great satisfaction, the mud-wagon gave place to a fine Concord coach which carried us in comparative comfort at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour over the macadamized national road. The road had been projected to run as far west as St. Louis, but the scruples of our statesmen about the limitations of the constitution had caused it to stop at Richmond. Some politicians are very conscientious in the interest of their party. Unfortunately they did not think so much of limitations in some matters less important for the people. Our past fatigues were now almost forgotten as we sped on to Dayton, Columbus and Wheeling. Then came the magnificent scenery of the passage across the Alleghanies, until at Cumberland, Maryland, we took the railroad train which carried me to my friends in New York before another Sabbath.

Of the various labors I encountered, the successes which delighted and the failures which disheartened me in the effort to build up the finances of Illinois

College, it would be tedious to speak. In February or March I spent a fortnight in New Haven. The severe labors of that period were wonderfully lightened by the delightful companionship in which I there found myself. My old friendship with Doctors Bacon and Dutton was renewed and strengthened. I made the acquaintance of Dr. Joseph Thompson, then pastor of the Chapel Street Church and afterwards widely known in connection with Broadway Tabernacle in New York. For the precious intimacy enjoyed with those three men through all the rest of their lives I desire devoutly to thank God. Surely the joy of such friendships with the consecrated and hallowed servants of God's kingdom is among the greatest joys of his children here on earth, and abundantly repays them for any sacrifices they may be permitted to make in the service of that kingdom.

I was invited to spend an evening at a club composed of the men I have named, and others of a kindred spirit. When the company were assembled Dr. Dutton surprised me by saying: "I suggest that instead of the regular order we hear from Brother Sturtevant his views of the relation of the Lord's Supper to the government and discipline of the Church." I protested that I could not speak before such a company on such a subject without a moment's preparation. But my objections were overruled with the kindly assurance that all present were brethren, and that they desired to ask questions and have me answer them. Accordingly the evening until a late hour was spent in a deeply interesting discussion of the subject suggested. Drawn out in part

by their questions, I stated my belief that the Lord's Supper is designed to be a Christian ordinance, but not an instrument of church power; that it belongs only to the Church inorganic and universal; the Church which has no government save that which Christ himself exercises by his word and his Spirit. I denied that the rite sustains any relation to the government of the local Church, or was ever intended to enforce its discipline. I affirmed that whenever men assumed the right, at that table to which the Lord invites those who know in their hearts that they love Him in sincerity and truth, to admit or exclude their fellows, they acted without any warrant in the Scriptures and committed a usurpation in the house of God. I contended that the purity and sanctity of the service needed no protection but the moral forces of truth and love, and that a minister had no function at the table but that of a presiding officer appointed by his brethren, to whom he did not administer the rite since all united as brethren with joyful concurrence to celebrate it.

These opinions were very earnestly discussed, some questioning, some combating, and some defending them, but no one appeared to discover in them any alarming divergence from the foundations of the Christian faith. My own conviction of the truth and the importance of the principles enunciated that evening has steadily increased ever since, as I have had time to think and read more widely on the subject. I have traced those principles into a much wider circle of logical relations and seen more fully their illustrations in ecclesiastical history, and now I believe that before the conflict of sects comes to an

end, and the divisions of Christendom are healed, the doctrine of "the power of the keys," as it was understood by the reformers of the sixteenth century and by their Catholic opponents, must be renounced. This doctrine assumes that whatever grace of God comes to His people through participation in the Lord's Supper is locked in a sacred chest, of which the organized Church alone holds the key. This doctrine was held alike by John Calvin, John Knox, and Pope Gregory VII. in the plenitude of his spiritual despotism. It leaves room for endless disputes about the possession of the true key, and always gives the advantage to the hierarchical churches. Substitute for this the simpler teaching that the ordinances belong to the Church universal, to be used freely by all as expressions of faith and fellowship, and the causes of division will to a great extent have passed away. Nothing then will hinder the union of the multitude of the disciples around the Christ of the New Testament, the Christ of the miraculous conception, the crucifixion, the resurrection and the ascension. At last we shall understand what our Lord meant when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

CHAPTER XIX.

A CRISIS.

The aid of the "Society for Promoting Collegiate and Theological Education at the West" brought partial but by no means adequate relief to the college. Our heavy debt incurred during the financial crisis of 1837 was a burden so grievous that for a time it threatened the very existence of the institution. Our large amount of real estate, the gift of our friends, now oppressed us, since all except the building site was subject to taxation. In 1846 the financial agent of the college urged that it was imperatively necessary to relieve the Board of these burdens. In order to accomplish this he proposed that all the property of the college except the buildings, the land reserved for a site, the library, and the chemical and philosophical apparatus, should be offered for sale at a price barely sufficient to lift our debt. This I opposed as an unnecessary sacrifice. I had already secured liberal subscriptions for the payment of the debt, conditioned on the whole sum being pledged, and I believed that by patience and zeal the trustees could pass the crisis. It seemed certain that at no distant day the property would increase greatly in value.

I suggested another plan which appeared practicable and easy. The bonds of the State of Illinois were selling at that time in Wall Street at the very

low price of 16 or 17 per cent. of their face. My proposition was to offer the disposable property of the college in exchange for State bonds. I doubted not that in those depressed times we could sell our lands for as much in State bonds at their face value as it would bring in cash in prosperous times, and I had full faith that our state bonds would in due time be worth their face. Several of the foremost financiers of the State were present in the Board of Trustees, and such was the general depression that they received my proposition with a storm of sarcasm and ridicule. Would I sell the rich lands of Illinois for dishonored bonds not worth the paper on which they were printed and on which not one dime would ever be paid? After hearing them, I said, "Gentlemen, you are financiers and ought to know about such matters. I am but a preacher and a student and supposed to be ignorant of them. But please remember my words. The bonds of the State of Illinois will be paid to the last dime, principal and interest. If ten successive legislatures repudiate them, the eleventh will be sure to provide for their payment.

"Go, gentlemen," said I, "and select any piece of land in the state which you would like to purchase, learn from its owner the price, and then estimate the whole share of the state debt which lies against that piece of land and add that to the price asked for it, and the united sum will not be found to be more than one quarter or one half the price which the land is sure to command in a few years."

I believed moreover that if a communication were made to the legislature of the state, that seventy-five

or a hundred thousand dollars of the bonds of the state (for that was about the sum I expected to raise) were held by Illinois College and perpetually devoted to educational interests, the legislature would make the interest of those bonds a part of the annual expenses of the state and that thus our property could be converted into a substantial productive fund at about its real value. My argument availed nothing, the Board naturally deferring to the financiers. With unspeakable heart-sickness I saw the proposition of the financial agent accepted and arrangements made for sacrificing the property. This was perhaps the only important measure in respect to which I was in a minority of the trustees while at the head of the institution.

Immediately after the adjournment of the trustees I wrote to Mr. Baldwin, predicting the results which might be expected from this action. Some eight or ten years afterwards, when prosperity had returned to the country, Mr. Baldwin sent me a copy of that letter that I might see how events had fulfilled my predictions. Those predictions were made in sorrow, and I saw their fulfillment with still greater sorrow. Financiers, however shrewd, sometimes stand too near the questions at issue to form correct judgments.

The finances of the college now presented a very simple problem. We must keep the finances of the institution within the income provided for it, and appeal to the public, not now for the payment of an old debt or of taxes on unproductive land, but for a permanent endowment. In the year 1849 an effort was commenced which laid the foundation of the present

permanent fund. It was begun very timidly, but with an earnest purpose. At the annual meeting of the trustees that year I proposed that we should begin with an effort to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars none of the subscription to be valid until the full sum should have been pledged. Before the meeting adjourned the plan was put in form and two subscriptions of $1,000 each and several smaller ones were recorded. My own subscription of one thousand dollars was to be paid in ten equal annual installments, but the amount was at least equal to one-fourth of all my worldly possessions. It was also agreed that as soon as the first ten thousand dollars was subscribed we should at once attempt to secure another ten thousand upon the same terms. Rev. William C. Merritt, a graduate of the college, was employed to prosecute the work, which prospered rather beyond our expectations. It was not long before the sum of thirty thousand dollars had been secured, and since that time the college has had a permanent fund.

And here I anticipate somewhat by mentioning a serious disaster which befell us about the last of December, 1852. Just at the close of the holiday vacation our largest building was burned. It was four stories high, the fire was in the roof and therefore difficult of access, and Jacksonville had then no fire department. Nothing of the building was saved except the south wing where my family had resided for twenty years, and from which we had removed to our present home only a few months before. Our small college library was in that building. With great difficulty the books were saved in a somewhat damaged condition. The worst is yet to be told. An insurance

policy of several thousand dollars had been allowed to expire only a few weeks previous—through whose carelessness it is not worth while to inquire—and only three thousand dollars of valid insurance remained.

When the students returned for the winter term they found only the ashes of their college home. A few left the institution, but most of them sought board in town and proceeded with their studies. Our chapel, and recitation and lecture rooms, were not destroyed. For my own part I had felt so keenly the evils to which students living in college dormitories were exposed both in my Alma Mater and in Illinois that I was in no haste to rebuild. Those evils were somewhat increased by the fact that we were obliged to receive so many young men almost entirely destitute of previous discipline. I was weary of enforcing police regulations, so imperative in securing good order in and about the premises and yet always to some extent ineffectual, and longed to put the young men under the restraints of life in private families.

Subsequent experience and reflection have, however, convinced me that college dormitories possess on the whole certain advantages and cannot well be dispensed with. If student life, for any reason, does not center within the college buildings, the unity of the institution and its power for good are greatly impaired. Students living outside the walls have less of that home feeling which does so much to make them loyal to their Alma Mater. It is especially easier to carry out a system of moral and religious training where there is at least a nucleus of the students living together in the college. Such religious influences are worth more than anything else in the

formation of character. Without them the best police regulations are futile.

I was not alone in thinking that new dormitories might well be deferred for a time. Meanwhile it seemed important to take immediate steps for the erection of a really good building for instruction. We were obliged to proceed slowly and more than four years passed before the structure was completed. At the opening of the fall term of 1857 we took possession of the ample and pleasant rooms now chiefly used for the public purposes of the college.

I return to an earlier period that I may record important changes that occurred in our faculty before the fire. These resulted from our successful efforts in obtaining funds in 1849 and 1850, and from the previous resignations of Professors Turner and Post, the latter to accept a pastorate in St. Louis, and of Rev. William Coffin, who had succeeded me in the department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Prof. Rufus C. Crampton had succeeded Prof. Coffin, Prof. Nutting had taken the place of Prof. Post, and Prof. William D. Sanders that of Prof. Turner; the last two being chosen as Presbyterians in order to meet the wishes of our Presbyterian friends in the Board of Trustees and outside of it.

Up to this time, while we had been careful that our teachers should be earnest, religious men, they had been chosen without much regard to denominational bias. Liberally educated young men were not then numerous in our state, and we had naturally gone for teachers to New England where the supply was most abundant. In the interest of harmony therefore I and others exerted ourselves to find suitable Pres-

byterian candidates for the vacant chairs, and the unanimous choice of these two professors was the result. The new arrangement was highly acceptable to our Presbyterian friends and caused no displeasure among Congregationalists. We had an able and, as we believed, a popular faculty. The religious divisions of the college seemed to be past and we felt that an era of peace and good feeling was before us.

In 1855 I still retained my connection with the Presbyterian Church. I had tried to be fully understood by my brethren of that denomination. My language had invariably been: "I am not a Presbyterian. I came among you as a Congregationalist, and as such I have continued with you. My connection here is fraternal rather than ecclesiastical. For years I have uniformly excused myself from voting upon questions of ecclesiastical politics. If with this understanding it is desirable that I continue with you, I shall seek no change." I had, however, always maintained my unrestrained liberty of free utterance on all subjects, religious and ecclesiastical ones not excepted.

Early in that year I received an invitation to deliver an address before the American Congregational Union at its anniversary to be held in May in the city of Brooklyn. As that was the first opportunity I had ever had of giving utterance before a fitting audience to my views of the constitution and order of the Christian Church I accepted the invitation. No man has a right to occupy a position which forbids him to speak his convictions on such a theme. I regarded my opinions on that subject as the result of the teaching providences of God, and I felt sacredly bound to speak what I knew and testify what I had seen. To have

been silent through fear of giving offense would have been, in my estimation, treason to the cause of truth and righteousness.

The Church of the Pilgrims, of which Dr. Richard S. Storrs was and still is the honored pastor, was selected for the place of meeting. My theme was, "The Unsectarian Character of Congregationalism." The discourse occupied an hour and three-quarters in delivery, and was repeated by special request without abridgement the next Sabbath evening to an audience that crowded the Broadway Tabernacle in New York. It was also published in pamphlet form by Draper of Andover. No one who had not found his way alone to what seemed to him the truth, and who had not experienced years of loneliness and opposition, can understand the joy which filled my heart at the reception given to my utterances by those great assemblies of intelligent Christians. It gave me special pleasure to be informed that my old friend Dr. Absalom Peters, who had so severely rebuked me in 1834 for the countenance I had been giving to Congregationalism in Illinois, said to his friends as he left the Church of the Pilgrims: "Hitherto I have been a Presbyterian. Henceforth I am a Congregationalist." That great and good man afterwards expressed himself to the same effect more than once in my presence.

It soon became evident that the college needed a much larger endowment, and the trustees proposed to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars. The subscriptions were conditioned upon the entire amount being pledged before the first day of June, 1858. Prof. Sanders, an earnest and very efficient man, consented to assist me in procuring pledges. Our denomi-

national differences seemed to have mostly disappeared. I had withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church because my connection with it no longer seemed to promote harmony and facilitate coöperation, and the change had been made so far as I could judge without any interruption of good feeling. Neither Prof. Sanders nor myself were withdrawn from the work of instruction while raising the endowment funds. The labor was great and success sometimes seemed almost impossible. As the first of June drew near the pressure greatly increased, and when less than a fortnight remained and we lacked several thousand dollars of the needed subscriptions it became apparent that this deficiency must be supplied by the people of Jacksonville and its vicinity.

At this crisis a very influential member of the Board of Trustees, having sought a private interview, assured me of his great interest in our success, and suggested as a means of securing it that I should announce that I would not hereafter engage in ecclesiastical discussions such as my recent address before the Congregational Union. He asked if other college presidents of known wisdom and prudence, such men for example as Dr. Hopkins of Williams College, did such things. In reply I told him that at the close of my discourse in Broadway Tabernacle Dr. Hopkins had sought me out, thanked me and assured me that he thought my address would do much good. I told him that the trustees could have my resignation at any moment but that I would remain at the head of the college only as a free man, at perfect liberty to speak and publish at my own discretion.

We toiled on, and before the first day of June ar-

rived the full amount had been pledged. I announced the good news to Mr. Baldwin in New York by refering to Psalm 126: 1–3; " When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: Then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

It now seemed to us all that the prosperity of the college rested on an assured foundation. Presbyterians and Congregationalists and patriotic public-spirited men who were connected with neither denomination were coöperating in making its foundation broader and stronger, and yet the liberty of its instructors had been maintained.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PROGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY.

In the study of revolutions such as the overthrow of slavery in the United States, we are apt to overestimate the forces which appear in open conflict, and to undervalue the more tranquil influence of thought guided by the providence and the Spirit of God. The progress of anti-slavery opinion in the state of Illinois was like the sunshine. It came as the Kingdom of God always comes, and no one had reason to exclaim: "Lo here, or, lo there!"

Since the martyrdom of Lovejoy, two notable events have been the way-marks of our progress. Both were national in their influence and character. One of them was the publication and wide circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Up to that time, in those portions of the Northern states peopled by immigration from the South, anti-slavery sentiment had never been fully emancipated from the ban under which Southern opinion had placed it. Personal violence or open insult no longer prevailed, but such sentiments were treated with contempt, and those who uttered them to some extent forfeited social position. In most of the churches such utterances were frowned upon, and the preachers who indulged in them were made conscious that public odium rested upon them. The charge of favoring the freedom of the slave injured the reputation of any man or institution to which it attached.

Uncle Tom's Cabin seemed to end as if by magic this unnatural spell upon men's freedom of utterance. The book sold with astonishing rapidity, and was almost universally read. A few incorrigible devotees of slavery were full of anger, but they were quite overpowered by the tide of public opinion, and were soon glad to retire in moody silence. The popular heart was stirred, and old prejudices were forgotten, and convictions long repressed were freely uttered. Mrs. Stowe's pictures of slavery and its influence on individuals and society were so graphic that those who knew slavery best could not help recognizing their truth. The book became the chief theme of conversation in all social circles, until people were ashamed to confess that they had not read it. For the first time in our history abolitionism became popular. I have never witnessed any other such revolution in public sentiment.

The philosophy of the marvelous influence exerted by that book merits the profoundest investigation. It was not the effect of genius alone, though without genius it could not have been produced. The vividness of its pictures, its accurate delineation of character and especially of the negro character, the touches of wit and mirthfulness with which even the most sorrowful scenes were intermingled, were all effective. But deeper than these was the profound aim; to paint a great national crime in all its enormity and if possible to eliminate the horrible system from our civilization. Without this holy purpose which pervades every page of the book its publication would have produced no marked results. Of course the wave of popular enthusiasm gradually subsided, but its influ-

ence was permanent. It was no longer a crime to utter anti-slavery sentiments. The domination of slavery north of Mason and Dixon's line had passed away forever.

The other great landmark in the progress of liberty was the organization of the Republican party from 1854 to 1856. And here I must say a few words about my own political history, though it may seem to some of my friends absurd or even discreditable. In the first Presidential election after reaching my majority I was not able to participate because of a recent change of residence. In 1832, I had been but three years in Illinois, and had so little sympathy with the two parties then contending for the control of the state that my conscience would permit me to vote with neither. When the slavery question began to agitate the public mind my unwillingness to ally myself with either of the great parties was much increased. I regarded slavery as the foremost national issue, and utterly distrusted both parties with respect to it. Yet no statesmanlike or even intelligible line of political action was suggested by others. In fact my first vote for a President was cast for Martin Van Buren in 1849. Then it was not the candidate but the platform that won my support. I had as little respect for the career of the nominee as the most zealous of his opponents, but I recognized the Free-Soil principles of the Buffalo platform as expressing the only issue upon which, at that time, any considerable portion of the American people could be brought to concerted action against slavery. I not only accepted the platform with enthusiasm, but I had hope that under the lead of ex-President Van Buren a new

party might be organized with sound anti-slavery principles, which would rapidly attract adherents.

In this, however, I was disappointed. In 1852 I saw no reasonable hope that anything of importance would be accomplished by the Liberty party, and I regarded the other two parties with constantly increasing distrust and aversion. In what was known as the compromise of 1850 the two had united in such action as was intended and expected on both sides to render any further political action against the system of slavery impossible, and thus to render the bondage of the enslaved race and of the nation perpetual. I cannot even deny that the iron had entered my own soul until I was almost tempted to say about God what Cassy said on Legree's plantation "He is not here." It was to my mind the most hopeless crisis of the great conflict. I could not vote for a Whig or Democratic administration. I saw no hope in any other direction. The Divine resources are infinite, but when the Republican party was organized it seemed to us the only method by which deliverance could possibly come to the nation. And even that method would have been seemingly impossible if the way had not been opened for it, as the way of Providence is so often opened, by the madness of its enemies.

When in 1820 the Missouri Compromise was accepted, most northern people believed that it would be faithfully adhered to, and that slavery would thereby be confined within comparatively narrow limits. If anyone will take the trouble to trace on the map the line which then separated us from Mexico he will see that this expectation was seemingly well founded,

But the accession of Texas and the immense territory acquired by the Mexican war, gave the South room for vast expansion south of the line fixed by the Missouri Compromise, as the permanent boundary between freedom and slavery. Even with this, however, the South was not satisfied. In coöperation with its numerous adherents in the North it soon openly avowed its purpose to trample on the Missouri Compromise and to extend the system of slavery to all parts of our unorganized territory, wherever masters might choose to migrate with their human chattels. Southern leaders were evidently determined not only to maintain that equilibrium in the United States Senate between freedom and slavery, which had been so jealously guarded since 1820, but to secure for slavery a perpetual ascendency. The institution which at first asked only for a tolerated existence, next claimed full equality with freedom, and now clearly revealed to thoughtful men its purpose to hold perpetual sway in the councils of the great republic.

It is not strange that the discovery that such an issue was upon us filled patriotic men at the North with alarm and horror. Just at this crisis the Free-Soil policy advocated by the James G. Birney wing of the abolitionists and most clearly and distinctly announced in the Buffalo platform of 1848, began to be openly and eloquently championed by many of the able and most influential statesmen of the North. Men from all parties were drawn as by a common impulse toward the new banner. It became evident that upon that issue alone the North could be rallied to defend itself against the alarming encroachments

of the slave-power. The disintregration of the Whig party became inevitable. Old line Whigs as they were called, abolitionists who under the lead of Birney remained faithful to the Union, and a great multitude of Democrats, found themselves standing shoulder to shoulder in the determination that slavery should not be naturalized, and therefore should not be permitted to encroach further upon the national domain. An absolute necessity created a new political organization to express the general sentiment. The madness of the slavery propagandists had created the Republican party. "Whom the gods will destroy they first make mad."

The organization of the Republican party in central and southern Illinois was, however, no easy task. The Whig party had been strong here, but its adherents were very largely the followers of Henry Clay, and they still regarded him with implicit confidence. When, therefore, it became evident that the Whig party throughout the North was breaking up, it became a very serious and doubtful question what course the Whigs of this region would take. Most of them did not desire the further extension of slavery. They desired to establish freedom, not slavery, in the new territories of Kansas and Nebraska. They wished to create no more slave states, but they were not abolitionists. They did not wish to convert the slave states in which they were born and reared into free states. They were ready to resist any effort to give freedom to the negroes in the midst of their masters. They therefore regarded with suspicion and aversion any party which seemed to favor emancipation. Here, therefore, the situation was exceed-

ingly critical. In northern Illinois the Republican party organized itself, but in central and southern Illinois it was a grave question whether an organization could be effected.

The only prominent politician in the neighborhood upon whom we could depend as a leader was Richard Yates, the first man who received the degree of A. B. from Illinois College, delivered to him by myself in the absence of President Beecher. He had already served one term as a Representative in Congress, having been elected by the Whig party, and had there shown a greater degree of sympathy with anti-slavery principles than was generally expected either from a Whig or a Democrat. The open violation of the Missouri Compromise had filled him with an indignation which he had not been slow to express. To him anti-slavery men naturally turned for leadership. He hesitated. It was not strange that he should, for he had bright political prospects, and his future career was at stake. At this juncture I had a long interview with him. He was frank, warm-hearted and generous. I entreated him to become our standard-bearer and assured him that he would not lack for followers. He promised to do what he could, and well was that promise redeemed.

He was a good leader, and rapidly succeeded in inspiring his old Whig associates with his own enthusiasm. Wise and politic, he assured them that they were organizing not an abolition but a Free-Soil party, whose sole object it was to prevent the further extension of slavery over territory hitherto free from its blighting influence. He proposed to leave slavery undisturbed in the states where it already existed,

saying to the accursed thing: "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further." I did not then, neither do I now, regard the Republican party as the less worthy of confidence and honor because it guarded against attacking the "peculiar institution" in the slave states. Without that limitation it could not have been organized at all in this region. The leaders of the party wisely proposed to do what they could, not what they could not, accomplish. They assailed the institution just where it could be successfully attacked. If the abolitionists had been as wise and discriminating from the very beginning of the agitation they would have gathered many more adherents. Society would have been far less violently convulsed, and perhaps slavery would have been more speedily abolished, and with far less sacrifice of blood and treasure.

That period brought into striking prominence another man who was destined to become even more famous than Governor Yates. That man was Abraham Lincoln. Nothing ever seemed to me more wonderful or more obviously providential than the raising up of Mr. Lincoln for that great crisis. The times called for one born and reared in the midst of slavery and the poverty and ignorance which it produced among the poor whites—one who could meet people of Southern birth and move them by a style of eloquence that should go straight to their hearts, but one who was nevertheless imbued with the highest conception of moral obligation and was able to grasp those great principles which underlie the whole fabric of free institutions. He must be a statesman capable of viewing social and political questions from the highest moral standpoint. I have known but one

man in whom these combinations existed, and that man was Abraham Lincoln.

There is one view of the conditions of Mr. Lincoln's early life in relation to which it is very difficnlt for any of us to do him justice. We have other examples of men who have made their way from penury and obscurity through all the difficulties which their position involved to high intellectual culture and the broadest and most liberal statesmanship. Mr. Garfield was such a man. But there is one great difference between the career of Mr. Garfield and that of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Garfield was born and reared in a community in which the advantages of an elementary education were open to all, and in which the whole people were imbued in a greater or less degree with the spirit of liberal learning. In those elementary schools the advantages of which he enjoyed, friendly eyes were watching and friendly hands were laid upon him in affectionate encouragement. Educated men sought him out and advised him to seek a liberal education. In 1880, during the Presidential canvass, the widow of the Rev. John Seward of Aurora, Ohio, wrote a letter to Mr. Garfield reminding him that her husband had thus encouraged him in his early struggles. Mr. Garfield replied and very gratefully acknowledged the fact. It was from that same Rev. John Seward that I received at an earlier date much of the inspiration that induced me to enter college.

But Mr. Lincoln was lifted up towards higher attainments by no such surrounding atmosphere of intelligence. No such pervading spirit of culture stimulated him. No common school blessed his childhood,

The sphere of his activity and his culture was limited to the hard toil and coarse fare of the log cabin, the forest and the corn field. He had actually reached man's estate before he acquired the first rudiments of an education. That in spite of the extreme disadvantages of such a position he should have attained the culture, the knowledge, the wisdom and the stirring eloquence that fitted him for his great destiny and for the eminent services he was to render to liberty, to our country and to civilization itself, was an achievement without a parallel. Long before he was thought of as a candidate for the Presidency, I knew him intimately. He stood in the foremost rank among the most truth-loving men I have ever known. Whether at his law office, in the drawing-room, at the bar, in the halls of legislation, or on the rostrum, he was incapable of sensationalism. His constant aim was to express truth in its own simple naked impressiveness. If you could reach the very center of his mental activity you would always find there some moral truth from which everything radiated. He was a true and righteous man. This was the Moses whom God had raised up to lead his people out of Egyptian bondage, and yet he never had the advantage of the arts of civilization taught in the palace of Pharaoh. To have known Lincoln I esteem one of the greatest blessings of my early settlement on what was then the frontier of our civilization.

It was only with the uprising of new political issues that we began to realize Mr. Lincoln's power or to appreciate his character, although as a lawyer and as a politician he had already acquired a high reputation, having served one term as a Whig in the nation-

al House of Representatives. In the conflicts which followed he seemed to have found his element and entered upon the work for which he was born. I remember the first speech I heard from him on this great issue as though it were but yesterday. He addressed an audience of not less than two thousand people gathered from Morgan and the surrounding counties. He, like Yates, spoke guardedly, proposing only to confine slavery within its existing limits. But that did not hinder him from striking terrible blows at slavery itself. He sought to move his audience to prevent the further extension of slavery. It was therefore perfectly legitimate to show that slavery was a very bad thing. And this he did with telling force. No man ever knew the hearts of his hearers more perfectly than Abraham Lincoln. He was perfectly familiar with all their passions, prejudices and hatreds, and yet was able so to construct his argument as to avoid offending their prejudices, and to so convince them that they received his utterances with clamorous applause. That day I first learned that Abraham Lincoln was a great man. In a metaphorical sense he commanded the winds and the waves and they obeyed him. He even drew his argument from the deeps of natural theology. "My friends," said he, "we know that slavery is not right. If it were right, some men would have been born with no hands and two mouths, for it never was designed that they should work, but only eat. Other men would have been born with no mouth and four hands, because it was the design of the Creator that they should work that other men might eat. We are all born with a mouth to eat and hands to work, that

every man may eat the products of his own labor and be satisfied."

It is impossible fully to estimate the beneficent influence on the people of central and southern Illinois from the great political agitation which followed the organization of the Republican party. It was more than a great political movement. It was a great moral upheaval. Previous to that time, at least since the year 1824, the moral element had been scarcely discernible in our politics. From that time onward to the close of the war the moral element seemed to be almost the leading one in public affairs. In Mr. Lincoln's speeches it was always paramont. His appeal was to the moral convictions of his hearers. In that respect it would be difficult for anyone not familiar with our previous political condition to form any adequate conception of the change wrought among us by the presidential canvas of 1856. In our part of the state the newly organized party was still greatly in the minority, but it was evidently the growing aggressive force.

The contrast between the two great party leaders, Mr. Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, was very remarkable. The latter was then in the zenith of his popularity. He was a perfect master of all those artifices by which men win their way to the hearts of the multitude. Men whom he had once met he never forgot, and he knew how to greet them with a certain appearance of cordiality which made the impression of great and affectionate regard. Each man was made to feel that he was the very one that the great leader particularly desired to meet. Yet Mr. Douglas' power was by no means limited to these vulgar

arts. He was very strong as a popular orator, but the source of his power was in great contrast with that of Mr. Lincoln. He knew all the passions, tastes and prejudices of the masses he expected to win as well as Mr. Lincoln did, but he employed that knowledge for a very different purpose. While Mr. Lincoln used his familiarity with human nature for the purpose of finding access for the truth to the understanding and heart, Mr. Douglas employed the same knowledge with consummate adroitness to accomplish his own ends, whatever they might be. Mr. Lincoln's truthfulness was unquestioned. Mr. Douglas' success as a lawyer lay largely in his utter indifference to the line that separates truth from falsehood. If he could but win he did not hesitate about the means. Mr. Douglas was perfectly confident of his own power of so arraying popular passion and prejudice against the party he opposed as to overwhelm it. Mr. Lincoln was equally confident that under the government of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, truth would prevail and righteousness would triumph. The influence of the two men upon their followers corresponds precisely with this contrast.

An instance once occurred in an audience which Mr. Douglas had just been addressing. Immediately after he ceased an enthusiastic admirer in the crowd declared that he believed that Douglas was a greater man than Jesus Christ. We may be sure that Mr. Lincoln never left such an impression. His admirers always regarded him as the minister of truth and righteousness. He made them feel that the truth which must ultimately prevail is not a matter of hu-

man opinion, but is the expression of immutable principles and accords with the law of God. This contrast explains, at least in part, the moral revolution which Mr. Lincoln and his co-laborers introduced into our politics.

The success of the Republican party in its first Presidential campaign was very remarkable. The obstacles to be encountered were gigantic; the prejudices to be vanquished seemed insurmountable. Though through the division of the Whig element between the Republicans and the Know Nothings the Republicans were defeated on the national issue, still we elected our state ticket by a handsome majority. Jacksonville itself, notwithstanding the large preponderance of the Southern element in our population, was carried for the Republicans by a considerable plurality. If I had formerly been remiss in the duties of a citizen I did what I could to atone for it in that canvass. I must confess, however, that as in 1848 my enthusiasm was not inspired by the candidate. I endeavored at the outset to create in myself some zeal by reading the life of General Fremont, but I soon found that my fervor was more likely to be chilled than to be intensified by the process. I therefore said and thought little of the candidate, but rejoiced to do what I could to advance the righteous principles embodied in the platform.

The most important conflict in which Mr. Lincoln was ever engaged in this state was a series of debates between him and Mr Douglas, in 1858. Many consider his speech delivered near the beginning of that contest in the representatives' hall at Springfield, the greatest effort of his life. With great pleasure I

recall its impressive opening. Outside were the noisy demonstrations of a great Democratic parade. The room was filled to its utmost capacity with grave and thoughtful men. I shall never forget my emotions as the tall form of our leader rose before us and he gave utterance to the memorable words: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states old as well as new, North as well as South." This was new doctrine for the latitude of Springfield, yet never did a statesman choose the ground he was to stand upon more wisely or define it more boldly, or defend it more irresistably. I know that some of the old-time abolitionists present were startled and alarmed at the frankness of Mr. Lincoln's position. One of them intimately known to myself, one of Mr. Lincoln's greatest admirers, sought an interview with him the next day and entreated him to modify his language, assuring him that on the issue he had made our defeat was inevitable. Mr. Lincoln heard him with respectful attention, but replied with kindly firmness, "I will not change one word. I have rewritten that paragraph again and again. It precisely expresses the position on which I will make the fight." It was

not long before the doubter fully concurred in the wisdom of the decision. There is reason to believe that Mr. Douglas himself was entirely confident that on that issue Mr. Lincoln could be easily and utterly routed. Mr. Douglas was no judge of the power of truth, while Mr. Lincoln fully believed in his heart that no arts of a demagogue could stand before it.

During the progress of this campaign I happened to be at our railway station one day when the train arrived and Mr. Lincoln emerged from one of the cars. He was on his way to speak at the town of Winchester, a few miles from Jacksonville. As we walked together to the hotel, a quarter of a mile distant I said: "Mr. Lincoln you must be having a weary time." "I am," said he, "and if it were not for one thing I would retire from the contest. I know that if Mr. Douglas' doctrine prevails it will not be fifteen years before Illinois itself will be a slave state." So keenly did he feel that slavery must be arrested before it subjugated the whole nation. It was this conviction that impelled him. He, of all men, deserved to be called the Father of Emancipation in the United States.

In that contest for the Illinois senatorship Mr. Douglas was destined to win one more victory and his opponent to experience one more defeat. But that contest left Mr. Lincoln on the highway to the White House. It made him known to the nation as the statesman whom God had raised up to lead the host that fought under the banner of liberty.

As an orator, Mr. Lincoln had one remarkable characteristic. His perfect candor invariably won the confidence of his hearers at the outset. He was

always careful to disentangle himself from any fallacy into which the advocates of his own cause might have fallen. His friends would often be astonished at the magnitude and importance of his concessions. He seemed to be surrendering the whole ground of the debate, leaving not a square foot upon which his own argument could rest. Yet in the sequel he made it gloriously apparent that the rock foundation of his cause was left, where no man could overthrow it. He forced even his bitterest opponents to believe that he was at least candid and sincere. I am inclined, however, to think that in his varied practice in the courts his candor may have sometimes stood in the way of his success. One eminent lawyer said of him after his cruel assassination, "Mr. Lincoln was an excellent supreme court lawyer, but he was too candid not to sometimes damage a bad cause." I fear that few eminent lawyers lay themselves liable to that criticism.

Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, has been at great pains to assure us that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian, but an unbeliever. Mr. Herndon was a very incompetent interpreter of the mind and the life of his partner. He had no correct discernment of the real line that separates the Christian from the infidel. How does he interpret the golden words addressed by that great man to the crowd assembled around the railway station to witness his departure from Springfield for Washington? What was the meaning of the seemingly earnest request for the prayers of that great multitude? He recognized the greatness of the task before him and declared that without Divine help he should certainly fail. Were

those the words of a devout believer in God and in prayer, or of an infidel and demagogue, professing a devotion which in his heart he despised? We cannot accept Mr. Herndon's theory of Mr. Lincoln's character. There is nothing surprising or difficult of explanation in the fact that Mr. Lincoln had not hitherto openly professed his faith in Christ by uniting himself with some Christian church. Up to this time, and still later, there must have been in his mind something of the same confusion of ideas under which Mr. Herndon still labored when he pronounced his distinguished partner an unbeliever. Alas! How many there are still among us whose minds are involved in the same confusion. Mr. Lincoln had not then, it seems to me, learned to distinguish between Christianity as set forth in the life of Jesus Christ and in the clear concrete form in which He taught it, and the Christianity of the modern creed of technical, metaphysical theology. He regarded the latter as the Christianity of the Church, and believed that in uniting himself with a church he professed implicit faith in all the statements of its creed. He was too candid, too cautious, too conscientious to make such a profession till he found his own mind in assured harmony with it. He took the Church at her word and thought that to be a Christian he must believe all that the Church teaches. He felt that for him to profess such a faith in Christianity would be hypocrisy, and conscientiously forebore to do it. In after years and through deeper and sadder experiences he understood better the real meaning of faith in Christ, and though to the hour of his violent death he never

joined the Church, he did very openly declare himself a Christian. He confessed Christ before men.

I must say that it seems to me the Church might learn wisdom from the experience of such a man as Abraham Lincoln. Do we bring before the minds of the multitude before whom we are witnesses for Christianity a just, practical, concrete conception of the Christian character and life? Not one of us believes that the acceptance of the whole system of theology set forth in Calvin's Institutes or in the Thirty-nine Articles is necessary to a true and living faith in Christ. Why then do we insist on the reception of theological systems in such a way as to make upon the minds of thousands of thoughtful men the impression that nothing short of the declaration of a belief in them, whole and entire, can justify any man in professing his faith in Christ? Christianity is not a system of metaphysical philosophy. It is "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Surely we should make the practical conception of Christian character and life so prominent in all our constitutions and methods of procedure, and in all our pulpit utterances that men will no longer confound the acceptance of metaphysical statements with that living faith that forms character and saves the soul. If we preached the theology of Jesus more and that of the schools less, our hearers would understand the gospel better and be more readily persuaded to confess Christ before men.

It is not necessary to prolong the consideration of the great political struggle which placed Mr. Lincoln at the head of the nation, and thus furnished the

South with the utterly groundless pretext for the rebellion by which he was at last compelled to issue the proclamation of emancipation. It was a military necessity, else with his views of the Constitution he never would have issued it, but to his heart it was also a precious opportunity. The agitation of the ocean by the fiercest gale is no adequate illustration of the Presidential canvass of 1860. The hurricane only stirs the surface of the ocean. That political excitement moved the community to its very depths. The mighty passions that affected millions of hearts simultaneously, the elevation of men's souls with patriotic fervor, the hopes of many for the speedy triumph of righteousness, alternating with inexpressible horror at the thought of its defeat, the profound admiration with which the defenders of the right were regarded, and the unspeakable aversion excited against those who were seeking to exalt oppression; all these conflicting elements mingling in our own streets and around our own firesides rapidly formed and intensified individual and national character. It is in such convulsions as this that principles are tested, and by them the course of civilization for long future ages is determined. In the progress of the great struggle that followed I had good reason to know by personal observation that other nations had scarcely the faintest conception of the magnitude of the events transpiring in the United States.

The war of the rebellion has passed into history. It is worth while, however, to observe how differently the election of Mr. Lincoln was regarded by the great mass of American citizens who composed the Republican party on the one hand, and the adherents

and advocates of slavery, in the South, and all over the world, on the other. The former had no expectation, most of them hardly a fear, that a war would result from Mr. Lincoln's election. With them it was not a declaration of war, but a peaceful yet emphatic assertion of their opinions, in strict accordance with the laws and the Constitution of their country, and they could not believe that their brethren in the South were rash and wicked enough to raise an armed insurrection because they had been defeated, in a lawful way, at the polls.

On the other hand Southern statesmen and their sympathizers in the North did expect that the election of Mr. Lincoln would be the signal for the outbreak of a gigantic armed rebellion. When the news of Mr. Lincoln's election arrived in Jacksonville, a great ecclesiastical convention was in session here. On hearing the announcement, a very prominent member of that body, an enthusiastic adherent of Mr. Douglas, wept like a child, "Now," he said, "there will be war." While we of the North scarcely believed the conflict possible, and while Mr. Lincoln's sagacious secretary, Mr. Seward, was saying: "The contest will be over in ninety days," it was perfectly understood throughout the British empire that there would be a great civil war in the United States. The South already possessed sufficient influence in Europe to produce a general conviction that if the Republican party carried the election the dissolution of the Union and civil war were inevitable. Nothing can be more certain than that during all the tremendous excitement of the canvass, war and bloodshed were far from the thought of the Republican leaders

and the great mass of Republican voters. They believed in liberty and were determined to vote for it within the limit of the Constitution. The one party meant peace and liberty for the long future, the other meant slavery and the shedding of as much blood as should be necessary to perpetuate it.

[The following extracts from my father's correspondence with President Lincoln and the distinguished "war governor" of Illinois will illustrate what has been said in this chapter.—*Ed.*]

Springfield, Sept. 27, 1856.

My Dear Sir:

Owing to absence yours of the 16th, was not received until the day before yesterday. I thank you for your good opinion of me personally, and still more for the deep interest you take in the cause of our common country. It pains me a little that you have deemed it necessary to point out to me how I may be compensated for throwing myself in the breach now. This assumes that I am merely calculating the chances of personal advancement. Let me assure you that I decline to be a candidate for congress, on my clear conviction that my running would *hurt* and not *help* the cause. I am willng to make any personal sacrifice, but I am not willing to do, what in my own judgment, is a sacrifice of the cause itself.

Very Truly Yours,

A. Lincoln.

Springfield, 18th September, 1862.

My Dear Sir:

I steal a few moments from the more immediate duties to say a word to you. . . . I have only time to say that I leave here for Chicago on Saturday morning, and from thence go to attend the Governor's meeting at Altoona, Pa. I wish, before I arrive at that meeting, to hear from you respecting your views of the present state of the country. We are passing through a terrible crisis. No one can look a day ahead, or tell what a moment may reveal. Disasters, political and military, have led to speculations regarding military despot-

isms, and looking to the dismemberment of our once free and glorious government, and the general upheaval of the foundations of society. As for myself, I have to *act* day and night and have but little time to think or ponder upon the great historic events of the hour. I therefore request your assistance and coöperation. I know you have the country's welfare at heart. You have time to scan the signs of the times. Your heart beats responsive to all true progress, and your views will have weight with me and assist me in determining my course. . . .

Hoping to hear from you at length I remain, with high respect,

Yours Truly,

Richard Yates, Governor.

Illinois College, Sept. 20, 1862.

My Dear Sir:

Yours is just received. . . . My mind is of late most solemnly impressed with the unwavering conviction that the *war is an inevitable, a logical necessity of our history.* The Constitution was intended to guarantee and perpetuate freedom --freedom of thought, utterance and action—the individual moral freedom of every man. The system of slavery is, in all its spirit and principles, contradictory to this. So it has always shown itself in all our history. The most precious and fundamental provisions in the Constitution, always have been utterly inoperative in all those states in which slavery is dominant What freedom of speech was there ever in South Carolina? When did a citizen of Massachusetts enjoy all the privileges of citizenship under the constitution in that state? Witness the case of Mr. Hoar at Charleston. When could the mail regulations of the United States be executed in the Slave States? How much force has there been for years past in our laws against the slave trade? The most fundamental provisions of the Constitution have always been resisted and rendered inoperative wherever slavery reigns. And this resistance has been growing more intense year by year, till it has culminated in the present rebellion. . . .

The semblance of union between the free principles of the Constitution and slavery is now no longer possible. The advocates of slavery are thoroughly aroused. They see with vivid

clearness the contradiction between the glorious personal, moral freedom of the Constitution and their system. They will never consent to reunion on the old terms. The only union which they will not resist to the death is the union of Valandigham, which regards freedom of utterance against slavery as not less treasonable than armed rebellion.

How then can the nation be restored to peace and unity again? Not by compromise between the two contending forces; that has been sufficiently tried. One of three things must happen. Either (1) Freedom must bear universal sway, or (2) The whole nation must be subjected to a relentless slaveholding despotism, or (3) We must plunge into the unfathomable deep of dismemberment. Between these three the nation must make its choice. The second is, I trust in God, not only inadmissable but impossible. There are millions who will resist it till all our rivers run blood.

I believe the third to be impossible. I have no hope that any attempt to divide our territory and our resources between the forces of freedom and slavery so that each shall, in peace, enjoy and develop its own, can result in anything but generations of conflict and blood. I think we are shut up to the first as our only hope of peace and prosperity.

If this conclusion is admitted, then the Union has but one enemy. That is not Jeff. Davis; not even the Southern Confederacy. It is *slavery*. Against that we must earnestly, openly direct all the storm and fury of war. We must hasten to make known in every slave cabin in the South, and in the mansion of every master, that the Federal Government invites the slave to freedom, and to put forth his own efforts in vindicating it against the unrighteous claims of his oppressor. So far as loyal masters can be reconciled to this policy by compensation, we must compensate them. . . .

I pray the God of our Fathers to give to that noble band of executive chief Magistrates of these loyal states, wisdom to discern the path of the nation's safety, and holy energy and courage to pursue it, in the face of all difficulties and dangers, till freedom triumphs, and a peace is established on the durable foundations of justice to all men. If my voice could be heard in their presence, I would say: 'In the policy which I have

pointed out, I see, if not a certainty, at least a hopeful possibility of peace and freedom to our dear country. I cannot discern even a possibility of such an outcome from any other line of policy.'

Yours very respectfully and affectionately,

J. M. Sturtevant.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The effect of the war upon all the institutions of learning in the valley of the Mississippi was very disastrous, and for two reasons: First, it drew the choicest young men of the country from the peaceful walks of learning to the camp and the battle-field. For a time many of the colleges were almost without students. In that respect the effects of the war were for the last three years of its duration nearly as disastrous as was the French Revolution to France. Again, the depreciation of the currency which resulted from the Legal Tender Act shattered our finances. The salaries of the teachers had been very moderate before the war, and when reduced in value by a depreciation of the currency to less than fifty cents on the dollar they became entirely inadequate to the support of the teachers and their families. The institutitutions had no resources from which to draw for any increase of salaries. For these reasons the period of the war was one of great depression and embarrassment to Illinois College.

In the winter of 1863 the Senior class broke down entirely, not a single member being left. My duties as instructor were entirely with that class. In this state of things my friend Eliphalet W. Blatchford, of Chicago, a graduate of the class of 1845, proposed to pay my expenses to England on condition that I

would go abroad as a representative and advocate of the Northern cause. It was regarded by him and many others as exceedingly important that no pains should be spared on our part to correct the false impressions then prevailing in England and Scotland respecting the principles involved in the war and its relations to the freedom of the negro. I could not hesitate to accept the proposition, though I feared at the time that my friend had greatly overestimated my ability to render any valuable service on such a mission. Had I known before leaving home the state of British sentiment toward America as I found it during the first fortnight of my stay in England, I should never have consented to undertake the journey.

Between the date of Mr. Blatchford's proposition and the sailing of the steamer there was an interval of scarcely ten days, but at the time appointed I was on the deck of the "City of Washington" bound for Liverpool. During those ten days I had a painful recurrance of my inborn aversion to great changes. I had no sooner accepted Mr. Blatchford's generous offer and begun in earnest to prepare for the voyage than I was filled with a most unreasonable dread of placing the Atlantic ocean between me and my native land, and engaging among unfamiliar scenes in a service which seemed to me so difficult and important. While on the way to the pier it would have been an unspeakable relief to have turned my face homeward. But I have never yielded to those morbid impulses. On board I found my dear friends Colonel and Mrs C. G. Hammond of Chicago, who were to be my fellow passengers. When the steamer was well under way down the harbor my unreasonable depression

vanished, and I felt as light and cheerful as a bird on the wing until I succumbed to a malady that spares neither light hearts or strong wills. When we crossed the bar off Sandy Hook and felt the first swell of the ocean, without the slightest warning I was smitten with a desperate seasickness that kept me a close prisoner several days. One morning the genial captain sent a delegation, among whom was Col. Hammond, to my state-room to bring me on deck. After much hesitation, persistent trials and many failures with the help of a strong man on either side I was taken before the smiling commander, and was finally left by my friends in a comfortable spot to breathe the fresh air and sleep. From that time I gradually recovered, and was able to greatly enjoy the latter part of the voyage.

Two sights in the last half of our trip particularly impressed me, the first being an iceberg which, though seen from a long distance, plainly revealed the beautiful green color of glacial ice. The second was a burial at sea. The deceased was an Englishman who had been among the early immigrants to California, where he had amassed a fortune by many years of toil. He was returning to England, where he expected to enjoy the fruit of his labors. Greatly prostrated by the voyage, he died in mid-ocean. Nothing could dissuade the captain and sailors from their determination to bury him in the sea. Accordingly the body was placed in a rough deal box heavily weighted at the foot, and born to the gunwale, upon which it rested till the captain with uncovered head reverently read the burial service. At the words "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" the sailors standing

with uncovered heads pushed the coffin outward. It assumed a vertical position in the air and instantly disappeared beneath the mighty waters. Meanwhile the engine that was propelling us rapidly onward missed not a single revolution. The scene left a most painful impression upon my mind.

The length of ocean voyages has been considerably abridged since 1863. On the afternoon of the 12th day we sighted the Irish highlands and about sunset off Cape Clear the pilot came aboard. During the same evening we transferred the mails for Queenstown and continued the voyage. That was a beautiful moonlight evening, and I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which my fellow passengers and I listened to American patriotic songs rendered by excellent singers on the deck. We were on British waters, but our hearts were in the beloved land on the other side of the sea. Rising betimes next morning I found the vessel skirting the Irish coast so near, that fields and dwellings could be distinctly seen. The beautiful mountains of Wales were soon in view. and we turned northward into St. George's Channel, In the dusk of the evening we entered the Irish Sea and headed directly for the mouth of the Mersey.

When I awoke next morning we were safely docked at Liverpool, and a bright dream of my childhood had been realized. On landing we were amused at our futile efforts to secure a two horse carriage to convey Colonel and Mrs. Hammond and myself, with our "luggage," to the Washington Hotel. We then learned that there were no such carriages for hire in Liverpool.

We had not been long upon the streets before we

were shocked by the discovery that the whole city was in a state of high excitement and seeming exultation over certain reports of serious reverses to the Union army, which had come over on the same steamer with ourselves. Although in the mother country and hearing on every hand the mother tongue, we constantly listened to expressions of sympathy with the enemies of the Union cause. We could hardly believe our ears. This painful experience which continued, though with cheering interruptions, as long as I remained on British soil, filled me at first with discouragement, but a few liberal meals in a good British hotel and a night's lodging in a good English bed restored in some degree my cordial feeling toward my English cousins, and I was prepared to enter with good courage and good temper upon the patriotic undertaking which was before me

Few experiences of my life have astonished me more than the representations made by eminent Englishmen with respect to British public sentiment at that time. In adresses that have been quoted in our periodicals, and in speeches I have myself heard, these distinguished men have evidently intended to represent that the great majority of the English common people were during the war decidedly in favor of the Union cause. I am sorry to say that I have never conversed with an observant friend of our cause from this side of the water who was in England in 1863 without finding a witness to the incorrectness of such statements. I purpose in this chapter to give from my own observation some illustrations of the sympathy entertained in Great Britain for the South in that crisis in our national history.

Almost immediately upon my arrival I began to present letters of introduction, with which I had been kindly furnished, to Englishmen of high standing and known sympathy with the Union. One of these was addressed to David Stuart Esq., a prominent merchant of Liverpool, and brother of George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, the well known patriot and philanthropist. My reception was most cordial. Having been invited to preach on the following Sabbath at the United Presbyterian church of Birkenhead, where Mr. Stuart resided, I accompanied the family home to dine. When the conversation at the table turned toward American affairs, I felt warranted by the pronounced and intelligent Union sentiments of my host in expressing myself with perfect freedom. I was not a little surprised to find among the members of the family present some who were as intense in their Southern sympathies as was the host in his adherence to the North. I encountered similar division of sentiment in the homes of several other well known English advocates of the Union cause. Such facts magnify America's debt of gratitude to those who were her friends in those dark hours.

I arrived in London during the May Anniversaries, and a few days later was invited to a soiree at New College, London, an institution under the control of the Congregationalists. Here as everywhere the general topic of conversation was the "Great American Conflict," for that was then almost as universal a theme in England as in America. During the evening, in the presence of several leading ministers, the famous Newman Hall, well known and always higly honored in America, uttered these words: "I

am for the North by all means, but I well understand that you are only fighting for a boundary line. The restoration of the Union is impossible." And he strongly emphasized the last word. I answered, "You perceive, gentlemen, that I cannot reply on such an occasion as this. I need time to define and explain." John Graham, one of the party, at once invited all of the group to breakfast at his house on the next day but one, saying: "We will hear this thing out." All were present at the appointed time exept Mr. Hall, who excused himself on account of an unexpected call to the country. My conversation with him was unfortunately never resumed.

Breakfast was served at 9 o'clock. After two hours at the table we retired to the parlor, where the conversation was continued till after 2 P. M. My position was that we were indeed fighting for a boundary, but that boundary was the original one, and it would be far easier to reestablish that than to draw across the continent a line that should mark the limits of two separate nations. Such a permanent separation, I contended, could be accomplished only by foreign intervention a method that would prove surprisingly difficult and expensive to any nation possessing the temerity to attempt it. I urged that without foreign intervention, the war must go on till one party or the other was exhausted, when the victor would restore and govern the Union.

There was one special reason why the English could not, at that time, understand the issues of our war. I was taught from childhood to venerate England. I love her and her scenery and many of her institutions still seem to me as parts of my dear

native land. But to speak the plain truth, deep down in the heart of every Briton there is the assumption of a political sagacity to be found nowhere outside of Albion. DeTocqueville says of us Americans that we are not far from having reached the conclusion that we belong to a superior race of beings, because in our hands alone democratic institutions have proved successful. But, *mutatis mutandis*, the remark would apply with still greater pertinency to the English. They have established and so maintained a limited monarchy as to secure under it a high degree of prosperity and social order, while nearly all other experiments in the same direction have proved signal failures. In the time of which I am writing a majority of the Queen's subjects enjoyed the comforting assurance that they alone understood the principles of free government.

Englands liberty is unique. It's like never has existed and never can exist outside of that empire. I admire England's institutions. I venerate her statesmanship. The conflicts of the past have brought about in her a marvelous balance of forces. The monarchy, the aristocracy and the people have each a place in the system, and the strong conservative tendencies of an old and wealthy community are harmonized with the progressive impulses of a singularly energetic race. I believe that the attempt to transplant the English idea of a limited monarchy to other lands will always prove a disastrous failure.

At the time of my visit an American was confronted on every side by the claim of political superiority. He was really deemed incapable of understanding or discussing politics, having never been

taught in the English school. Forgetting England's many civil wars, our cousins assumed that the war of the rebellion proved the essential weakness of our whole system. "The bubble has burst" exclaimed a noble Lord in the English Parliament. "The Great Republic is no more," echoed the London Times, and millions of English voices reiterated the sentiment. Americans argued against this prejudgment almost in vain until our cause had been vindicated by the God of Battles.

At an early day I presented a letter of introduction from my much esteemed friend, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, to Sir Richard Cobden. He received me with every mark of kindness, and appointed an early day to welcome me to breakfast at his house. It was perfectly unceremonious, none being present except himself, his wife and his daughter. This was precisely what I desired. Few conversations in my life have equalled that one in interest and instructiveness. Mr. Cobden in a conversation of two hours in length exhibited no trace of the prevailing national prejudice. He placed me perfectly at my ease, and answered all my inquiries with the utmost possible frankness and fairness. Greatly to my own astonishment he confirmed all the impressions I had thus far formed respecting the attitude of the English people toward the American conflict. I begged earnestly that he would explain it. He replied nearly as follows:

"There is nothing unaccountable in it. We are governed by an aristocracy and a State Church. These institutions stand at the head of society and are able to make their influence penetrate far down

into the lower strata. You are governed without an aristocracy and a State Church, and those who are interested in preserving these institutions fear that if you continue to prosper as you have done, the common people will be led to conclude that we also may dispense with these expensive luxuries. They therefore rejoice to see you in trouble, and those large portions of the English people over whom the aristocracy and the State Church are able to extend their influence sympathize with their leaders."

I parted with Mr. Cobden with profound feelings of gratitude for my own and for my country's sake, and full of admiration for his character and his career. England should be held in everlasting honor for having produced such a statesman. His acquaintance with the whole history of our struggle and all the principles which it involved was most comprehensive, accurate and thorough. No American knew us better than Richard Cobden.

As I was taking my leave he followed me to the door, and looking out upon the street he noticed that it was sloppy from recent rain. Alluding to the fact he added, "But you will not mind English mud. You are from Illinois." He had previously visited Jacksonville, having come to investigate the affairs of the English colony west of the city, and had floundered in Illinois mud. The soul-sunshine of that morning seemed to banish all the shadows that had gathered on my pathway in England, and was worth all the trouble of my transatlantic voyage.

I was at first greatly astonished at Mr. Cobden's representation of the influence exercised by the English aristocracy upon public opinion. But subse-

quent observation fully confirmed his views. It is nearly as difficult for an American to understand the position of the British aristocracy as it was for an Englishman to comprehend that Congress had no power to abolish slavery in the United States, a fact that not a dozen English subjects with whom I conversed could grasp. The circumstance in relation to the nobility which caused me the greatest perplexity was the influence it exerted over the lower classes, and especially over that portion of the common people whose wealth and influence placed them nearest to it in rank. It is my impression that I was not very unlike other Americans in supposing that a commoner, independent in fortune, and a Congregational dissenter in his religious connections, would regard the aristocracy with all its numerous peculiar privileges much as we would regard a privileged class among ourselves. If such sentiments exist in England they are certainly of very recent origin. While conversing with some of the most intelligent and liberal-minded Congregational ministers I found it necessary to be exceedingly cautious not to indicate in any way my anti-aristocratic feelings, lest the conversation should be diverted from American affairs. Any disparaging utterance with respect to the aristocracy would at once rally all hearers to its defense, and thus for the time at least exclude America from the discussion. At a delightful social gathering in Bristol I was betrayed into the assertion that England is the most aristocratic country in the world. The earnest but good-natured protest of the entire company soon forced me to retreat as gracefully as cir-

cumstances would permit, although none well versed in English history will dispute the proposition.

Aristocracy must be seen and studied to be understood. Americans often said in those days: "It is not the English people who are against us, it is the aristocracy." Had they understood the problem better they would have known that if the aristocracy were against us the great body of the English Church would also oppose us, and the Church and the aristocracy combined would carry the British Empire with them. Mr. Cobden's remark was strictly true. The influence of the aristocracy and the State Church penetrate to the lowest stratum of society. We often erroneously divide English society into two great classes. There is but one word that can explain the social order of Great Britain. That word is *rank*. But there are not simply two ranks, there is an indefinite number of them, each quite distinctly and permanently marked. Ancient laws and immemorial usages have created and maintained the privileges of the aristocracy. Custom has done the rest. It has separated the social pyramid into an indefinite number of parallel planes, each stratum representing a distinct class.

Hence it came to pass that the Independents with whom I had most frequent association, some of them occupying positions second only to the aristocracy itself, seemed more anxious to maintain their own superiority over the ranks below than to encroach upon the single rank above them. They regarded their superiors with peculiar reverence and affection, and some even cherished the hope of gaining admission to

the highest rank, if not for themselves at least for their children. This is the only key which can unlock the social problem of England. Reverence for rank holds English society with all its extremes together, and seems to unify the whole.

In my numerous conversations on the American conflict I often attempted to confirm the opinions which I expressed upon cognate questions by the authority of Mr. Cobden. I found it, however, of little use, for I was almost sure to meet the same reply, emphasized by a sneer: "Cobden isn't English." True, Mr. Cobden was the father of that system of free trade in which every Englishman then gloried as an honor and blessing to his country, but it was well known that he was not an advocate of the perpetuity of the aristocracy and the State Church, and had not the least sympathy with the Southern rebellion, and therefore even Independents of eminent intelligence were willing to charge him with having abjured his nationality.

My excellent friend, President Porter of Yale College, had given me a letter to a bookseller in London, saying that he was an original character whose conversation would greatly interest me. In one of our interviews he gave me his history. Just after reaching his majority he was left with the care of a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters. In order to meet their necessities, he cut short his education and immediately became a bookseller. He prospered and educated his younger brother at Oxford and fitted him for the Church. "Now," said he, "that brother will not visit me. He says that I ought not to expect it because I keep this bookstore. It would not be

proper, as we are not of the same rank. One day," he continued, "not long since, as I was on the street, I saw him approaching arm in arm with the Bishop of Oxford. Just before we met I heard him say to the Bishop, 'will your Lordship excuse me for a moment while I speak to my bookseller?' He stepped aside and held a brief conversation with me and then rejoined the Bishop. The worst of it," he added, "is that his statement was false, for I am not now and never was his bookseller." Subsequently the same man said to me: "I attend church, and after the congregation is dismissed while yet in the church my acquaintances will recognize me in a very friendly way, but afterward on the street they meet me as an utter stranger." I asked him if he attended the Established church. He replied that he did. "That," said I, "seems very strange, for the Established church is the key-stone of the arch under which you are crushed." He saw the inconsistency but offered no apology. I fear that by attending the Established church he won and retained customers. In reflecting upon this conversation his statement seemed almost incredible. I therefore embraced an early opportunity to ask persons familiar with the usages of English society whether such things could really be true, and was invariably answered, "Nothing is more probable." This story may shed some light on the condition of English society.

In addition to that particular cause for English sympathy with the rebellion which Mr. Cobden had so clearly pointed out, there was another lying nearer the surface and to which my attention was more frequently called, as it greatly influenced the commer-

cial classes. I can best explain it by relating an incident. At Charing Cross, London, there was a geographical bookstore kept by Mr. Wilde, a parishioner of Rev. Newman Hall. I often called at this store for American papers, and almost invariably found the proprietor ready for a chat about the great rebellion. He was a good natured but very plain spoken man, who never hesitated to call things by what he thought to be their appropriate names. In one of these conversations, he said: "I will tell you the root of the whole difficulty. You are too strong over there and carry yourselves with too high a hand. If we get into any difficulty with you, you must have it all your own way to keep the peace. We think you would be more manageable were you divided into two confederacies. We would then make such commercial arrangements with you as would more largely promote English prosperity." "That," said I, "in western phrase is 'acknowledging the corn."

I heard similar sentiments again and again. High-minded and religious men, even abolitionists, seemed willing to aid in dissolving the American Union at the risk of establishing a slaveholding republic over its territory. At the time of the American Revolution England valued her colonies chiefly because they consumed her products and afforded a more extended field for her commerce. I was greviously disappointed to find indications of the same spirit in 1863. Instead of that loving interest in her scattered children as representatives of English liberty and English Protestantism which I had expected to find in the mother country, I often found an all-absorbing devotion to the interests of British trade. When England

acknowledged the independence of the United States she by no means relinquished the hope of retaining her commercial supremacy on this side of the Atlantic, and that hope, still lingering in her heart, explains her attitude in 1863.

"A friend of the North," whom I met at a hotel table in Callander, Scotland, said in very soothing tones, "Oh, I am very friendly to your country, but it is vastly better for you to be divided." I assured him that I appreciated such friendliness at its full value, and, though some such friends were afterwards honored as if they had proved our staunch defenders, it ought to be remembered that we do not owe it to them that America is not cursed to-day with a slave-holding confederacy. All honor be given to the Prince Consort, and to every other true British friend who stood by us at the critical moment when English and French intervention seemed imminent.

Strange as it may seem, English and Scotch abolitionists, who had fought the battle of freedom in the British Colonies, opposed the Union cause. To illustrate: One bright afternoon while tarrying a few days in Edinburgh, as the sun was hanging lazily above the northwestern horizon, seeming to an eye unfamiliar with such a spectacle to be about "to go around," as Tacitus has it, and not set, I took a long walk into that portion of the city lying west of Salisbury Crag, which I had not previously visited. On my return about nine o'clock, as the shadows of evening were just beginning to settle down upon the city, I found myself in front of Holyrood Palace. Though I had visited that place before, I felt doubtful as to my most direct route to my lodging opposite Sir

Walter Scott's Monument. I inquired the way of a gentleman of respectable appearance walking near me. As he was going in that direction and was familiar with the region, he offered to accompany me. He said, "You are a stranger?" "Yes," I replied, "an American." As I had hoped, the conversation immediately turned to the American conflict. Said my comrade very sharply, "They are a set of rascals on both sides." I instantly stopped and turned my face toward him. He as quickly halted and eyed me sharply. Said I, "Sir, for you to speak thus of my country in the hour of her trial is a sin against God." He was silent. We paused a moment longer and then walked on. He reopened the conversation in a more tender and gentle spirit, and gave me an opportunity to explain the attitude of Mr. Lincoln and the dominant party toward slavery. We conversed in this strain till we reached the bridge which spans the deep chasm dividing Princess Street from the Old Town, just at Scott's Monument. Here our ways parted, but we lingered and continued the conversation for a long time. He proved to be a prosperous paper manufacturer, and a life long abolitionist. Before we parted he asked me if I would present my views to a public assembly, and upon being assured that I would gladly do so, promised to do his best to gather an audience and find some one to preside. I heard afterward of his earnest efforts, which however were unsuccessful, perhaps for want of a suitable chairman.

The difficulty with this man was that he had believed, with most British abolitionists, that there was no honest hostility to slavery in the Republican par-

ty. Their ideas were logically deduced from the teachings of Mr. Garrison and his associates. "Slaveholding," Mr. Garrison had said, "is a sin against God, and is therefore an evil removable only by immediate repentance." It was not believed that Mr. Lincoln or any of his party had ever really repented of the sin of slavery, therefore they could by no means be admitted into the charmed circle of English abolitionism. Had these men known Mr. Lincoln better they would have realized that he was no more unregenerate in regard to the sin of slavery than was Mr. Garrison himself. If he had ever been in sympathy with slaveholding he had certainly experienced a change of heart, and so had millions of his fellow Republicans.

Another incident will further illustrate this subject. I had accepted an invitation to breakfast at the house of a prominent Independent minister, who was not supposed to favor the Northern cause, and was seated at the right of my hostess. The host, being at the other end of the long table did not for some time address me, but finally opened the conversation with the remark: "That Mormonism in your country is a very horrible system." "Yes," I replied, "but not half so horrible as the system of slavery we are struggling to destroy." "Ah," continued he in a tone that seemed to lack sincerity, "if you were only opposing it *as* slavery." Said I, "If anyone will only help destroy such a system I will not stop to ask him as to *what* he opposes in it." The conversation terminated there. It was delightful, though somewhat rare, to meet those who were in thorough sympathy with the practical opposition to slavery which was the im-

pelling force in our great struggle. Notable among these were Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel of London, James Douglas of Cavers, Scotland, Rev. John Brown D. D. of Dalkeith, Scotland, with a circle of excellent people who surrounded him, Rev. David S. Russell and Rev. John Batchelder of Glasgow. All these and a few more that might be mentioned understood us perfectly. They knew our history, our principles and our aims, and had no less confidence in the result of the struggle than we had ourselves. But they were by no means popular men in Britain at that time. They were like the witnesses of the apocalypse that prophesied in sackcloth.

The few days passed in the hospitable home of James Todd, Esq. of Dalkeith, were a sunny spot in my sojourn in Britain. It was there I learned to love and honor a Scotch religious home. Had I been a brother or a father they could have done no more to make my stay delightful. Two sons just approaching manhood vied with their parents in contributing to my enjoyment.

My visit of a few days with James Douglas of Cavers was exceedingly pleasant and instructive. I had made a little speech at the dinner of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, being a delegate to that body from the American Congregational Union. At the close of the banquet Mr. Douglas introduced himself to me and extended an invitation to visit him whenever I should be in Scotland. On my way from Edinburgh to his house I found opportunity for a brief visit at Melrose and Abbotsford. The memory of those scenes will be precious as long as I live.

At Hawick I was met by Mr. Douglas with his carriage and driven to his residence three miles distant. Most of this journey was through his own estate. Only one who had spent his life in the new world, and much of it on the frontier, can appreciate my impressions as we drove for half a mile through that ancient park, and paused at last at that mediæval castle, for such, though modernized and improved, Mr. Douglas's mansion really was. My reception was most courtly and yet very cordial. The family consisted of Mr. Douglas and his estimable wife, and a young gentleman, her brother. A sojourn of four days afforded me a delightful impression of British country life. One of the days was spent in a drive with Mr. Douglas to Jedburg. My accomplished host invested the beautiful scenery of the Tweed country with new interest, through his familiarity with all its many historic and literary associations, and enlivened our excursion by snatches from Scott, both in poetry and prose, illustrating the scenes through which we were passing. These he recited with the greatest fluency and appropriateness. We rambled about the ancient abbey, and visited the quaint dwelling where Mary Queen of Scotts was compelled for a time to hold her little court

During my stay at the Douglas mansion I preached at Hawick on the Sabbath, and once on a week day delivered a lecture on the American conflict, at which Mr. Douglas himself presided. The address was well received, not however without some dissent, frankly though good-naturedly expressed to me after the audience had retired.

I gladly embraced every opportunity while in Great

Britain to speak publicly in behalf of my country. The truth is that during the war of the rebellion few Americans were granted a public hearing on that subject. Henry Ward Beecher, thanks to his great renown, was heard by many thousands, and wherever he spoke the matchless power of his eloquence and the force of his indomitable will swept everything before him. The triumph of his genius has no parallel in modern history, and even to this day his fellow citizens cannot fully appreciate the greatness of his achievements at Liverpool and Exeter Hall. The storm of angry questions which assailed him expressed the very heart of the English masses at that time. An American who had met precisely the same questions in drawing-rooms, hotels, railway carriages, and in crowded streets, can better than most men appreciate Mr. Beecher's victory. That Mr. Beecher should have been able in those times of excitement to hold his position and control those great crowds by the vigor of his thought, the quickness, appropriateness and sharpness of his replies, and at last to overwhelm his hearers by the fervor of his emotions and the resistless tide of his eloquence till he stood before his assailants an unquestioned conqueror, proves him the peer of any man who has ever come to the rescue of his country in the hour of her greatest danger.

I preached in a few dissenting pulpits, never, however, with any reference to politics in America or slavery in the abstract, and delivered a number of lectures in different parts of the United Kingdom. In these lectures, and in very many personal conversations, I sought to accomplish as much as possible for a better public sentiment on American affairs. No other part

of my life has surpassed those months in mental activity. I saw much that was both interesting and instructive, but through it all I could never forget the conflict that imperiled the very life of my beloved country. After my return home I prepared and delivered in several places in this and adjacent states a lecture on the relations of British opinion to the great rebellion. It was published under the title of "Three Months in Great Britain." I sent a copy of it to Mr. Cobden, at whose suggestion it was republished in England by Thomas B. Potter Esq., who upon the death of Mr. Cobden succeeded him in Parliament. Mr. Potter placed upon the title page Burn's couplet,

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

I bore several letters of introduction to Joseph Warne of Oxford, who was for many years the English correspondent of the New York Independent, and had thus become widely known among the readers of that Journal. An American consul could hardly have exceeded him in helpful offices to our countrymen. He possessed the highest qualities both of mind and heart. He was a faithful and intelligent Christian, a pillar in the little Baptist church which had an obscure and almost unrecognized existence in Oxford. He had never been connected with the University, but by his own efforts had attained a scholarship and an independence of thought that won respect even in university circles. A man of modest demeanor, simple habits and unpretending manners, he had been for thirty years, notwithstanding the changes of administration, the postmaster of Oxford, a position

that far exceeds in importance and dignity that which is conferred by the same office in much larger towns in America. He not only had charge of the city office but also of the minor offices in the adjacent district, with the power of appointing and removing his subordinates. In politics he was a quiet and unobtrusive man, but always an advanced liberal. In reference to the American conflict he was as intelligently American in his sympathies as Mr. Cobden himself. It confers no small honor on the British government that so able and liberal a man should be able to hold such a position undisturbed through so many political changes.

Very soon after my arrival in Liverpool I forwarded my letters of introduction to Mr. Warne and mentioned that I intended to visit Oxford before long. I received a prompt reply inviting me to come at my earliest convenience. A letter to F. Eastman Esq., then American consul at Bristol, elicited a similar response. After attending the May Anniversaries in London I made arrangements to visit first Bristol and then Oxford.

My circle of acquaintances so widened at the meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales at London that I received more invitations to visit different parts of Great Britain than the duties connected with my mission permitted me to accept. Allow me to say in passing that the most powerful address at that meeting was delivered by the famous Dr. Vaughn, long the editor of the British Quarterly, and one of the representatives of English Congregationalism at our National Council at Boston in 1865. Dr. Vaughn was a man of unquestioned eloquence

and literary ability, but it was very apparent when I met him in London that he had no sympathy with the North in our great struggle. Rev. George Smith, pastor of the Independent Chapel at Poplar, London, was Secretary of the Congregational Union. Though always civil in our interviews, he never failed to give unmistakable indications of his aversion to our cause. He also was a delegate to the Council at Boston. He came to America, but hastened at once to Canada and never reported at Boston. I did not wonder, for in the interval between our meeting in London and the assembling of the Council at Boston the Southern Confederacy had collapsed, and the Union had been reestablished, so that his position in Boston might have proved uncomfortable. I have not seen him since he declared his belief that the restoration of the Union was impossible, and when reminded of Northern victories, recently reported, replied that the truth of those reports was very doubtful and that should they subsequently prove true it would be all the worse for Unionists in the end.

I greatly enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mr. Eastman, our consul at Bristol, and was charmed by the natural scenery of the quaint old town, and especially by the ancient cathedral whose half-ruined walls yet show the marks of the attentions it received from Cromwell's Ironsides. I preached in the Independent Chapel where Mr. Eastman and his family attended worship, and subsequently attended a small social gathering of the congregation. I was happy to find among them some lay-preachers who honored the Lord as tradesmen during the week, and rendered good service in pulpits on the Sabbath. The results

accomplished in England by these lay-preachers suggest useful lessons to American Congregationalists. Not a few of the lights of English Independency have found their way to the pulpit and to high influence in the Christian ministry by this very route. Such men often render invaluable services to feeble and pastorless churches.

I accepted an invitation to preach at Abington Berks, where I was to enjoy the hospitality of a prominent manufacturer. At dinner soon after my arrival I met a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen, all strangers to me except the pastor of the church at which I was to preach. I found that my fellow guests, though very good-natured and courteous people, were mostly Southern sympathizers. Eager to make on such a circle a favorable impression for my country, I was watching with keen interest the lively conversation that turned almost wholly on American affairs, when a gentleman, as though he had something of more than ordinary importance to say, remarked: "I have long wondered that the South does not abolish slavery for the sake of procuring from England and France the acknowledgement of their independence. I then laid down my knife and fork and said: "I too have long wondered that Satan does not make up his mind to serve God." A laugh followed, and my neighbor after a minute's pause said: "I am answered." I then explained that the primary object of the South was the perpetuation of slavery, not the independence of the Southern Confederacy, which they valued only as a necessary condition for the enslavement of the negro. I am quite sure my hearers comprehended at that moment what

they had not understood before. A very good audience gave excellent attention to my sermon in the evening. I have never since met any of the acquaintances formed on that day.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CLOSING YEARS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

The last chapter stops just where the writer and his amanuensis rested at the close of a certain day, with no premonition that their work was ended. Serious illness prevented its resumption, and in about three weeks all the hands that had been busy with the book had ceased forever from labor.

I take it for granted that the reader will wish to know something of the unfinished story. My father made a short trip to the Continent after his tour in England, and returned home early in September much refreshed and greatly delighted with his journey. He at once resumed his college duties and his Sabbath afternoon discourses in the chapel. During the following months many congregations listened to a lecture in which he gave his impressions of England. In the winter of 1864–5 he was occupied in securing an endowment for the Latin professorship in Illinois College, of which his cousin, Edward A. Tanner, afterward his successor in the presidency, was the first incumbent.

His delight when the war of the rebellion at last came to an end could be appreciated only by one who witnessed the "sacred joy" of all patriotic hearts in those days. His emotions in view of the assassination of his friend, President Lincoln, are expressed in the

THE OLD HOMESTEAD BUILT IN 1852

following extract from a letter written at Illinois College, April 14, to his daughter Miss E. F. Sturtevant:

"What a day! But yesterday we were rejoicing as no other people ever rejoiced. To-day we are mourning as no other people ever mourned. This is no assassination of a usurping despot that waded to power through the blood of his countrymen, but of the truest friend of liberty that ever sat in the seat of authority. What these villains intend I know not, and care little, for they will be defeated. But what God intends concerns us more, and that I do not by any means understand. May God strengthen us all to stand at our post in this awful hour! All business is suspended, all places of business are deeply draped in mourning. Thousands are vowing vengeance on what remains of the rebellion; thousands more are utterly paralyzed, overwhelmed with horror and sorrow. Arrangements are made for a public meeting of citizens on Monday afternoon in view of this awful tragedy. It sems to me, if anything was wanting to fill up the measure of our hatred of the rebellion and of the cause of the rebellion, this is it. May the Lord tranquilize our spirits and give us faith in Him in this dark hour."

In June 1865 he delivered the opening sermon at the National Council of Congregational Churches in Boston. The opportunity afforded him great delight and the reception accorded to the discourse, in which he expressed with great earnestness his view of the church, filled his heart with gratitude to God. The controversy with Bishop Huntington which grew out of that discourse was on both sides a fine illustration

of the candor and courtesy which ought always to characterize theological discussions.

The early months of the year 1866 were devoted to efforts in behalf of the "Sturtevant Fcundation," an endowment for the presidency of Illinois College. He regarded this as one of the most important undertakings of his life. He did not wish to make Illinois College a Congregational institution. Neither did he wish to have it managed by a compromise between denominations. In a communication offering this fund to the trustees (after stating that a proposition had been made that "action should be taken by the trustees assuring the public that in all future appointments the board of trustees and the faculty shall be equally divided between New School Presbyterians and Congregationalists and the position of president shall be held alternately by these two denominations") he says among other things: "Our conception of the college, which in the early fervor of our youth we united with others in endeavoring to found, was that it should be controlled by sound evangelical men, who could be trusted to administer it for Christ and His Church, and that in administering it they were bound to appoint to the various parts of instruction trustworthy evangelical men of the highest qualifications for their respective departments, and that beyond this they were not to be held responsible for the denominational relations of the candidate. We acknowledge and keenly feel that the trustees are bound to deal impartially with the two denominations. But by impartiality we understand that the prospects of no man for election to any place in the institution shall be damaged or benefitted by the fact that he belongs

to one of these denominations rather than the other."

When therefore this fund was accepted upon those terms and his loved and trusted friend, E. W. Blatchford of Chicago, became one of the trustees, he greatly rejoiced. Nor did the denominational position of the college afterwards cause him serious anxiety.

In May, 1869, he received through his friend, Mr. S. M. Edgell of St. Louis, an invitation to participate in an excursion on the new Kansas Pacific railroad. Gen. Custer planned a buffalo-hunt for the benefit of the party. My father with others was driven to the chase in an army ambulance. Among the excursionists were Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Fairbanks, at whose delightful home in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, father and mother spent a part of the following summer. In the spring of 1870 he was called to attend the funeral of his most beloved friend, Theron Baldwin D. D.

In the summer of 1872 my parents were suddenly summoned from New England to the bedside of their son, James Warren, who had for several years held an honorable position in the general office of the Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R. at Hannibal, Mo. His illness proved lingering and painful. He was removed to Jacksonville, where he died May first, 1873. Although very quiet and retiring my brother had mental gifts which in some respects greatly resembled those of his father by whom his death was severely felt.

During the latter part of my father's life most of his summers were spent in some cooler climate than that of central Illinois, and during these vacations much of his two books, "Economics" and the "Keys of Sect," were written. In all such work mother was his amanuensis and invaluable assistant.

The following note from the great English statesman, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is preserved for the compliment it pays to America, and it mentions some of the work he was doing at that time.

11 Carlton-House-Terrace, S. W
March 6, '75

Rev. Sir:—

I have to acknowledge your letter of February 10 and the Review you so kindly sent me. I shall examine with great interest your article on Church and State.

It has been given to America to solve many problems; but there are others in respect to which she will probably have to remain content with half-solutions. It may be that one of these is that deep subject of the relations between Church and State which it is so difficult entirely to sever from the relations between the State and Education.

I remain Rev. Sir,
Your faithful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Rev. Dr. Sturtevant.

During the summer of 1875 my parents, with one of my sisters, visited me in Denver, Colorado. To my surprise they insisted upon a camping tour in the mountains, sleeping upon the ground and living entirely in the open air for more than a week. This romantic life they greatly enjoyed, although mother sometimes acknowledged on rising in the morning that "the Rocky mountains were hard." Father's outburst of delight when he saw from Denver the mountains which had been covered with snow during the night was like that of a boy, and his enthusiasm was yet more unbounded when we came suddenly upon the panorama of snowy peaks as seen from Bellevue. In spite of the recent breaking of his ankle he walked many miles up the mountain sides. One

Saturday night we camped in a beautiful but very lonely spot in the heart of the mountains. There we slept well, though I had been frightened from my trout-fishing that evening within a quarter of a mile of our tent by the growling of mountain lions among the rocks behind me. Father often afterwards spoke of that Sabbath as among the brightest in his life. In the afternoon we sat in the door of our tent and sang, "Oft in the Stilly Night," recited from the one hundred and twenty-fifth Psalm, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever," and then sang again, one old hymn after another.

In 1876 father resigned the presidency, though he continued to occupy the chair of mental and moral philosophy. It was very hard for anyone so intense and active as he, and so devoted to what he had undertaken, to relinquish any part of his life work; yet he felt the necessity of relief from executive responsibility. He spent the summers of 1877 and '78 in New Haven, going there in April and working diligently upon the "Keys of Sect." He never lost his early affection for Yale, and highly esteemed every opportunity of friendly intercourse with its president and professors. His eastern relatives and friends always gave him a cordial welcome, and his love for them was unabated to the end. In 1879 he remained west and delivered the semi-centennial address at Illinois College. In December 1883 he delivered a historical discourse at the semi-centennial of the Congregational church in Jacksonville.

In February 1884 he was brought very near to death. To show how he retained his mental vigor I may mention that watching beside him when his extreme weakness and emaciation caused me to fear that he would pass away before the dawn of the morning, I found it impossible to restrain him from discussing the most profound and exciting public questions. Only a few days later he dictated from his pillow an article on "The Private Ownership of Land," which was published in the Princeton Review of March 1884.

During the succeeding summer he visited at several places in the East, especially with Mrs. Baldwin at Charlotte, Vermont. On the thirteenth of August he had the misfortune to fall upon a rock at Greenwich, Connecticut, and fractured his hip so severely that his friends, and among them some experienced surgeons, believed that he would never walk again. Through a kind providence he was placed in charge of Dr. L. P. Jones, whose skilful and very tender care enabled him to return home with comparative comfort before the end of October. A few weeks later he was able to walk with the assistance of a cane.

In 1885 he was released from all duty in connection with Illinois College. The 26th of July in that year was the eightieth anniversary of his birth. It was arranged by the members of the family that the event should be celebrated by inviting a great number of his old friends to surprise him with letters of congratulation. Nearly all to whom the suggestion was communicated promptly responded with the most gratifying expressions of esteem and affection. Among them were communications from his former

colleagues in the work of instruction, his brothers in the ministry, his fellow pioneers, his early and his later pupils and his best-beloved relatives, and even a telegram from Mr. E. W. Blatchford on the other side of the sea. His neighbors would not allow the day to pass without coming to express in person their esteem for one who had lived in Jacksonville nearly fifty-six years. Prof. Rufus C. Crampton was their spokesman, and since among all those men of marked intellectual and spiritual gifts with whom father had the honor to be associated no one was more worthy to speak of him here, I embody his remarks, as follows:

"To be spokesman for a company like this, on this occasion, would be a pleasing duty to one conscious of ability to give fit expression to the thoughts and memories of the hour. We come to offer you, our dearly beloved friend, what we have little right to expect our friends will offer us, earnest and heartfelt congratulations upon this anniversary which marks the attainment of fourscore years.

Although, as we measure time, your life has spanned two generations, yet this generation most properly claims you as its own. For physically your later years have been well-nigh as vigorous as the earlier. Your falls have not been falls from grace, but only instances in which you were subject to the laws of gravitation and inertia.

Is it not in these late years that you have seen the unfolding of the plans and hopes of early manhood? You realize now more fully than when it was made, the meaning of that consecration to a grand life work of nearly sixty years ago. Looking back but little more than half that interval of time, I well remember your visit to my native village on the mountain side in New England, your enthusiasm for the work of Christian education at the West. The contagion of this enthusiasm led me to become one of the humblest of your co-laborers. It is no small work in which you have borne the chiefest part, to lay so broad-

ly and well the foundations of Illinois College. Even at present we feebly appreciate its importance.

Fifty graduating classes have felt your influence, quickening thought, elevating character, widening mental and moral vision, giving new views of duty and privilege in a life of consecration to Christ, as they have gone out to be leaders of society, Church and State in this great valley of the West. Future generations will rise up and call you blessed, as the man to whom the cause of Christian culture is more indebted than to any other in connection with Illinois College, as its name shall be greater and its impress stronger in the midst of a mighty people.

In my own experience and contact with men I have had occasion to know that, with very many, the college was favorably known through its president, rather than the president through the college. Your well known preeminence and success in the presidency was one of the reasons which made it difficult for several years to find a successor. For twenty-two years I was a member of the faculty while you were our presiding officer. Though during those early years of my professorship there must have been many shortcomings and mistakes more evident to your experienced eye than even to my own, I never received from you any word that left a sting, only words and acts of comfort and encouragement. While in the faculty always *facile princeps*, your only desire was to be what your position required that you should be *primus inter pares*. For all the stimulus of a noble example, the strengthening of words of wisdom and cheer that I have received in the experience of our personal relationship, I most sincerely thank you, and I am sure that in this I shall be heartily joined by all who have sustained similar relations.

Yours has also been a leading part in the discussion of the political, economic, social and moral questions of the last forty years. It is great praise to say of a man that he always, even to his latest years, lives in advance of the age; that his ideas and principles are the germs of thought and progress for others, and that only those who come after him will fully realize his ideals.

For example, the utterance of twenty years ago before a national council, was it not the crisis of a new departure, a quiet

but grand movement for completer religious liberty, for independence from sectarian dictation and control? Have we not already seen great changes, so that there is no denomination of the Protestant churches that does not at least profess Christian union and unsectarian motive? There was demanded on that memorable occasion the voice of one known to be in advance of the thought of the time, even in the most liberal body of churches. The leaven of truth is working and it will leaven the whole lump. Slowly perhaps, but surely, the churches of Christendom will come to the ideal of a universal, complete brotherhood in Christ. If it could only be in your day!

I am aware that it often requires no little courage to tell a man, to his face, before his friends, the plain truth about himself. But there are times when a part of the truth must be told at whatever sacrifice, at least enough to suggest what the whole would be if it were told.

And so your life flows on in this community where you are best known as one whose heart beats in ready sympathy with every true interest of humanity, whose intellect is clear and strong to advocate and defend all truth, whose influence is powerful to lead our social, civil and religious activities in the direction of a freer life and a larger liberty.

And we, a few of your many friends and neighbors, with love sincere, with respect not unmixed with reverence, assemble to offer our greeting in this place hallowed and endeared by all the blessed memories and associations of a Christian home; by the clustering lives and affections of the devoted wife who appreciates the true sphere of woman and nobly fills it, and of children and grand children whose younger lives have become a part of your own, and who in return receive into their hearts and minds a pure and holy influence hallowed and endeared even by bereavement, and the tender recollections of those who have gone before; we meet here to thank you for what we as individuals have received, for what society and Christianity have gained, to rejoice together in a life 'which reminds us, we can make our lives sublime.'

Our prayer is that you may long live to enjoy the fruits of your labors, and the pleasure of a Christian home, the best fore-

taste of the bright home beyond in the mansions prepared for all the children of our Heavenly Father. '*Et serus in cœlum redeas!*' "

The following is from a letter written soon after these events to Mrs. Theron Baldwin:—

My dear Mrs. Baldwin:—

The contract into which I entered with my brethren of the "Illinois Association" in February, 1829 was finally terminated on the 1st. of June, 1885, having controlled the greater part of the activity of my life through more than fifty-six years. I cannot help feeling that the results of my life must now be regarded as chiefly in the past. How small they now seem to me I cannot express to you or to anyone; but whether they be really great or small they have greatly depended on the coöperation of your dear, departed husband. How greatly I have missed him and how much I have mourned his loss in the fifteen years since he left us I cannot express. How much I have lacked his wisdom in counsel, his coöperation in times of difficulty and conflict, and his sympathy in trials, joys and sorrows! It is a great comfort to me to know that our friendship was a perfectly unselfish one, and that for that reason it was never interrupted by any jealousies, suspicions or alienations. I believe we never for a moment distrusted each other; that we did truly rejoice in each other's joy and bear each other's trials and sufferings.

Considering that I have passed the eightieth annual milestone I am vigorous both in mind and body. Since the fracture of my thigh I have not attempted any long feats of walking, yet for short distances my lameness is but trifling. I still intend to try to do some work for the Master. The themes to which I have devoted my attention for so many years, religious, ecclesiastical and social, were never more interesting to me than to-day. I am compelled to think about them as ever, whether I speak or publish upon them or not. Most profoundly do I feel in respect to them all, that "there remaineth much land to be possessed." Especially I mourn that our Congregationalism is still to a very great extent unconscious of its strength and knows not the function which God hath raised it up to perform. It tries me

that many consider it only almost as good as other sects, especially as Presbyterianism, instead of recognizing it as God's own instrumentality for breaking all the bands of sect and fusing the whole Christian brotherhood into that spiritual kingdom which the Son of Man came to establish. In view of this state of facts my soul is sometimes exceedingly sorrowful and ready to cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long!" I am not discouraged. Sect is too mean and hateful a thing to last forever under the government of God. The kingdom of God has the promise of universal dominion.

Accept, my dear sister, the assurance of my affectionate sympathy with you in all your trials and sorrows, and in all your hopes and joys. I am sure God will be with you to the end.

Yours very affectionately,

J. M. STUBTEVANT.

As soon as my parents were a little rested after so many exciting experiences, they came to my home in Cleveland, Ohio. The visit which followed seems like a dream; too full of unalloyed felicity for this earth. By common consent we avoided all disagreeable topics, all painful memories. I shall never forget those long conversations, especially my father's stories of the past, beautiful in the golden haze of sunset. We talked of our beloved country and of that "mother of us all," yet dearer to his heart, the Church of God. His undiminished interest in all living questions, and his invincible hopefulness as to the issue of all problems, were to me a promise of immortality. One Monday I was able to gather in my study and around my table more than twenty Congregational ministers that they might hear him tell how God led him out of the gloom and discouragement of sectarian strife into the clear preception of that simple unsectarian church which he afterwards recognized in the Congregation-

alism of our fathers. It was partly due to the interest expressed on that occasion that he finally promised to undertake this biography.

We went to Tallmadge, where he had such a welcome from old friends as warmed his heart. We visited the now deserted site of the first cabin and saw the chestnut rails "his feeble strokes" had helped to split in 1816. We followed the course of an old road where his parents were once lost. We worshipped in the ancient church, and were even shown the wooden vessel which had held the gallon of whiskey given as a prize for the first stick of timber brought to the spot for its construction. We stood by the graves of his parents while he gave orders for a simple headstone to mark the spot. Every memory seemed beautiful and precious. He was living his life over again, and every scene was touched with the glory of gratitude and the brightness of hope.

During his visit in Cleveland he preached several times with freshness and force. The following outline of his last discourse, transcribed just as he prepared it for use, will give some idea of his method of preparation for the pulpit:

Luke 18:22 and 19:8, 9.

Seeming conflict between the words of Christ in these two cases.

Show that this conflict is seeming, not real. Like a true physician our Lord treats each individual case according to its indications.

One principle is recognized and insisted on in both cases. That principle is the necessity of entire consecration and it is equally insisted on in both cases.

I. The case of the ruler.

The principle of the necessity of total abstinence is enforced in the young ruler.

This principle is not only applicable to the case in the text but to a multitude of others. There is but one way to overcome an inordinate love of money, and that is to give freely of our possessions to promote the welfare of our fellowmen. I once heard Henry Ward Beecher say to his congregation, etc.

My brethren, giving to the Lord of our substance is a necessary part of worship.

II. The rule of entire consecration to the Lord is not in the least relaxed in the case of Zacchæus. He had shown by his voluntary profession that he could be trusted with the administration and use of wealth.

There is need of accumulated wealth, and the Lord has need of a style of Christian character that can be entrusted with it. Our Lord meant all that he said in the parable of merchantman seeking goodly pearls. What is meant by entire consecration.

III. The Lord requires this entire consecration not merely from professing Christians but from every man that lives. "The earth is the Lord's" etc.

IV. The Lord will punish the withholding of this rightful claim in the present life.

In our own hearts. The family. In our posterity.

Finally. The blessedness which will follow now and forever from this consecration.

Late in September my parents returned to Jacksonville and father began at once the first draft of this book. Both he and mother seemed stronger than usual. January 4, 1886, he dictated the last paragraph as it is printed. The book was not finished. But his training in God's earthly school was almost completed. It remained only to watch beside two dying beds, and stand, strong in faith but fast failing in body, by the graves of two of his loved ones. On Thursday, the 7th, Mr. Palmer returned very ill from Chicago. The two homes were in the same yard, and in times of trouble were one household. The weather was intensly cold. On returning from

a visit to Mr. Palmer on the afternoon of January 13th mother was seized with a congestive chill. On Friday she was much worse, and from that time she sank rapidly until the end. Father struggled against despair, sometimes exclaiming, "O my dear wife, you are better! I know you are better!" Though in great distress and often delirious, mother did not forget others. More than once she made an effort to plan what would be for the comfort of the family after she was gone. She charged her daughters to take care of their father, little thinking how brief their opportunity would be. When told that she had probably only a little while to live and asked if she was afraid to die, she answered: "No, though I should like to live ten years longer if it were the will of God." Then she began to repeat that inspired liturgy of the dying, the twenty-third Psalm, and evidently joined in father's prayer which followed, even mingling her own sweet voice with theirs when her daughters sang, "How gentle God's commands."

All through Saturday night she was painfully

"Crossing over,
Waters all dark and wide."

When the sun dawned on Sabbath morning she had found

"Peace on the other side."

No one should attempt my father's biography without saying something of her who walked by his side for so many years. Even at the risk of seeming too partial to her who was to me all that a mother could be, I shall venture to speak of her character. Her sincerity, good judgment and self-control explained her strong influence in the home. Every child whom

she reared remembered single, quiet acts, or brief sayings of hers, which left a life long impression. Once a boy came into her presence wiping the milk and dirt from his clothing and the hot angry tears from his cheeks, as he exclaimed: "I can't milk that kicking cow, and I won't." None of us knew that mother could milk. We would have been ashamed to see her attempt it. Most women would have had a conflict with that boy. Mother flushed for a moment, and then without the least appearance of haste or emotion took the pail and went to the barn, from which she presently returned with the milk, and without one word of comment. The boy has never forgotten the mortification of that hour, or the lesson it taught him. Once a wild college lad appealed to her for help in dressing a slight wound, the origin of which he dared not confess. He muttered something, I blush to say, about falling into a brush heap in the forest. Many women would have asked questions, or told father. Mother tenderly dressed the wound, muttering only three words. I can hear them yet: "Singular brush heap!"

Her devotion to her household left no room for thoughts of self. Strange as it may seem, I fear that her seeming indifference to her own comfort sometimes tempted us to forget it too. Father was so dependent upon her cheerful presence and tender care that when they were withdrawn he ceased to live. She had five children of her own beside three of us, left by her older sister, and entertained a great deal of company. Much of the time without hired help, she managed to have us all fed and clothed upon a very limited income and without debt. Yet she was

able to teach the children Latin and Mathematics and act frequently as father's amanuensis, and with it all she brightened our young lives with many of those inexpensive pleasures, which add so much to the memories of childhood. During all those years of ceaseless cares and worries not one of her children remembers a moment when her speech or action overleaped the self-control which conscience and faith enjoined.

Her self-control came not so much from natural placidity as from Christian principle which had been strengthened by her habit of choosing each morning a text from the Bible which should be her guide and inspiration for the day. Once a thoughtless boy sat down with unbrushed clothing upon a delicate white wrap which had been laid for a moment across a chair. An expression of distress and vexation passed over her face, and then she said in very gentle tones: "My son, how could you do that?" An older son, at home on a visit, began to laugh, and when she asked the reason of his merriment replied: "I thought you were going to spoil my boast that mother never said an angry word." The tears, which for a moment she could not restrain, showed that her composure was not the result of natural indifference. I cannot say less of one to whom we owe so much.

The most terrible wounds do not always bleed externally and so my poor father showed the severity of the shock he had experienced, at first only by his efforts to resist its effects. When I reached home a few hours after mother was gone I was astonished at his apparent cheerfulness, and I could not understand it until I noticed that he gently changed the

subject whenever we were inclined to dwell upon his loss. Previous to the funeral, which took place in the home and was conducted by mother's beloved pastor, Rev. Henry E. Butler, the family gathered in the south room to look once more upon the face so dear to our hearts. Father stood erect and calm beside the coffin, and asked the oldest son to offer a brief prayer. Then he said, "This dear hand has written almost all that I have published about the Church," and in a few words commended the same cause to his children. This most characteristic utterance, though it veiled feelings he could not trust himself to express, was an illustration of the place which the dear Church of God ever held in his thoughts. The promise, "They shall prosper that love thee," was surely for him. It was soon apparent that he was making a brave fight to live, though he felt that "without her it was impossible," and acknowledged that "to live was to suffer."

He began to work somewhat regularly, doing a little on the revision of his book, but generally trying to divert his mind with other writing. In the evenings he greeted very cheerfully the friends who called, and listened with pleasure and sometimes with amusement to readings from the "Life of Samuel Johnson." He conducted family prayers as usual, and on January 28th, the day of prayer for colleges, presided at a public meeting. Of course he was often in the sick chamber next door, and on the first of February did what he could to comfort and uphold his beloved eldest daughter when her husband passed to his rest. This second shock affected him greatly. Sunday, February 7th, was a cold,

clear day. He attended church, and assisted Mr. Butler at the communion table. Many have mentioned his impressive appearance on that occasion. He seemed so very frail and yet so bright and full of courage that a stranger said, "It seemed like listening to a disembodied spirit." The drift of his remarks was that the aim of Jesus Christ and of Christianity was to lift men up and this we must do by holding up Christ. Nothing else is worth living for.

The next day he looked a little more feeble. He had taken a slight cold, which he felt was the beginning of the end. His physician saw nothing alarming in the case, at least nothing but his depression of spirit. The next day he had evidently failed, but the doctor could find no evidence of disease. On Wednesday it was plain that he could not last long. That evening those of the family who were in the house gathered around his bed; the twenty-third Psalm was read, and his youngest son offered prayer to Him who alone can uphold us in such an hour. Most of the night he was wakeful. Over and over again he said as if leaning on the words, "Thy rod and thy staff," and once he said, "O my son, you have no idea of the prostration of dying." As the day began to dawn a sudden change passed over his face, and in a few moments he was gone. It seems wonderful that a form so slight and a constitution seemingly so delicate could have endured eighty years of almost constant activity.

Among the multitude who gathered at his funeral there were few, if any, who were in Jacksonville as early as 1829. Very few were left who could tell the changes of that region in those fifty-six years. The

great trees on the college campus, many of them planted by his hands or under his direction, and already rivaling in size the monarchs of the original forest which occupied a part of the site, were fit types of the institutions which he had seen planted and reared in the state of his adoption.

From the old home his body was reverently borne to the Congregational church where the principal address was delivered by the eloquent and beloved Dr. Truman M. Post, himself so soon to pass away. Dr. Post was one of the early professors of Illinois College, an honored pastor of the church, and father's life-long friend. Representatives of the churches, the college and the community also made tender and appropriate remarks, and then father's remains were laid to rest in the beautiful Diamond Grove Cemetery with those of his kindred and his many friends of earlier years.

Of my father's public life and influence it is not for me to write. To his own household he seemed remarkable for his earnestness. To me, in my childhood, that trait of his character seemed positively awful. I never knew anyone to whom duty seemed so sacred or the service of God so glorious and joyful a reality. He realized what so many of us try to feel that he and all that he had belonged to God. If he ever refused to give to a good cause it was with evident pain and only because some other duty seemed to forbid. In the midst of his great struggle to maintain the college, when his household had known for many months the real meaning of poverty, he received what seemed to us a large sum for some extra service as a preacher, and came to tell us, his face radiant

with delight, while visions of needed supplies rose before us until he added, as if giving the best news of all, "and that will pay for those repairs on the College Chapel." The lesson was severe but salutary for us.

His honesty included not only uprightness in business, but absolute fairness alike to friend and foe. A debt temporarily incurred weighed on him almost like a disgrace. Once, many years ago, I noticed that he was greatly troubled about a horse he had recently purchased, and I tried to comfort him by the assurance that the animal seemed to me an excellent one and quite worth the price he had paid "My son," said he, "that is not what troubles me; I fear I have not paid enough for her."

Once a fellow citizen who had done that which so outraged his strong sense of justice that, as was his way in such cases, he seldom mentioned the man's name (perhaps because the subject was painful to him), was accused of serious wrong doing and made the subject of public investigation. Father, while reading his morning paper one day, suddenly exclaimed, "They are doing injustice. I can not stand that." He promptly addressed a note to the gentleman, suggesting that, if his testimony would serve the cause of justice nothing which had taken place need hinder his being summoned as a witness. His offer was of course promtly accepted.

Father's religious life was emotional; but neither he nor those who knew him best ever thought of it in that way, because it was far more than anything else practical. His prayers were by no means formal or stereotyped, but certain expressions did often

recur and were uttered in tones which expressed very strong emotion. He would say in the chapel, "Grant Lord, if it be thy will, that this institution may be a copious fountain of blessing to many generations. But whether it is copious or not, may it at least be pure." He would pray in his family, "Lord, grant that, whether we are rich or poor, honored or forgotten, no child of this family may be found fighting against God or become an enemy of His kingdom on earth."

May those prayers be fulfilled in all the future of Illinois College, and to the very last generation of his descendants.